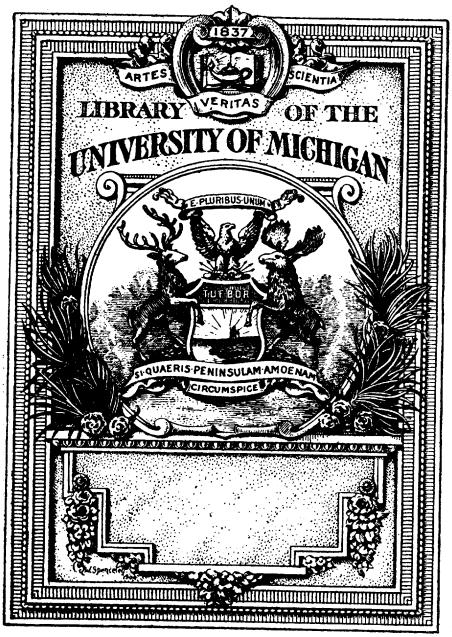
DE QUINCEY'S
WORKS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DE QUINCEY'S COLLECTED WRITINGS

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES

THE COLLECTED WRITINGS

OF

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION

BY

DAVID MASSON,

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

VOL. XIV

MISCELLANEA AND INDEX

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

It remains for the present volume to conclude the series of De Quincey's Miscellanea and to add whatever else may be necessary for the completion of the edition.

The paper entitled *Education of Boys in Large Numbers* dates from as far back as 1824, when it appeared in the "London Magazine." One hardly knows why, among De Quincey's numerous contributions to that once famous periodical, this particular paper should have been so long overlooked. He seems to have attached some value to it himself; it attracted some notice at the time; and it is of some intrinsic interest still, both as a history of a notable experiment in the art of school-management seventy years ago by a family of great subsequent celebrity on other grounds, and also as an exposition of not a few ideas of De Quincey's own on the subject of Education. The most pungent portion of it in this latter respect is the censure which it contains of the traditional methods of teaching Latin and Greek.

By chronological accident it chances that the three papers which follow are all translations from Kant. The first of these, entitled *Kant on National Character in Relation to the Sense of the Sublime and Beautiful*, is another of De Quincey's old contributions to the "London Magazine," and, though not reprinted by himself in his Collective Edition of his writings, was added in 1871 in one of the supplementary volumes to the reissue of that edition. The second, entitled *Kant's Abstract of Swedenborgianism*, and containing a rather contemptuous estimate of the Swedish mystic by his great German contemporary, is also from the old "London Magazine," where

it appeared in May 1824. It was not reprinted either in De Quincey's Collective Edition or in the Supplement to it, and is therefore one of the novelties in the present edition,—completing, in fact, the entire series of reprints from the "London Magazine" which the edition includes. The third of the translations, entitled *Kant on the Age of the Earth*, was a performance of considerably later date, not belonging to the days of the "London Magazine" at all, but to the first years of De Quincey's residence in Edinburgh. Although there is a casual mention of this article in one of his later papers, it had wholly disappeared from view, and may be said to have been forgotten. It was with some satisfaction, therefore, that I came upon it recently in "Tait's Magazine" for November 1833. The reprint of it now will perhaps not be the less welcome because it furnishes one more proof of De Quincey's strong attraction to Kant and desire to do what he could for the diffusion of some knowledge of Kant among British readers. Of English expositions of Kant's main metaphysical system there is no deficiency; but it may be questioned whether even yet any one has done so much as De Quincey to make his countrymen familiar with the physiognomy and habits of the philosopher of Königsberg as he sat in his study in his more ordinary hours, taking up topic after topic by way of *parergon*, and diversifying his main metaphysical labour with minor scientific speculations. Let the reader remember, in addition to the three translations from Kant now under notice, the various articles relating to Kant that have appeared in the preceding volumes, and it will not seem inopportune to have called attention now to this particular service of De Quincey to English literature.

The very existence of such a paper by De Quincey as that now reproduced under the title *Recollections of Hannah More* has remained unknown hitherto, probably because, like the last of the three Kant articles, it was an anonymous contribution to "Tait's Magazine" preceding the commencement of De Quincey's open and avowed connexion with that magazine in 1834. It is reprinted now from the pages of "Tait" for December 1833, with the omission only of some passages of discursive and irrelevant minutiæ. In this compact form it will be found to fill a gap in the series of

De Quincey's Autobiographic Reminiscences which may have been noted with some surprise. How was it that, although Hannah More was an intimate friend of De Quincey's mother, and a person of some importance therefore in the De Quincey family-history, there should have been nothing about her from De Quincey's pen but incidental mentions of her name here and there in the course of his writings and the meagre article (*ante*, Vol. II, pp. 446-454) describing one visit to her house in Somersetshire while Mrs. Siddons was her guest? The explanation is now clear. De Quincey had already written a pretty full memoir of Hannah More, and had said all he had to say,—severe enough on the whole,—about that celebrated lady.

For a reason given *ante*, Vol. III, p. 5, one paper in the series of De Quincey's London Reminiscences as originally published in "Tait's Magazine" was reserved for a fitter place than in that connexion. The reason was that it recorded an incident of De Quincey's London literary life wholly detached from the rest, and requiring some extra information to make it duly intelligible. It appears now, with sufficient annotation, under the title *Walladmor: A Pseudo-Waverley Novel*. In this little paper, published in "Tait's Magazine" for September 1838, De Quincey went back upon the story of his involuntary concern fourteen years previously with one of the most absurd and impudent literary hoaxes of modern times, and told probably as much of the story as he wished to be preserved.

If even from "Tait's Magazine," where most of De Quincey's articles bore his name, it has been possible to disinter articles of his hitherto unknown, the chance was greater of something similar in the case of "Blackwood," where the signature of his articles was unusual. Accordingly, having had private reasons for thinking that two old "Blackwood" papers not hitherto known as De Quincey's *might* be his, and having been obligingly informed by Messrs. Blackwood that the surmise was perfectly correct,—their books showing that the paper in the magazine for September 1839 entitled *The English Language*, and that in the magazine for June 1840 entitled *The Opium and the China Question*, were both by De Quincey,—I have included these papers among

the reprints in this volume. The first, being merely a pleasant addition to the number of his purely literary articles, may be left to recommend itself; but the second and much the longer,—entitled now *The Opium Question with China in 1840*, to distinguish it chronologically from a later paper,—is of a sort of which there has been no exact previous example in our collection of De Quincey's writings. There has been illustration enough indeed of the intensity, and sometimes the acrimony, of his political partisanship; but we have never before had from him such an elaborate argument on a question of current party-politics as that which he contributed to "Blackwood" in June 1840 on the occasion of the then pending war with China on the question of the opium-traffic. Strange that it should have been the English Opium-Eater that then tried through the pages of "Blackwood" to steer national opinion on so important a subject, discussing every practical particular of the crisis, and lecturing even the Tory party-leaders at headquarters as to their proper course! This recollection of the importance conferred on the article at the time by the place of its appearance may help to reconcile the reader to a certain character of *obsoleteness* which necessarily attends the resuscitation of all such papers of current party-politics after the transactions to which they refer, and the very names of the persons implicated, have gone into the haze of the past. In that respect, the present paper may fare better than most of its kind, by reason of the strokes of De Quincey-like ability and vividness which occur in it; and, at all events, it has seemed right that there should be at least one full representation in these volumes of De Quincey's craft in political journalism. The long "Postscript," in which he congratulates himself on the coincidence of his views with those of the Duke of Wellington, and ends with a panegyric on the great Duke generally, deserves especial attention.

A third "Blackwood" paper, which immediately succeeds, has been hitherto all but equally forgotten; for, though it is included in the American Collective Edition of De Quincey, doubtless with his own sanction, if not by his positive direction, it has, so far as I am aware, escaped notice almost absolutely on this side of the Atlantic. It will be news

now, even in Scotland, that an article which appeared in "Blackwood" for February 1844 under the title *Secession from the Church of Scotland*, and which functioned then as the conclusive judgment of that powerful organ of public opinion on the famous Scottish Ecclesiastical Disruption of May 1843, was not by any great Tory lawyer of the Scottish Parliament House, but by the recluse and English De Quincey. Having taken the same precaution for being sure as in the other cases just mentioned, I can vouch, however, that this is the fact. It is somewhat of a puzzle. True, it was during the first twelve years or so of De Quincey's residence in Edinburgh that there transacted itself round about him that movement in the Scottish National Church which, beginning with an enactment of the Church modifying in a popular direction the operation of the system of patronage in parish-livings, and opening out into a long conflict between the Church and the Civil Courts over the legality of this enactment, and into a controversy on the subject which convulsed all Scotland, ended in 1843 in that memorable wrench in the Scottish body-politic which consisted in the secession from the Establishment of 474 of the clergy (about two-fifths of the total body), and in the institution of the rival Church since known as the Free Church. But what was De Quincey's special business with this momentous piece of Scottish history? What was Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? So far as one can see, it was simply because he detested every movement of his time in which he could detect anything of a democratic tendency. Therefore it was that he penned his paper on the Scottish Disruption of 1843, nominally for the purpose of enlightening South-British readers on a question which they could not be expected to understand, but really for the purpose of denouncing the "clerical agitators," as he called them, who had led the movement, and for the purpose also of advocating the rigid preservation of the right of aristocratic nomination to vacant benefices, as one of those sacred rights of property the tampering with which in the least iota would be the letting in of the waters of an incalculable revolutionary deluge. It may be questioned whether a single soul in Scotland, even among those who were on the same side as

De Quincey in the general controversy, would have accepted his paper at the time as even a fairly adequate grasp of the subject by an English onlooker; and now, most certainly, apart from some passages in it of permanent substance and worth, its main interest is that of a very curious example of De Quincey's opinionative audacity. One observes that within five years after it was written his antipathy to those he had attacked in it had so far abated that he had become a willing enough contributor of articles to the *North British Review*, the accredited Free Church organ (see *ante*, Vol. IV, pp. 14-15). A small thing this, however, in comparison with another of the strange revenges which have been brought about, in the same connexion, by the whirligig of time! Not a rag or vestige now remains in the Established Church of Scotland, any more than in the Free Church, of that right of private or aristocratic property in appointments to benefices for which De Quincey contended as if it had been the very prop and salvation of the Scottish social fabric. In lieu of that slight modification of the practical working of the patronage system the concession of which by the Legislature any time before 1843 would have prevented the Disruption, there arose at length within the Establishment itself an overwhelming demand for the abolition of Patronage root and branch; the Legislature yielded; Patronage in every form and degree was swept away; and, had De Quincey been now alive, he would have seen in the Established Church of Scotland, no less than in the Free Church and the other Presbyterian Churches, the people electing their own pastors, sometimes perhaps with a good deal of wrangling, but yet the heavens not falling after all.

Of the eight remaining articles of the volume, larger and smaller, only three are new. My attention having been called by the kindness of a colleague in the University of Edinburgh to a little essay *On the Religious Objections to the Use of Chloroform* which has been lying for more than forty years in the library of the University in the form of an appendage by De Quincey to the graduation-thesis of his medical son Francis, I have thought this relic too characteristic to be longer kept secret. Similarly, the two stray scraps which have been put together at the very end for want of a

more suitable previous place for them,—the juvenile *Metrical Translation of an Ode of Horace*, and the trifle *On Novels* written in 1830 for a lady's album,—have seemed worth the extra page or two required for their insertion. The other five articles are all republications from either the original Collective Edition or Messrs. Black's Supplement to the re-issue of that edition. *National Temperance Movements*, which might have been more fitly entitled "Hints in Aid of the Self-Cure of Inebriates," is a waif from 1845. *Memorial Chronology* was written in 1850, by way of familiar exposition of De Quincey's conceptions of the uses of free historical scholarship for modification of the popular theology, and is, though incomplete, a much more important and lively paper than the title would indicate. *French and English Manners* and the fragment called *Presence of Mind* were reprints, the first certainly by De Quincey himself, the other only dubiously so, from "Hogg's Weekly Instructor" of 1850. Finally, the paper entitled *China and the Chinese Question in 1857* is the core of a large quantity of new writing by De Quincey,—partly in the monthly continuation of "Hogg's Instructor" called "Titan," and partly in the form of a separate pamphlet,—on the occasion of another war between Britain and the Celestial Nation. Only the core of the straggling total of these new anti-Chinese invectives of 1857 was thought suitable for republication in 1871 in the second supplementary volume to his Collected Writings; and, if that arrangement sufficed then, much more may it suffice in the present volume after the complete reprint which it contains of De Quincey's hitherto forgotten paper about China in 1840. It will be hard if, between that long paper of 1840 and what is retained of the still longer disquisition of 1857, the reader does not know as much as on any ground he can want to know of De Quincey's opinions on the Chinese Question.

The APPENDIX consists of a Chronology of all De Quincey's writings collected in the present edition, together with such relative information as may be desired by those who are interested in all matters, however minute, appertaining to the Bibliography of De Quincey. While it will there appear

that the present edition is by far the most complete that has yet been offered to the public, including as it does between forty and fifty new articles or other substantive pieces of writing, over and above all those accessible in the latest previous British edition, it has been deemed right to insert at the same time a register of a few relics of De Quincey which have been left unincluded in the present edition,—in some cases because they are superfluous or have been cancelled, in others because of unexpired rights of property in them and uncertainty as to the possessors of those rights.

Certain final impressions of a biographical kind suggested by the Chronological Conspectus, and which require that the evidence of that conspectus should first be distinctly before the reader's eye, are on that account reserved from the present Preface, that they may form more appropriately matter for a brief EPILOGUE.

The concluding ALPHABETICAL INDEX has been compiled under the superintendence of Mr. H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A., who prepared the Index for Messrs. Black's previous Collective Edition in sixteen volumes, and whose name ought to be a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy and thoroughness of this portion of the work.

D. M.

EDUCATION OF BOYS IN LARGE NUMBERS[1]

THIS is the work of a very ingenious man, and records the most original experiment in Education which, in this country at least, has been attempted since the date of those communicated by the Edgeworths. We say designedly "in this

[1] Appeared originally in the *London Magazine* for April and May 1824, under the more extended title "Education: Plans for the Instruction of Boys in large numbers," and in the form of a review of an octavo volume which had been published in London in 1822 with the title "*Plans for the Government and Liberal Instruction of Boys in large Numbers: Drawn from Experience.*" There was no reprint of the paper either in De Quincey's own Collective Edition of his writings in fourteen volumes or in Messrs. Black's enlarged re-issue of the same in sixteen volumes; but it is duly included in the list of De Quincey's contributions to the *London Magazine* given in Bohn's Edition of Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual*, and the authorship is established otherwise beyond a doubt. The occasion and circumstances of the paper were as follows:—For a good many years before its appearance people in England interested in educational reform had been hearing a good deal of "The Hazelwood System,"—so called because it had been developed and put in practice in Hazelwood School, near Birmingham, a large and flourishing boarding-school for boys. The head of this school was Mr. Thomas Wright Hill, a native of Kidderminster, who had settled in Birmingham in his youth, and had been a member of Priestley's Unitarian congregation there, and one of Priestley's staunchest friends and defenders on the occasion of the famous Birmingham "Church and King Riots" of 1791, when Priestley's house and his chapel were burnt down by the Birmingham mob. All this had become mere matter of old memory at the time with which we are now concerned; and it was on his own account, as a man of original and inventive mind, and as head-master of Hazelwood School and originator of "The Hazelwood System," that Mr. Thomas Wright Hill was then known about Birmingham. Further celebrity, indeed, was to gather round him before his death in 1851, at the age of eighty-nine,—by which time not only

country"; because to compare it with some continental schemes which have been only recently made known to the English public (and not fully made known even yet) would impose upon us a minute review of those schemes which would be, *first*, disproportionate to our limits, *secondly*, out of its best situation, because it would be desirable to examine those schemes separately for the direct purpose of determining their own absolute value, and not indirectly and incidentally for the purpose of a comparison. The Madras system, again, is excluded from the comparison—not so much for the reason alleged by the author before us, as though that system were *essentially* different from his own in its purpose and appli-

had the fame of his pedagogic system become more metropolitan by the transference of his school, still under his own management or that of his family, from Hazelwood, near Birmingham, to Bruce Castle, Tottenham, near London, but three of his sons had exhibited the transmitted family energy and inventiveness in careers independently conspicuous. Matthew Davenport Hill, remembered now as Recorder of Birmingham and an eminent Law-Reformer, Frederick Hill, of Prison-Reform celebrity, and Sir Rowland Hill, immortal in the annals of Post-office Reform, were all sons of the worthy Unitarian schoolmaster who had been the friend of Priestley. In fact, all the three, with two other sons of his, had begun life, if we do not misconstrue our information, as under-teachers with him in Hazelwood School, and his assistants in the management of the school,—young Rowland Hill, more particularly, as the mathematical teacher. Ideas from *them* seem to have blended with their father's ideas in the "Hazelwood System" when it was complete.—The exposition of that System which was put forth in 1822 in the volume which De Quincey made the subject of his paper was by Mr. Matthew Davenport Hill, the eldest of the five sons. At the time of its publication, however, *he* had ceased his own active connexion with his father's school, and was living in London, at the age of thirty, a rising young barrister of Lincoln's Inn, of ultra-liberal opinions in politics, and on terms of friendship or pupilage with Bentham, Brougham, and others of the Liberal chiefs.—It must have been the *subject* of the volume that attracted De Quincey; for, when he wrote his paper on it for the *London Magazine*, he did not know Mr. Matthew D. Hill personally, and it was the paper itself that brought them together. This appears from a letter of De Quincey's to Professor Wilson, dated from London 24th February 1825, and published by Professor Wilson's daughter, Mrs. Gordon, in her Life of her father. "Some time ago, perhaps nearly two years ago," De Quincey there writes, "Mr. Hill, a lawyer, published a book on Education, detailing "a plan on which his brothers had established a school at Hazelwood "in Warwickshire. This book I reviewed in the *London Magazine*, "and in consequence received a letter of thanks from the author; who,

cation. The *purpose* of the Madras system is not exclusively economy of expense, but in combination with that purpose a far greater accuracy (and therefore reality) in the knowledge communicated than could be obtained on the old systems. On this account, therefore, the possible *application* of the Madras system is not simply to the education of the poor, though as yet the actual application of it may have been chiefly to them, but also to the education of the rich; and in fact it is well known that the Madras system (so far from being *essentially* a system for the poor) has been adopted in some of the great classical schools of the kingdom.[1] The difference is more logically stated thus:—that the Madras

" on my coming to London about midsummer last year [*i.e.* midsummer " 1824], called on me. I have since become intimate with him; and, " excepting that he is a sad Jacobin (as I am obliged to tell him once or " twice a month), I have no one fault to find with him; for he is a very " clever, amiable, good creature, as ever existed, and, in particular, his " abilities strike me as really very great indeed. Well, his book has just " been reviewed in the last *Edinburgh Review* (of which some copies have " been in town about a week). This service has been done him, I sup- " pose, *through* some of his political friends—(for he is connected with " Brougham, Lord Lansdowne, old Bentham, &c.)—but, I understand, " *by* Mr. Jeffrey. Mr. Hill, in common with multitudes in this " Babylon, who will not put their trust in *Blackwood* as in God " (which, you know, he ought to do), yet privately adores him as the " Devil, and indeed, publicly too, is a great *proneur* of Blackwood. " For, in spite of his Jacobinism, he is liberal, and inevitably just to " real wit. His fear is that *Blackwood* may come as Nemesis and " compel him to regorge any puffing and cramming which Jeff has put " into his pocket; and he is earnest to have a letter addressed in an " influential quarter to prevent this." The purpose of De Quincey's letter, accordingly, is to request Wilson to do what he can to save Mr. Hill's book from any outrageous attack in *Blackwood*.—Mr. Davenport Hill, as we learn from this letter, and also from Mr. Charles Knight in his Autobiography, was one of De Quincey's warmest and most attached friends in his last days of literary struggle in London in 1824 and 1825. In fact, in this very letter to Wilson, De Quincey, while announcing in a desponding way his ill-success in London and his probable return very soon to Grasmere, gives "care of M. D. Hill, Esq., 11 King's Bench Walk, Temple," as his most convenient London address meanwhile.—M.

[1] The distinguishing excellence of the Madras system is not that it lodges in the pupils themselves the functions which on the old systems belong to the masters, and thus at the same blow by which it secures greater accuracy of knowledge gets rid of a great expense in masters: for this, though a great merit, is a derivative merit. The

system regards singly the quality of the knowledge given, and (with a view to *that*) the mode of giving it; whereas the system which we are going to review does not confine its view to *man as a being capable of knowledge*, but extends it to *man as a being capable of action, moral or prudential*: it is therefore a much more comprehensive system. The system before us does not exclude the final purpose of the Madras system: on the contrary, it is laudably solicitous for the fullest and most accurate communication of knowledge, and suggests many hints for the attainment of that end as just and as useful as they are enlightened. But it does not stop here: it goes further, and contemplates the whole man with a reference to his total means of usefulness and happiness in life. And hence, by the way, it seems to us essential that the whole child should on this system be surrendered to the school,—*i.e.* that there should be no day-scholars; and this principle we shall further on endeavour to establish on the evidence of a case related by the author himself.[1] On the

condition of the possibility of this advantage lies in a still greater—viz. in the artificial *mechanism* of the system; by which, when once established, the system works itself, and thus neutralises and sets at defiance all difference of ability in the teachers — which previously determined the whole success of the school. Hence is obtained this prodigious result — that henceforward the blessing of education in its elementary parts is made independent of accident, and as much carried out of the empire of *luck* as the manufacture of woollens or cottons. That it is *mechanic* is no conditional praise (as alleged by the author before us), but the absolute praise, of the Madras system: neither is there any just ground of fear, as he and many others have insinuated, that it should injure the freedom of the human intellect. [The peculiarity of the Madras system of school education,—so called because it was first put in operation by Dr. Andrew Bell in a school in Madras in 1795, but which is known also as the Monitorial system or the Mutual Instruction system or the Lancastrian system (from Bell's follower, Joseph Lancaster), is generally supposed,—this note of De Quincey's notwithstanding,—to have consisted in the large use made of the pupils themselves both in the teaching and in the management of the school.—M.]

[1] We have since found that we have not room for it. The case is stated and argued in the Appendix (pp. 220-227); but in our opinion not fairly argued. The appellant's plea was sound, and ought not to have been set aside. [The reference is to a report given by Mr. Hill, in the Appendix to his volume, of a specimen case of the working of that part of the Hazelwood School system which consisted in the formal trial of cases of misdemeanour by a Court of Justice of the pupils themselves.—M.]

whole, therefore, we have designedly stated our general estimate of the author's system with a reference to that of the Edgeworths; not only because it has the same comprehensiveness of object, and is in some degree a further expansion of their method and their principles; but also because the author himself strikingly resembles the Edgeworths in style and composition of mind,—with this single difference perhaps, that the good sense and perception of propriety (of what in French would be called *les convenances*) which in both is the characteristic merit (and, when it comes into conflict with any higher quality, the characteristic defect) in him is less coloured by sarcastic and contemptuous feelings; which in all cases are unamiable feelings, and argue some defect of wisdom and magnanimity, but, when directed (as in the Edgeworths they sometimes are) against principles in human nature which lie far beyond the field of their limited philosophy, recoil with their whole strength upon those who utter them. It is upon this consideration of his intellectual affinity with the Edgeworths that we are the less disposed to marvel at his estimate of their labours: that, for instance, he styles their work on education "inestimable," and that, though he stops short of proposing "divine honours" to Miss Edgeworth, the course of his logic nevertheless binds him to mean that on Grecian principles such honours are "due to her." So much for the general classification and merits of the author,—of whom we know nothing more than that, from his use of the Scotticisms "succumb," "compete," and "in place of" for "instead of," he ought to be a Scotchman. Now then for his system.

Of this we may judge by two criteria: experimentally by its result, or *a priori* by its internal aptitude for attaining its ends. Now, as to the result, it must be remembered that—even if the author of any system could be relied on as an impartial witness to its result—yet, because the result of a system of education cannot express itself in any one insulated fact, it will demand as much judgment to abstract from any limited experience what really *is* the result as would have sufficed to determine its merits *a priori* without waiting for any result. Consequently, as it would be impossible to exonerate ourselves from the necessity of an elaborate act of

judgment by any appeal to the practical test of the result,—seeing that this result would again require an act of judgment hardly less elaborate for its satisfactory settlement than the *a priori* examination which it had been meant to supersede,—we may as well do that at first which we must do in the end, and, relying upon our own understandings, say boldly that the system is good or bad because on this argument it is evidently calculated to do good or on that argument to do evil, as blindly pronounce it is good or it is bad because it has produced, or has failed of producing, such and such effects, even if those effects were easy to collect. In fact, for any conclusive purpose of a practical test, the experience is only now beginning to accumulate.

And here we may take occasion to mention that we had ourselves been misinformed as to the duration of the experiment. For a period of four years, we were told, a school had existed under the system here developed; but this must be a mistake, founded perhaps on a footnote at p. 83 which says—"The plan has now been in operation more than four years." But the plan there spoken of is not the general system, but a single feature of it—viz. the abolition of corporal punishment. In the text this plan had been represented as an immature experiment, having then "had a trial of nine months" only: and therefore, as more than three years and nine months had elapsed from that time to the publication of the book, a note is properly added declaring that the experiment had succeeded, and that the author could "not imagine any motive strong enough to force him back to the old practice." The system generally, however, must have existed now (*i.e.* November 1823) for nearly eight years at the least. So much is evident from a note at p. 79, where a main regulation of the system is said to have been established "early in 1816." Now, a period of seven or eight years must have been sufficient to carry many of the senior pupils into active life, and to carry many of the juniors even into situations where they would be brought into close comparison with the pupils of other systems. Consequently, so much experience as is involved in the fact of the systems outliving such a comparison, and in the continued approbation of its founder, who is manifestly a very able and a conscientious man,—so much experience, we say, may be

premised for the satisfaction of those who demand practical tests. For ourselves, we shall abide rather in our valuation of the system by the internal evidence of its composition as stated and interpreted by its author. An abstract of all that is essential in this statement we shall now lay before our readers.

What is the characteristic difference, in the fewest possible words, of this system as opposed to all others? We nowhere find this stated in a pointed manner,—the author has left it rather to be collected from his general exposition,—and therefore we conceive that we shall be entitled to his thanks by placing it in a logical, if possible in an antithetic, shape. In order to do this, we ask—What is a school? A school is a body of young persons, more or less perfectly organised, which, by means of a certain constitution or system of arrangements (A) aims at attaining a certain object (B). Now, in all former schemes of education this A stood to B, the positive quantity sought, in the relation of a logical negative (*i.e.* of a *negation* of quantity = *o*), or even of a mathematic negative (*i.e.* of $-x$); but on this new system of the author before us (whom, for the want of a better name, we shall call the Experimentalist) A for the first time bears to B the relation of a positive quantity. The terms *positive* and *negative* are sufficiently opposed to each other to confer upon our contradistinction of this system from all others a very marked and antithetic shape; and the only question upon it which arises is this—Are these terms justified in their application to this case? That they are will appear thus:—Amongst the positive objects (or B) of every school, even the very worst, we must suppose the culture of morals to be one. A mere day-school may perhaps reasonably confine its pretensions to the disallowance of anything positively bad; because here the presumption is that the parents undertake the management of their children, excepting in what regards their intellectual education: but, wherever the heads of a school step into the full duties of a child's natural guardians, they cannot absolve themselves from a responsibility for his morals. Accordingly, this must be assumed of course to exist amongst the positive objects of every board-

ing-school. Yet, so far are the laws and arrangements of existing schools from at all aiding and promoting this object that their very utmost pretension is that they do not injure it. Much injustice and oppression, for example, takes place in the intercourse of all boys with each other; and in most schools "the stern edict against *bearing tales*" causes this to go unredressed: on the other hand, in a school where a system of nursery-like *surveillance* was adopted, and "every trifling injury was the subject of immediate appeal to the supreme power," the case was still worse. "The indulgence " of this querulousness increased it beyond all endurance. " Before the master had time to examine the justice of one " complaint his attention was called away to redress another; " until, wearied with investigation into offences which were " either too trifling or too justly provoked for punishment, " he treated all complainants with harshness, heard their " accusations with incredulity, and thus tended, by a first " example, to the re-establishment of the old system." The issue in any case was that, apart from what nature and the education of real life did for the child's morals, the school education did nothing at all except by the positive moral instruction which the child might draw from his lessons—*i.e.* from B. But, as to A, *i.e.* the school arrangements, either at best their effect was = 0; or possibly, by capricious interference for the regulation of what was beyond their power to regulate, they actually disturbed the moral sense (*i.e.* their effect was $= -x$). Now, on the new system of our Experimentalist, the very laws and regulations which are in any case necessary to the going on of a school have such an origin and are so administered as to cultivate the sense of justice and materially to enlarge the knowledge of justice. These laws emanate from the boys themselves, and are administered by the boys. That is to say, A (which on the old system is at best a mere blank, or negation, and sometimes even an absolute negative with regard to B) thus becomes a positive agent in relation to B, *i.e.* to one of the main purposes of the school. Again, to descend to an illustration of a lower order, in most schools arithmetic is one part of B: now, on the new system it is so contrived that what is technically termed *calling over*,—which on any system is a necessary arrangement

for the prevention of mischief, and which usually terminates there (*i.e.* in an effect = 0),—becomes a positive means of cultivating an elementary rule of arithmetic in the junior students, and an attention to accuracy in all: *i.e.* here again, from being simply = 0, A becomes = + x in relation to B. A school, in short, on this system, burns its own smoke,—the mere negative conditions of its daily goings on, the mere waste products of its machinery, being converted into the positive pabulum of its life and motion. Such, then, we affirm, is the brief abstract—antithetically expressed—of the characteristic principle by which the system under review is distinguished from all former systems. In relation to B (which suppose 20 x) A, which heretofore was = $-x$, or at best = 0, now becomes = + x, or + 2 x, or + 3 x, as it may happen. In this lies the merit of the conception: what remains to be inquired is in what degree, and upon what parts of B, it attains this conversion of A into a positive quantity; and this will determine the merit of the execution. Let us now therefore turn to the details of the book.

The book may be properly distributed into two parts: the first of which, from page 1 to page 125 inclusively (comprehending the three first chapters), unfolds and reviews the system: all that remains from page 126 to page 218 inclusively (*i.e.* to the end)—comprehending four chapters—may be considered as a second or miscellaneous part, treating of some general topics in the business of education, but with a continual reference to the principles laid down in the first part. An appendix of twenty pages contains a body of illustrative documents. The first of the three chapters, composing what we have called the first part, is entitled *Outline of the System*: and, as it is very brief, we shall extract it nearly entire:—

"A schoolmaster being a governor as well as a teacher, we must consider the boys both as a community and as a body of pupils. The principle of our government is to leave, as much as possible, all power in the hands of the boys themselves. To this end we permit them to elect a committee, which enacts the laws of the school, subject however to the *veto* of the head-master. We have also courts of justice for the trial of both civil and criminal causes, and a vigorous police for the preservation of order. Our rewards consist of a few prizes given at the end of each half-year to those whose exertions have obtained

for them the highest rank in the school, and certain marks which are gained from time to time by exertions of talent and industry. These marks are of two kinds: the most valuable, called premial[1] marks, will purchase a holiday; the others are received in liquidation of forfeits. Our punishments[2] are fine and imprisonment. Impositions, public disgrace, and corporeal pain, have been for some years discarded among us. To obtain rank is an object of great ambition among the boys; with us it is entirely dependent on the state of their acquirements; and our arrangements according to excellence are so frequent that no one is safe, without constant exertion, from losing his place. The boys learn almost every branch of study in classes, that the master may have time for copious explanations; it being an object of great anxiety with us that the pupil should be led to reason upon all his operations. Economy of time is a matter of importance with us. We look upon all restraint as an evil, and to young persons as a very serious evil: we are therefore constantly in search of means for ensuring the effective employment of every minute which is spent in the school-room, that the boys may have ample time for exercise in the open air. The middle state between work and play is extremely unfavourable to the habits[3] of the pupil: we have succeeded, by great attention to order and regularity, in reducing it almost to nothing. We avoid much confusion by accustoming the boys to march; which they do with great precision, headed by a band of young performers[4] from their own body."

Such is the outline of the system as sketched by the author himself: to us, however, it appears an insufficient outline, even for "the general reader" to whom it is addressed. Without having "any intention of reducing the system to practice," the most general reader, if he asks for any information at all, will ask far more than this. We shall endeavour therefore to draw up an account of the plan somewhat less meagre, by separating the important from the trivial details. For this purpose we shall begin — 1, with the GOVERNMENT of the school; *i.e.* with an account of the *legislative*, the *executive*, and the *judicial* powers: where lodged, held by what tenure, and how administered.

The *legislative power* is vested in a committee of boys elected by the boys themselves. The members are elected monthly: the boy who ranks highest in the school electing

[1] "*Premial* marks":—This designation is vicious in point of logic: how is it thus distinguished from the less valuable?

[2] "Our punishments," &c.:—This is inaccurate: by p. 83 "disability to fill certain offices" is one of the punishments.

[3] "Habits"! habits of what?

[4] "Performers"! *Musical* performers, we presume.

one member ; the *two* next in rank another ; the *three* next a third ; and so on. The head-master as well as all the under-masters are members by virtue of their office. This arrangement might seem likely to throw a dangerous weight in the deliberations of the "house" into the hands of the executive power, especially as the head-master might pursue Queen Anne's policy under the Tory ministers, and, by introducing the fencing-master, the dancing-master, the riding-master, &c., under the unconstitutional equivocation of the word "*teachers*," carry a favourite measure in the teeth of the patriotic party. Hitherto, however, the reigning sovereign has shown so laudable a desire to strengthen those checks upon his own authority which make him a limited monarch that "only one teacher has been in the habit of attending the committee's meetings" : and, where any teacher himself happens to be interested in the question before the house (*e.g.* in a case of appeal from any decision of his), "it has lately been the etiquette" for that one who does attend to decline voting. Thus we see that the liberty of the subject is on the growth ; which is a sure argument that it has not been abused. In fact, as a fresh proof of the eternal truth that in proportion as human beings are honourably confided in they will *in the gross* become worthy of confidence, it will give pleasure to the reader to be informed that, though this committee "has the formation of *all* the laws and regulations of the school (excepting such as determine the hours of attendance and the regular amount of exercises to be performed)," yet "the master's assent has never even in a single instance been withheld or even delayed." "I do not remember," says Sir William Temple in 1683 to his son, "ever to have refused "anything you have desired of me ; which I take to be a "greater compliment to you than to myself ; since for a "young man to make none but reasonable desires is yet more "extraordinary than for an old man to think them so." A good arrangement has been adopted for the purpose of combining the benefits of mature deliberation with the vigour and dispatch necessary for sudden emergencies. By a standing order of the committee a week's notice must be given before a new law can be introduced for discussion : in cases of urgency, therefore, a sort of *orders of council* are passed by

a sub-committee composed of two principal officers for the time being. These may of course be intercepted *in limine* by the *veto* of the master; and they may be annulled by the general committee: in any case they expire in a fortnight; and thus not only is a present necessity met, but also an opportunity gained for trying the effect of a law before it is formally proposed.

The *executive* body, exclusively of its standing members, the upper and lower masters, is composed of a sheriff (whose duties are to levy fines imposed by the court of justice and to imprison on non-payment), of a magistrate, and of two constables. All these officers are elected every month by the committee immediately after its own election. The magistrate is bound, in conjunction with his constables, to detect all offences committed in the school: petty cases of dispute he decides himself, and so far becomes a *judicial* officer; cases beyond his own jurisdiction he sends to the attorney-general, directing him to draw an impeachment against the offending party: he also enforces all penalties below a certain amount.

Of the *judicial* body we shall speak a little more at length. The principal officers of the court are the judge, who is elected monthly by the committee, and the attorney-general, who is appointed at the same time by the master. The court assembles every week: and the jury, consisting of six, is "chosen by lot from among the whole number of qualified boys." Disqualifications arise in three ways: on account of holding a judicial office; on account of conviction by the court within the preceding month; and on account of youth (or, what we presume to be tantamount, being "in certain lower classes"). The jury choose their own foreman. The attorney-general and the accused party, if the case be penal, and each disputant, if civil, has a *peremptory* challenge of three, and an unlimited right of challenge *for cause*. The judge decides upon the validity of the objections. Such is the constitution of the court: its forms of proceeding we cannot state in fewer words than those of the Experimentalist, which we shall therefore quote:—

"The officers of the court and the jury having taken their seats, the defendant (when the cause is penal) is called to the bar by the crier of the court, and placed between the constables. The clerk of the court

then reads the indictment; at the close of which the defendant is asked if he object to any of the jury—when he may make his challenges (as before stated). The same question is put to the attorney-general. A short time is then allowed the defendant to plead *guilty*, if he be so disposed. He is asked no question, however, that he may not be induced to tell a falsehood; but, in order to encourage an acknowledgment of the fault, when he pleads *guilty* a small deduction is made from the penalty appointed by the law for the offence. The consequence is that at least five out of six of those who are justly accused acknowledge the offence in the first instance. If the defendant be determined to stand his trial, the attorney-general opens the case and the trial proceeds. The defendant may either plead his own cause, or employ a schoolfellow as counsel—which he sometimes does. The judge takes notes of the evidence, to assist him in delivering his charge to the jury: in determining the sentence he is guided by the regulations enacted by the committee, which affix punishments varying with the magnitude of the offence and the age of the defendant, but invest the judge with the power of increasing or diminishing the penalty to the extent of one-fourth."

A copy of the sentence is laid before the master; who has of course "the power of mitigation or pardon." From the decision of the court there lies an appeal to the committee; which is thus not only the legislative body, but also the supreme court of judicature. Two such appeals, however, are all that have yet occurred: both were brought by the attorney-general — of course therefore against verdicts of acquittal: and both verdicts were reversed. Fresh evidence, however, was in both cases laid before the committee, in addition to that which had been heard in the court below; and on this as well as on other grounds there was good reason to acquit the jury of all partiality. Whilst appeals have thus been so rare from the verdicts of juries, appeals from the decisions of the magistrate, and even from those of the teachers, have been frequent: generally indeed the decisions have been affirmed by the committee; and, when they have been reversed, in all but two cases the reversal has met with the sanction of the teachers as a body. Even in these two (where, by the way, the original decision was only modified and not annulled), the Experimentalist is himself of opinion that the non-concurrence of the teachers may possibly have been owing to a partiality on their side. So far indeed as his experience had then extended, the Experimentalist tells us that "one solitary instance only" had occurred in which

the verdict of the jury did not coincide with his own opinion. This judgment, deliberately pronounced by so competent a judge, combined with the entire acquiescence in the verdict of the jury which is argued by the non-existence of any appeals except on the side of the crown (and then only in two instances), is a very striking attestation to the spirit of conscientious justice developed in the students by this confidence in their incorruptible integrity. "Great," says the Experimentalist, "great, but of course unexpressed, anxiety "has more than once been felt by us, lest the influence of a "leading boy, which in every school must be considerable, "should overcome the virtue of the jury; but our fears have "been uniformly relieved, and the hopes of the offender "crushed, by the voice of the foreman pronouncing, in a "shrill but steady tone, the awful word—Guilty!"

Some persons who hate all innovations will pronounce all this "*mummery*"; which is a very compendious piece of criticism. For ourselves, though we cannot altogether agree with the Experimentalist,—who seems to build too much on an assumption that nature and increasing intercourse with human life contribute nothing of themselves, without any artificial discipline, to the evolution and culture of the sense of justice and to the power of the understanding for discovering where justice lies,—yet thus much is evident: 1, That the intellectual faculties must be sharpened by the constant habit of discriminating the just and the unjust in concrete cases such as a real experience of life produces; 2, That the moral sense must be deepened, if it were only by looking back upon so large a body of decisions, and thus measuring, as it were, by the resistance which they had often overcome arising out of their own immediate interest, the mightiness of the conscientious power within which had compelled them to such decisions; 3, That all sorts of forensic ability are thus cherished, and much ability indeed of larger application: thus, the logical faculty of abstracting the essential from the accidental is involved in the summing up of the judge; in the pleadings for and against are involved the rhetorical arts of narrating facts perspicuously, of arranging arguments in the best order of meeting (therefore of remembering) the counter-arguments, of solving sophisms, of disentangling mis-

representations, of weighing the value of probabilities—to say nothing of elocution and the arts of style and diction, which even the records of the court and the committee (as is urged at p. 105) must tend to cultivate ; 4, (to descend to a humbler use) that in this way the master is absolved from the grievous waste of time in administering justice,—which on the old system was always imperfect justice, that it might waste but little time, and which yet wasted much time though it was imperfect justice. The author's own *moral* of this innovation is as follows ; and with this we shall leave the subject : "We "shall be disappointed if the intelligent reader have not "already discovered that, by the establishment of a system of "legislation and jurisprudence wherein the power of the "master is bounded by general rules, and the duties of the "scholar accurately defined, and where the boys are called "upon to examine and decide upon the conduct of their "fellows, we have provided a course of instruction in the "great code ot morality which is likely to produce far "more powerful and lasting effects than any quantity of "mere precept."

We now pass to the other characteristics of the new system ; which seem to lie chiefly in what relates to *economy of time*, *rewards and punishments*, the *motives to exertion*, and *voluntary labour*. For, as to the *musical performances* (which occur more than twenty times a day), we see no practical use in them except that they regulate the marching ; and the marching, it is said, teaches to measure time ; and measuring time accurately contributes "to the order and celerity with which the various evolutions of the school are performed," and also to the conquest of "serious impediments of speech." But, the latter case not occurring (we presume) very frequently, and marching accurately not being wholly dependent on music, it appears to us that a practice which tends to throw an air of fanciful trifling over the excellent good sense of the system in other respects would be better omitted. *Division into classes*, again, though insisted on by the Experimentalist in a way which would lead us to suppose it a novelty in his own neighbourhood, is next to universal in England, and in all the great grammar schools has been established for ages.

All that distinguishes this arrangement in his use of it is this,—that the classes are variable: that is, the school forms by different combinations according to the subject of study; the boys who study Greek together are not the same who study arithmetic together. Dismissing therefore these two arrangements as either not characteristic or not laudably characteristic, we shall make a brief exposition of the others:—

1. Economy of Time:—"We have been startled at the reflection" (says the Experimentalist)—"that, if, by a faulty arrangement, one minute be lost to sixty of our boys, the injury sustained would be equal to the waste of an hour by a single individual." Hence, as the Experimentalist justly argues, the use of classes; by means of which ten minutes spent by the tutor in explaining a difficult point to a class of ten boys become equal to 100 minutes distributed amongst them severally. Great improvement in the economising of time was on this system derived from exacting "an almost superstitious punctuality" of the *monitor*, whose duty it is to summon the school to all its changes of employment by ringing a bell. It is worthy of notice, but to us not at all surprising, that—"when the duty of the monitor was easy, and "he had time for play, the exact moment for ringing the bell "was but seldom observed; but, when, as the system grew "more complex, he was more constantly in requisition, it was "found that with increased labour came increased perfection, "and the same boy who had complained of the difficulty of "being punctual when he had to ring the bell only ten times "in the day found his duty comparatively easy when his memory "was taxed to a fourfold amount. It is amusing to see what "a living timepiece the giddiest boy will become during his "week of office. The succession of monitors gradually infuses a "habit, and somewhat of a love, of punctuality into the body "scholastic itself. The masters also cannot think of being absent "when the scholars are waiting for them; and thus the nominal "and the real hours of attendance become exactly the same."

2. Motives to Exertion.—"After furnishing the pupil "with the *opportunity* of spending his time to the greatest ad- "vantage, our next case was to examine how we had supplied "him with *motives*" for so spending it (p. 92). These are ranged under five heads,—"love of knowledge; love of

employment; emulation; hope of reward; and fear of punishment,"—and according to what the Experimentalist rightly thinks "their order of excellence." The three last, he alleges, are stimuli, and of necessity lose their power by constant use. Love of employment, though a more durable motive, leaves the pupil open to the attractions of any other employment that may chance to offer itself in competition with knowledge. Love of knowledge for its own sake therefore is the mainspring relied on; insomuch that the Experimentalist gives it as his opinion that, "if it were "possible for the pupil to acquire a love of knowledge, and "that only, during the time he remained at school, he would "have done more towards insuring a stock of knowledge in "maturer age than if he had been the recipient of as much "learning as ever was infused into the passive schoolboy" by any means which fell short of generating such a principle of exertion. We heartily agree with him; and we are further of opinion that this love needs not to be generated as an independent birth previously to our commencing the labour of tuition, but that every system of tuition in proportion as it approaches to a good one will inevitably involve the generation of this love of knowledge concurrently with the generation of knowledge itself. Most melancholy are the cases which have come under our immediate notice of good faculties wholly lost to their possessor, and an incurable disgust for literature and knowledge founded, to our certain knowledge, solely on the stupidity and false methods of the teacher, who alike in what he knew or did *not* know was incapable of connecting one spark of pleasurable feeling with any science by leading his pupils' minds to react upon the knowledge he attempted to convey. Being thus important, how shall a love of knowledge be created? According to the Experimentalist, first of all by combining the sense of obvious *utility* with all the elementary exercises of the intellect; secondly, by matching the difficulties of the learner exactly with his capacity; thirdly, by connecting with the learner's progress the sense of continual success; fourthly, by communicating clear, vivid, and accurate conceptions. The first means is illustrated by a reference to the art of learning a language, to arithmetic, to surveying, and to the writing of

"themes." Can any boy, for instance, reconcile himself to the loathsome effort of learning "*Propria quæ maribus*," by any the dimmest sense of its future utility? No, we answer with the Experimentalist: and we go farther even than the Experimentalist is disposed to do; for we deny the existence of any future utility. We, the reviewer of this book, at eight years of age, though even then passionately fond of study and disdainful of childish sports, passed some of the most wretched and ungenial days of our life in "learning by *heart*," as it is called (oh! most ironical misnomer!), *Propria quæ maribus*," "*Quæ genus*," and "*As in præsenti*,"—a three-headed monster worse than Cerberus. We *did* learn them, *ad unguem*; and to this hour their accursed barbarisms cling to our memory as ineradicably as the golden lines of Æschylus or Shakspere. And what was our profit from all this loathsome labour, and the loathsome heap of rubbish thus deposited in the memory? Attend, if you please, good reader. The first professes to teach the irregularities of nouns as to gender (*i.e.* which nouns having a masculine termination are yet feminine, &c.); the second to teach the irregularities of nouns as to number (*i.e.* which want the singular, which the plural); the third to teach the irregularities of verbs (*i.e.* their deviations from the generic forms of the preterite and the supine): this is what they *profess* to teach. Suppose, then, their professions realised, what is the result? Why, that you have laboriously anticipated a case of anomaly which, if it do actually occur, could not possibly cost more trouble to explain at the time of its occurrence than you are thus premising. This is as if a man should sit down to cull all the difficult cases of action which could ever occur to him in his relations of son, father, citizen, neighbour, public functionary, &c., under the plea that he would thus have got over the labour of discussion before the case itself arrived. Supposing that this could be accomplished, what would it effect but to cancel a benevolent arrangement of providence, by which the difficulties of life are distributed with tolerable equality throughout its whole course, and obstinately to accumulate them all upon a particular period? Sufficient for the day is its own evil: despatch your business as it arises, and every day clears itself; but suffer a few months of

unaudited accounts, or of unanswered letters, to accumulate, and a mountain of arrears is before you which years seem insufficient to get rid of. This sort of accumulation arises in the shape of *arrears*; but any accumulation of trouble out of its proper place,—*i.e.* of a distributed trouble into a state of convergement,—no matter whether in the shape of needless anticipation or needless procrastination, has equally the practical effect of converting a light trouble (or none at all) into a heavy and hateful one. The daily experience of books, actual intercourse with Latin authors, is sufficient to teach all the irregularities of that language: just as the daily experience of an English child leads him without trouble into all the anomalies of his own language. And,—to return to the question which we put, "What was our profit from all this loathsome labour?"—in this way it was, viz. in the way of actual experience that we, the reviewer of this book, did actually in the end come to the knowledge of those irregularities which the three elegant poems in question profess to communicate. Mark this, reader: the logic of what we are saying is, first, that, if they *did* teach what they profess, they would attain that end by an artificial means far more laborious than the natural means: and, secondly, that in fact they do *not* attain their end. The reason of this is partly the perplexed and barbarous texture of the verse; which for metrical purposes, *i.e.* to keep the promise of metre to the mere technical scansion, is obliged to abandon all those natural beauties of metre in the fluent connexion of the words, in the rhythmus, cadence, cæsura, &c., which alone recommend metre as a better or more rememberable form for conveying knowledge than prose. Prose, if it has no music, at any rate does not compel the most inartificial writer to dislocate and distort it into non-intelligibility. Another reason is that "*As in præsenti*" and its companions are not so much adapted to the reading as to the writing of Latin. For instance, I remember (we will suppose) this sequence of "*tango tetigi*" from the "*As in P.*" Now, if I am *reading* Latin I meet either with the tense "*tango*" or the tense "*tetigi.*" In the former case I have no difficulty; for there is as yet no irregularity, and therefore it is impertinent to offer assistance; in the latter case I *do* find a difficulty,—for,

according to the models of verbs which I have learned in my grammar, there is no possible verb which could yield *tetigi*, for such a verb as *tetigo* even ought to yield *tetixi*. Here therefore I should be glad of some assistance; but just here it is that I obtain none: for, because I remember "*tango tetigi*" in the direct order, it is quite contrary to the laws of association which govern the memory in such a case to suppose that I remember the inverted order of *tetigi tango*—any more than the forward repetition of the Lord's Prayer ensures its backward repetition. The practical applicability of "*As in præsenti*" is therefore solely to the act of *writing* Latin: for, having occasion to translate the words "I touched," I search for the Latin equivalent to the English word *touch*, find that it is *tango*, and then am reminded (whilst forming the preterite) that *tango* makes not *tanxi* but "*tetigi*." Such a use therefore I might by possibility derive from my long labours: meantime even here the service is in all probability doubly superfluous; for, by the time that I am called on to write Latin at all, experience will have taught me that *tango* makes *tetigi*; or, supposing that I am required to write Latin as one of the earliest means for gaining experience, even in that case the very same dictionary which teaches me what is Latin for "*touch*" teaches me what is the irregular preterite and supine of *tango*. And thus the "upshot" (to use a homely word) of the whole business is that an effort of memory, so great as to be capable otherwise directed of mastering a science, and, secondly (because directed to an unnatural composition, viz. an arrangement of metre which is at once the rudest and the most elaborately artificial), so disgusting as that no accession of knowledge could compensate the injury thus done to the simplicity of the child's understanding, by connecting pain and a sense of unintelligible mystery with his earliest steps in knowledge, —all this hyperbolical apparatus and machinery is worked for no one end or purpose that is not better answered by a question to his tutor, by consulting his dictionary, or by the *insensible* progress of daily experience. Even this argument derived from its utter uselessness does not however weigh so much with us as the other argument derived from the want of common-sense involved in the wilful forestalling and arti-

ficial concentrating into one long rosary of anomalies what else the nature of the case has by good luck dispersed over the whole territory of the Latin language. To be consistent, a tutor should take the same proleptical course with regard to the prosody of the Latin language. Every Latin hyper-dissyllable is manifestly accentuated according to the following law: if the penultimate be long, that syllable inevitably claims the accent; if short, inevitably it rejects it—*i.e.* gives it to the ante-penultimate. The determining syllable is therefore the penultimate; and for the due reading of Latin the sole question is about the quantity of the penultimate. According to the logic, therefore, which could ever have introduced "*As in præsenti*," the tutor ought to make his pupils commit to memory every individual word in which the quantity was not predetermined by a mechanical rule—(as it is, *e.g.*, in the gen. plural *ōrum* of the second declension, the *ērunt* of the third per. plurals of the preterite, &c., or the cases where the vowel is long by position). But what man of sense would forbear to cry out in such a case—"Leave the poor child to his daily reading: practice, under correct tuition, will give him insensibly and without effort all that you would thus endeavour to communicate through a most Herculean exertion." Whom has it cost any trouble to learn the accentuation of his own language? How has he learned *that*? Simply by copying others—and so much without effort that the effort (and a very great effort) would have been *not* to copy them. In that way let him learn the quantity of Latin and Greek penultimates. That Edmund Burke could violate the quantity of the word "*vectigal*" was owing to his tutor's ignorance, who had allowed him so to read it; that Lord North, and every other Etonian in the house, knew better, was owing not to any disproportionate effort of memory directed to that particular word, as though they had committed to memory a rule enjoining them to place the accent on the penultimate of the word *vectigal*: their knowledge no more rested on such an anticipation by express rules of their own experience than Burke's ignorance of the quantity on the want of such anticipation. The anticipation was needless—coming from a tutor who knew the quantity; and impossible—coming from a tutor who

knew it not. At this moment a little boy (three years old) is standing by our table, and repeatedly using the word *mans* for *men:* his sister (five years old) at his age made the very same mistake ; but she is now correcting her brother's grammar, which just at this moment he is stoutly defending—conceiving his dignity involved in the assertion of his own impeccability. Now, whence came the little girl's error and its correction? Following blindly the general analogy of the language, she formed her plural by adding an *s* to the singular: afterwards everybody about her became a daily monitor—a living *Propria quæ maribus*, as she is in her turn to her brother—instructing her that this particular word "*man*" swerved, as to this one particular point, from the general analogy of the language. But the result is just as inevitable from daily intercourse with Latin books as to the parallel anomalies in that language. In proportion as any case of anomaly could escape the practical regulation of such an intercourse, just in that proportion it must be a rare case, and less important to be known: whatsoever the future experience will be most likely to demand the past experience will be most likely to have furnished. All this we urge not against the Eton grammar in particular: on the contrary, as grammars go, we admire the Eton grammar,[1] and love it with a filial partiality from early associations (always excepting, however, the three lead-mines of the Eton grammar, "*Propria quæ maribus*," &c. ; of which it is not extravagant to say that the author, though possibly a good sort of man in his way, has undoubtedly caused more human suffering than Nero, Robespierre, or any other enemy of the human race). Our opposition is to the general principle which lies at the root of such treatises as the three which we have been considering. It will be observed that, making a proper allowance for the smallness of the print, these three bodies of absurd anticipations of exceptions are collectively about equal

[1] Indeed an Etonian must in consistency condemn either the Latin or the Greek grammar of Eton. For where is the Greek "*Propria quæ maribus*," "*Quæ genus*," and "*As in præsenti*"? Either the Greek grammar is defective, or the Latin redundant. We are surprised that it has never struck the patrons of these three beautiful idylls that all the anomalies of the Greek language are left to be collected from practice.

in quantity, and virtually for the effort to the memory far more than equal, to the whole body of the rules contained in the Accidence and the Syntax: *i.e.* that which exists on account of many thousand cases is put on the same level of value and burthen to the memory as that which exists on account of itself alone. Here lies the original sin of grammars, the mortal taint on which they all demand regeneration. Whosoever would show himself a great artist in the profound but as yet infant art of teaching should regard all arbitrary taxes upon the memory with the same superstition that a wise lawgiver should regard the punishment of death. The lawgiver who sets out with little knowledge (and therefore little veneration) of human nature is perpetually invoking the thunders of the law to compensate the internal weakness of his own laws; and the same spirit of levity disposes inefficient teachers to put in motion the weightiest machinery of the mind for the most trifling purposes. But we are convinced that this law should be engraven on the title-page of all elementary books—that the memory is degraded if it be called in to deliver any individual fact, or any number of individual facts, or for any less purpose than that of delivering a comprehensive law by means of which the understanding is to *produce* the individual cases of knowledge wanted. Wherever exceptions or insulated cases are noticed, except in notes which are not designed to be committed to memory, this rule is violated; and the Scotch expression for particularising, viz. *condescending upon*, becomes applicable in a literal sense. When the Eton grammar, *e.g.*, notices *Deus* as deviating in the vocative case from the general law for that declension, the memory is summoned to an unreasonable act of condescension—viz. to load itself almost as heavily for one particular word in one particular case as it had done by the whole type of that declension (*i.e.* the implicit law for all words contained under it, which are possibly some thousands). But how then would we have such exceptions learnt, if not by an act of the memory? Precisely, we answer, as the meanings of all the words in the language are learned. How are *they* learned? They are known, and they are remembered; but how? Not by any act or effort of the memory: they are *deposited* in the memory from daily intercourse with them,

just as the daily occurrences of our lives are recorded in our memories: not through any exertion on our part, or in consequence of previous determination on our parts that we will remember them: on the contrary, we take no pains about them, and often would willingly forget them: but they stay there in spite of us, and are pure *depositions*, settlings, or sediments, with or without our concurrence, from the stream of our daily experience.

Returning from this long excursus on arbitrary taxations of the memory, suggested to us by the mention of "*Propria quæ maribus*," which the Experimentalist objects to as disgusting to children before they have had experience of the cases in which it furnishes assistance (but which we have objected to as in any case barren of all power to assist), we resume the course of our analysis. We left the Experimentalist insisting on the benefit of directing the studies of children into such channels as that the practical *uses* of their labours may become apprehensible to themselves — as the first mode of producing a love of knowledge. In some cases he admits that the pupil must pass through "dark defiles," confiding blindly in his tutor's "assurance that he will at last emerge into light," but still contends that in many cases it is possible,—and where possible right—that he should "catch a glimpse of the promised land." Thus, for example, to construe the language he is learning is an act of "some respectability in his eyes," and its uses apparent: meantime the uses of the grammar are not so apparent until experience has brought him acquainted with the real cases to which it applies. On this account, without laying aside the grammar, let him be advanced to the dignity of actual translation upon the very *minimum* of grammatical knowledge which will admit of it. Again, in arithmetic, it is the received practice to commence with "abstract numbers": but, instead of risking injury to the child's intellect and to his temper by thus calling upon him to add together "long rows of figures" to which no meaning is attached, he is taught "to calculate all the various little problems which may be constructed respecting his tops and marbles, their price, and their comparative value." Here the Experimentalist turns aside for about a page to "acknowledge his obligations to what is

called Mental Arithmetic—that is, calculation without the employment of written symbols." Jedediah Buxton's preternatural powers in this way have been long published to the world, and may now be found recorded in Encyclopædias. The Experimentalist refers also to the more recent cases of Porson and the American youth Zerah Colborn: amongst his own pupils it appears (p. 54) that this exercise is practised in the morning twilight, which for any other study would not furnish sufficient light. He does not pretend to any very splendid marvels: but the following facts, previously recited at pp. 16 and 17, he thinks may astonish "those who have not estimated the combined power of youth, ardour, and practice." The lower classes calculate, purely by the mind, without any help from pen or pencil, questions respecting interest; determine whether a given year be bissextile or not, &c. &c. The upper classes determine the age of the moon at any given time, the day of the week which corresponds with any day of any month and year, and Easter Sunday for a given year. They will square any number not exceeding a thousand, extract the square root of a number of not more than five places, determine the space through which a body falls in a given time, the circumference and areas of circles from their diameters, and solve many problems in mensuration: they practise also Mental Algebra, &c. In mental, no less than in written, Arithmetic, "by assimilating the questions to those which actually occur in the transactions of life," the pupil is made sensible that he is rising into the usefulness and respectability of real business. The imitative principle of man is thus made to blend with the motive derived from the sense of utility. The same blended feelings, combined with the pleasurable influences of open air, are relied upon for creating the love of knowledge in the practice of surveying. In this operation so large an aggregate of subsidiary knowledge is demanded,—of arithmetic, for instance, of mensuration, of trigonometry, together with "the manual facility of constructing maps and plans,"—that a sudden revelation is made to the pupils of the uses and indispensableness of many previous studies which hitherto they had imperfectly appreciated; they also "exercise their dis-
" cretion in choosing points of observation; they learn

" expertness in the use, and care in the preservation, of " instruments; and, above all, from this feeling that they " are really *at work*, they acquire that sobriety and steadiness " of conduct in which the elder schoolboy is so often inferior " to his less fortunate neighbour who has been removed at an " early age to the accompting-house."

The value of the sense of utility the Experimentalist brings home forcibly to every reader's recollections by reminding him of the many cases in which a sudden desire for self-education breaks out in a few months after the close of an inefficient education. "And what," he asks, "produces the " change? The experience, however short, of the utility of " acquisitions which were perhaps lately despised." Better then "to spare the future man many moments of painful retrospection," by educing this sense of utility "while the time and opportunity of improvement remain unimpaired." Finally, the sense of utility is connected with the peculiar exercises in *composition*: "a department of education which we confess" (says the Experimentalist) "has often caused us considerable uneasiness"—an uneasiness which we, on our part, look upon as groundless. For,—starting ourselves from the same point with the Experimentalist and the authority he alleges, viz. that the *matter* of a good theme or essay altogether transcends the reflective powers and the opportunities for observing of a raw schoolboy,—we yet come to a very different practical conclusion. The act of composition cannot, it is true, create thoughts in a boy's head unless they exist previously. On this consideration, let all questions of general speculation be dismissed from school exercises: especially questions of *moral* speculation, which usually furnish the thesis of a schoolboy's essay. Let us have no more themes on Justice, on Ambition, on Benevolence, on the Love of Fame, &c.: for all theses such as these, which treat moral qualities as pure abstractions, are stripped of their *human* interest; and few adults even could write endurably upon such subjects in such a shape, though many might have written very pleasingly and judiciously upon a moral *case*—*i.e.* on a moral question *in concreto*. Grant that a schoolboy has no independent thoughts of any value; yet every boy has thoughts dependent upon what he

has read—thoughts involved in it—thoughts derived from it: but these he will (*cæteris paribus*) be more or less able to express as he has been more or less accustomed to express them. The unevolved thoughts which pass through the youngest, the rudest, the most inexperienced brain, are innumerable; not detached, voluntary thoughts, but thoughts inherent in what is seen, talked of, experienced, or read of. To evolve these, to make them apprehensible by others, and often even to bring them within their own consciousness, is very difficult to most people, and at times to all people; and the power by which this difficulty is conquered admits of endless culture: and amongst the modes of culture is that of written composition. The true value of this exercise lies in the necessity which it imposes of forming distinct ideas, of connecting them, of disposing them into such an arrangement as that they can be connected, of clothing them in words, and many more acts of the mind, both analytic and synthetic. All that is necessary is to determine for the young composer his choice of matter. Require him therefore to narrate an interesting story which he has formerly read; to rehearse the most interesting particulars of a day's excursion: in the case of more advanced students, let them read one of the English state trials, where the evidence is of a complex character (as the trials on Titus Oates's plot), or a critical dissertation on some interesting question, or anything in short which admits of analysis, of abstraction, of expansion, or exhibition in an altered shape. Subjects for all this are innumerable; and, according to the selection made, more or less opportunity is given for collecting valuable knowledge: but this purpose is collateral to the one we are speaking of: the direct purpose is to exercise the mind in unravelling its own thoughts, which else lie huddled and tangled together in a state unfit for use, and but dimly developed to the possessor's own consciousness.

The three other modes of producing a love of knowledge which the Experimentalist relies on—viz. the proportioning the difficulties to the capacity of the learner, the pleasure of success, and the communication of clear, vivid, and accurate conceptions,—are treated with good sense, but not with any great originality. The last indeed (to speak scholastically)

contains the other three *eminenter*: for he who has once arrived at clear conceptions in relation to the various objects of his study will not fail to generate for himself the pleasure of success; and so of the rest. But the power of communicating "accurate conceptions" involves so many other powers that it is in strictness but another name for the faculty of teaching in general. We fully agree with the Experimentalist that the tutor would do well "to provide himself with the various weights commonly spoken of, and the measures of content and of length; to portion off upon his playground a land-chain, a rood," &c., to furnish "maps" tracing "the routes of armies," "plates exhibiting the costumes" of different nations: and more especially we agree with him that in teaching the classics the tutor should have at hand "plates or drawings of ships, temples, houses, altars, domestic and sacred utensils, robes, and of every object of which they are likely to read." "It is," as he says, "impossible to calculate the injury which the minds of children suffer from the habit of receiving imperfect ideas": and it is discreditable in the highest degree to the majority of good classical scholars that they have no accurate knowledge of the Roman calendar, and no knowledge at all of the classical coinage, &c.: not one out of every twenty scholars can state the relation of the *sestertius* to the *denarius*, of the Roman *denarius* to the Attic *drachma*, or express any of them in English money. All such defects are weighty; but they are not adequate illustrations of the injury which arises from inaccurate ideas in its most important shape. It is a subject, however, which we have here no room to enlarge upon.

II. Rewards and Punishments.—It has already been mentioned that corporal punishments are entirely abolished,[1]

[1] On this point there is, however, an exception made which amuses us not a little. "In a few instances," says the Experimentalist, "it "has been found or supposed necessary to resent insolence by a blow: "but this may be rather called an assertion of private right than an "official punishment. In these cases a single blow has *almost* always "been found sufficient, even the rarity of the infliction rendering "severity unnecessary." He insists therefore that this punishment (which, we cannot but think, might have been commuted for a long imprisonment) shall not be called a punishment, nor entered on the public records as such: in which case, however, it becomes a private "turn-up," as the boxers call it, between the boy and his tutor.

and upon the same principle all such disgrace as "would destroy self-respect." "Expulsion even has been resorted to, "rather than a boy should be submitted to treatment which "might lead himself and his school-fellows to forget that he "was a gentleman." In this we think the Experimentalist very wise: and precisely upon this ground it was that Mr. Coleridge in his lectures at the Royal Institution attacked Mr. Lancaster's system, which deviated from the Madras system chiefly in the complexity of the details, and by pressing so cruelly in its punishments upon the principle of shame. "Public disgrace" (as the Experimentalist alleges) "is painful exactly in proportion to the good feeling of the offender": and thus the good are more heavily punished than the bad. Confinement, and certain disabilities, are the severest punishments; but the former is "as rare as possible, both because it is attended with unavoidable disgrace" (but what punishment is wholly free from this objection?) "and because, unlike labour, it is pain without any utility." The ordinary punishments therefore consist in the forfeiture of rewards, which are certain counters obtained by various kinds of merit. These are of two classes,—*penal* (so called from being received as forfeits) and *premial*, which are obtained by a higher degree of merit, and have higher powers attached to them. Premial counters will purchase *holidays*, and will also purchase *rank* (which in this system is of great importance). A conflict is thus created between pleasure and ambition, which generally terminates in favour of the latter: "a boy "of fourteen, although constantly in the possession of marks "sufficient to obtain a holiday per week, has bought but "three-quarters of a day's relaxation during the whole of the "last year. The same boy purchased his place on the list "by a sacrifice of marks sufficient to have obtained for him "twenty-six half-holidays." The purchase of rank, the reader must remember, is no way objectionable—considering the means by which the purchase-money is obtained. One chief means is by study during the hours of leisure—*i.e.* by *voluntary labour*. This is treated of (rather out of its place) in Chap. VII; which ought to be considered as belonging to the first part of the work, viz. to the exposition of the system. Voluntary labour took its rise from the necessity of furnish-

ing those boys who had no chance of obtaining rank through their talents with some other means of distinguishing themselves. This is accomplished in two modes: first, by giving rewards for industry exerted out of school hours and receiving these rewards as the price of rank, making no other stipulation than one, in addition to its being "tolerably well executed"—viz. that it shall be in a state of completion. The Experimentalist comments justly on "the mental dissipation in which persons of talent often indulge" as being "destructive beyond what can readily be imagined" and as leading to "a life of shreds and patches." "We take care" (says he) "to reward no boy for fragments, whatever may be their excellence. We know nothing of his exertions until they come before us in a state of completion." Hence, besides gaining the "habit of finishing" in early youth, the boy has an interest also in gaining the habit of measuring his own powers: for he knows "that he can receive neither fame nor profit by instalments," and therefore "undertakes nothing which he has not a rational hope of accomplishing."[1] A second mode of preventing rank from being monopolised by talents is by flinging the school into various arrangements, one of which is founded on "propriety of manners and general good conduct."

We have thus gone through a pretty full analysis, and a very accurate one, of the new system as contained in the three first chapters. Of the five miscellaneous chapters, the seventh or last but one (on *voluntary labour*) has been interwoven with our analysis; and the eighth, which contains a comparison of public and private education, we do not purpose to notice. The question is very sensibly discussed; but it is useless to discuss any question like this, which is a difficult problem only because it is an unlimited problem. Let the parent satisfy himself about the object he has in view for his child, and let him consider the particular means which he

[1] The details of the system in regard to the penal and premial counters may be found from pp. 23 to 29. We have no room to extract them: one remark only we must make—that we do not see how it is possible to ascribe any peculiar and incommunicable privileges to the premial as opposed to the penal counters, when it appears that they may be exchanged for each other "at an established rate."

has at his disposal for securing a good private education ; and he may then determine it for himself. As far as the attainment of knowledge is concerned, it is always possible to secure a good public education, and not always possible to secure a good private one. Where either is possible indifferently, the comparison will proceed upon more equal grounds, and inquiry may then be made about the child's destination in future life : for many destinations a public education being much more eligible than for others. Under a perfect indetermination of everything relating to the child the question is as indeterminable as—Whether it is better to go to the Bank through Holborn or through the Strand : the particular case being given, it may then be possible to answer the question ; previously it is impossible.——Three chapters, therefore, remain : viz.—Chap. IV on Languages ; Chap. V on Elocution ; and Chap. VI on Penmanship.

Chap. IV. On the best method of acquiring Languages.—The Experimentalist had occasion to observe " that, in the Welsh towns which are frequented by the English, even the children speak both languages with fluency." This fact, contrasted with the labour and pain entailed upon the boy who is learning Latin (to say nothing of the eventual disgust to literature which is too often the remote consequence), and the drudgery entailed upon the master who teaches Latin,—and fortified by the consideration that in the former instance the child learns to speak a new language, but in the latter only to read it,—first drew his attention to the *natural* mode of learning languages, *i.e.* learning them from daily use. This mode never fails with living languages ; but how is it to be applied to dead languages ? The Experimentalist retorts by asking what is essential to this mode ? Partly the necessity which the pupil is laid under of using the language daily for the common intercourse of life, and partly his hearing it spoken by those who thoroughly understand it. " Stimulus to exertion, then, and good models, are the great advantages of this mode of instruction " ; and these, he thinks, are secured even for a dead language by his system : the first by the motives to exertion which have already been unfolded, and the second by the acting of Latin dramas (which had been previously noticed in his Exposition of the System). But a

third imitation of the *natural* method he places in the use of translations "which present the student with a dictionary both of words and phrases arranged in the order in which he wants them," and in an abstinence from all use of the grammar until the learner himself shall come to feel the want of it; *i.e.* using it with reference to an experience already accumulated, and not as an anticipation of an experience yet to come. The ordinary objection to the use of translations,—that they produce indolent habits,—he answers thus: "We teach by the process of *construing*: and therefore, "even with the translation before him, the scholar will have "a task to perform in matching the English, word by word, "with the language which he is learning." For this *natural* method of learning languages he alleges the authority of Locke, of Ascham, and of Pestalozzi. The best method, with those who have advanced to some degree of proficiency, he considers that of double translations—*i.e.* a translation first of all into the mother tongue of the learner, and a re-translation of this translation back into the language of the original. These, with the help of extemporaneous construing, *i.e.* construing any passage at random with the assistance of a master who supplies the meaning of the unknown words as they arise—(a method practised, it seems, by Le Febvre, the father of Madame Dacier, by others before his time, and by Condillac since)—compose the chief machinery which he employs for the communication of dead languages.

Chap. V. On Elocution.—In this chapter there is not much which is very important. To read well, the Experimentalist alleges, presupposes so much various knowledge, especially of that kind which is best acquired by private reading, and therefore most spares the labour of the tutor, that it ought reasonably to bestow high rank in the school. Private reading is most favourable to the rapid collection of an author's meaning; but for reading well this is not sufficient: two great constituents of that art remain to be acquired — Enunciation and Inflection. These are best learned by Recitation. Thus far there is no great novelty: the most interesting part of the chapter is what relates to Stammering. This defect is held by the Experimentalist to result from inattention to rhythmus: so much, he thinks,

has been proved by Mr. Thelwall. Whatsoever therefore compels the pupil to an efficient perception of time and measure, as, for example, marching and music, he resorts to for its correction. Stammerers, he observes, can all sing: let them be taught to sing therefore, if not otherwise corrigible; and from this let them descend to *recitative*; then to the recitation of verses distinguished by the simplicity of their rhythmus, marching at the same time and marking the accented syllables by the tread of the foot; from this to the recitation of more difficult verses; from that to measured prose; thence to ordinary prose; and lastly to narrative and dialogue.

Chap. VI. Of Penmanship.—This is a subject on which we profess no experience which could warrant us in contradicting a writer who should rest his innovations solely upon that ground; but the writer before us does not rely on the practical issue of his own experiment (he does not even tell us what that issue was), but on certain *a priori* arguments, which we conceive to be ill-reasoned. The amount of the chapter is this—that to write a good running hand is the main object to be aimed at in the art of caligraphy: we will go farther, and concede that it is the sole object, unless where the pupil is educated for a writing-master. Thus far we are agreed; and the question is as to the best means of attaining this object. On which question the plan here proposed differs from those in use by the very natural error — that what is admitted to be the ultimate object this plan would make the immediate object. The author starts from a false theory of the practice amongst writing-masters. In order that their pupils may write small and running hands well, writing-masters (as is well known) begin by exacting from them a long praxis in large hands. But the rationale of this praxis escapes the Experimentalist: the large hand and the small hand stand related to each other, in the estimate of the masters, as a means to an end; whereas the Experimentalist supposes them to be viewed in the relation simply of two co-ordinate or collateral ends: on which false presumption he grounds what would on his own view be a very sound advice. For, justly conceiving that the small hand is of incomparably more use in life, he argues in effect thus: Let us

communicate the main object, and then (if he has leisure and taste for it) let the pupil direct his attention to the lower object: "when the running hand is accomplished," says he, "the pupil may (if it be thought necessary) learn to write the larger hands according to the received models." *When* it is acquired! "Ay, but in order that it *may* be acquired," —the writing-master will reply, "I must first teach the larger hands." As well might the professor of dancing hold out as a tempting innovation to the public—"I teach the actual dances, the true practical synthesis of the steps and movements, as it is in fact demanded by the usage of the ball-room: let others teach the analytic elements of the art —the mere useless steps—to those who have time to waste on superfluities." In either art (as in many others) that which is first (or rather sole) in order of importance is last in the order of attainment. As an object *per se*, the larger hand is not wanted at all, either before or after the running hand: if it does really contribute nothing to the more accurate formation of the letters, by compelling the pupil to exhibit his aberrations from the *ideal* letter more clearly because on a scale of greater magnitude (which yet in the second sentence of this chapter our Experimentalist himself admits), then let it be abandoned at once; for, not doing this service, it does nothing at all. On the other hand, if this be its specific service, then it is clear that, being no object *per se*, but simply a means to an object, it must have precedency in the order of communication. And the innovation of our Experimentalist is so far (in the literal sense of that word) a *preposterous* inversion of the old usage; and, this being the chief principle of his "plan," we desire to know no more of it, and were not sorry that we found him declining "to enter into a detail of it."—The business of the chapter being finished, however, there yet remains some little matter of curiosity. 1. The Experimentalist affirms that "Langford's copper-plate copies, or indeed any other which he has seen, fail" if tried by a certain test. What test? Why this: that "the large hand, seen through a diminishing glass, ought to be reduced into the current hand, and the current hand, magnified, ought to swell into a large hand"; whereas, on the contrary, "the large hands reduced appear very stiff and cramped, and

the magnified running hand appears little better than a scrawl." Now, to us the result appears in a different light. It is true that the large hands reduced do not appear good running hands according to the standard derived from the actual practice of the world: but why? Simply because they are too good: *i.e.* they are *ideals*, and in fact are meant to be so, and have nothing characteristic: they are purely *generic* hands, and therefore want *individualisation*: they are abstractions; but, to affect us pleasurably, they should be concrete expressions of some human qualities, moral or intellectual. Perfect features in a human face, arranged with perfect symmetry, affect us not at all, as is well known, where there is nothing characteristic; the latency of the individual in the generic, and of the generic in the individual, is that which gives to each its power over our human sensibilities. And this holds of caligraphy no less than other arts. And *that* is the most perfect handwriting which unites the *minimum* of deviation from the ideal standard of beauty (as to the form and nexus of the letters) with the *maximum* of characteristic expression. It has long been practically felt, and even expressly affirmed (in some instances even expanded into a distinct art and professed as such), that it is possible to determine the human *intellectual* character as to some of its features from the handwriting. Books even have been written on this art,—as, *e.g.*, the *Ideographia*, or art of knowing the characters of men from their handwritings, by *Aldorisius*; and, though this, in common with all other modes of *physiognomy*, as Craniology, Lavaterianism (usually called Physiognomy), &c. &c., has laboured under the reproach of fancifulness, yet we ought not to attribute this wholly to the groundlessness of the art as a possible art—but to these two causes: partly to the precipitation and imperfect psychology of the professors; who, like the craniologists, have been over-ready to determine the *indicantia* before they had settled according to any tolerable theory the *indicanda*,—*i.e.* have settled what A, what B, what C, shall *indicate*, before they have inquired what it was presumable upon any systematic development of human nature would have a right *to be indicated*, and thus have assigned an external characteristic to a faculty of the third

order, suppose, (or perhaps a mere accidental effect of a faculty or a mere imaginary faculty), whilst a primary faculty went without any expression at all :—partly, I say, to this cause, which is obviously not merely a subjective but also an accidental cause ; and partly also to the following cause, which is objective (*i.e.* seated in the inherent imperfections of the art itself, and not removable therefore by any future improvements to be anticipated from a more matured psychology),—viz. that the human mind transcends or overflows the gamut or scale of the art ; in other words, that the qualities, intellectual or moral, which ought to be expressed are far more in number than the alphabet of signs or expressions by which they are to be enunciated. Hence it follows as an inevitable dilemma that many qualities must go unrepresented, or else be represented by signs common to them with other qualities : in the first of which cases we have an art imperfect from defect, in the other case imperfect from equivocal language. Thus, for example, determination of character is built in some cases upon mere energy of the will (a moral cause), and again in other cases upon capaciousness of judgment and freedom from all logical perplexity (an intellectual cause). Yet it is possible that either cause will modify the handwriting in the same way.

From the long analysis which we have thus given of the book recording this new system of education, it is sufficiently evident that we think very highly of it. In the hands of its founder we are convinced that it is calculated to work wonders ; and so strong is the impression which his book conveys that he is not only a man of very extraordinary talents for the improvement of the science of education, but also a very conscientious man, that, for our own parts, we should confide a child to his care with that spirit of perfect confidence which he has himself described at p. 74. There is an air of gentlemanly feeling spread over the book which tends still further to recommend the author. Meantime two questions arise on the system :—first, Is it a good system ? which we have answered :—secondly, Is it a system adapted for general diffusion ? This question we dare not answer in the affirmative, unless we could ensure the talents and energy

of the original inventor in every other superintendent of this system. In this we may be wrong; but, at all events, it ought not to be considered as any deduction from the merits of the author, as a very original thinker on the science of education, that his system is not (like the Madras system) independent of the teacher's ability, and therefore not unconditionally applicable.—Upon some future occasion we shall perhaps take an opportunity of stating what is in our opinion the great desideratum which is still to be supplied in the art of education considered simply in its *intellectual* purposes —viz. the communication of knowledge, and the development of the intellectual faculties: purposes which have not been as yet treated in sufficient insulation from the *moral* purposes. For the present we shall conclude by recommending to the notice of the Experimentalist the German writers on Education. Basedow, who naturalised Rousseau in Germany, was the first author who called the attention of the German public to this important subject. Unfortunately Basedow had a silly ambition of being reputed an infidel, and thus created a great obstacle to his own success: he was also in many other respects a sciolist and a trifler: but since his time the subject has been much cultivated in Germany. "Paedagogic" journals even have been published periodically, like literary or philosophic journals, and, as might be anticipated from that love of children which so honourably distinguishes the Germans as a people, not without very considerable success.

KANT ON NATIONAL CHARACTER,

IN RELATION TO

THE SENSE OF THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL[1]

A TRANSLATION

["My purpose," says Kant, "is not to portray the characters of different nations in detail: I sketch only a few features, which may express the feeling in those characters for the Sublime and the Beautiful. In such a portraiture it is evident that only a tolerable accuracy can be demanded; that the prototypes of the features selected are prominent only in the great crowd of those that make pretensions to refined feelings; and that no nation is entirely wanting in minds which unite the best qualities of both feelings. Any blame, therefore, which may touch the character of a nation in the course of these strictures ought not to offend any one,—the blame being of such a nature that every man may toss off the ball to his neighbour. Whether these national distinctions are contingently dependent on the colour of the times and the quality of the government, or are bound to the climate by a certain necessity, I do not here inquire."]

Among the nations of our quarter of the globe, the Italians and the French are in my opinion those who are most distinguished for the sense of the Beautiful; the Germans, the

[1] Appeared in the *London Magazine* for April 1824, with the signature "X. Y. Z.": not included in De Quincey's own edition of his Collected Writings; but reprinted in 1871 in the second of Messrs. Black's supplementary volumes to that edition.—M.

English, and the Spaniards, for the sense of the Sublime. Holland may be set down as a country in which neither feeling is very observable.—The Beautiful is either fascinating and affecting, or gay and enlivening. The first contains something of the Sublime; and the mind, whilst under the influence of this class of beauty, is meditative and enraptured; but under the influence of the other laughing and joyous. The first kind of beauty seems to be most congenial to the Italian taste; the second to the French. The Sublime, where it is expressed by the national character, takes either a more terrific character, which verges a little to the Adventurous and Romantic; or, secondly, it is a feeling for the Noble; or, thirdly, for the Magnificent. Upon certain grounds I feel warranted in ascribing the first style of feeling to the Spaniard, the second to the Englishman, and the third to the German. The feeling for the Magnificent is not natively so original as the rest: and, although a spirit of imitation may easily be connected with any other feeling, yet it is more peculiarly connected with the glittering Sublime: for this is a mixed feeling, composed of the sense for the Beautiful and the Sublime, in which each considered separately is colder, and the mind more at leisure to attend to examples, and stands more in need of examples to excite and support it. The German, therefore, has less feeling for the Beautiful than the Frenchman, and less for the Sublime than the Englishman: but in those cases where it is necessary that both should appear united the result will be more congenial to his mind; and he will also more readily avoid those errors into which an extravagant degree of either feeling exclusively is apt to fall.—The taste which I have attributed to different nations is confirmed by the choice which they severally make amongst the arts and sciences. The Italian genius has distinguished itself especially in Music, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. All these fine arts meet with an equally refined culture in France,[1] although their beauty

[1] To the judicious reader it needs not be said how strikingly in opposition to facts is Kant's judgment on the French taste in the Fine Arts. What the French poetry is most men know; the French music is the jest of Europe; and, if we except the single name of Poussin, there is no other in any of the Fine Arts which can impress any ear with much reverence.

is here less touching. Taste, in reference to the poetic or rhetoric ideal, tends in France more to the Beautiful, in England more to the Sublime. Elegant playfulness, comedy, laughing satire, amorous trifling, and the light, cursory, and fugitive style of writing are in France native and original. In England, on the contrary, the natural products of the national mind are thoughts of profound meaning, tragedy, epic poetry, and generally the massy gold of wit, which under the French hammer is beat out to thin leaves of greater surface. In Germany the fine thinking of the nation even yet gleams through a covering of false tinsel. Formerly this reproach existed to a shocking degree; but latterly, by better models, and the good sense of the people, the national style has been raised to a character of higher grace and nobility. But the grace has less *naïveté* than it has amongst the French, and the nobility not so firm and confident a movement as it has amongst the English. The tendency of the Dutch taste to a painful elaborateness of arrangement, and to a prettiness which is apt to settle into heaviness and distraction, does not allow us to presume much sensibility for the artless and freer movements of the genius, the products of which are only disfigured by too anxious a fear of faults. To all the arts and sciences nothing can be more hostile than the romantic or barbaresque taste; for this distorts nature itself,—which is the universal prototype of the noble and the beautiful; and hence it is that the Spanish nation has shown little feeling for the fine arts or the sciences.

The national mind is in any case best expounded by the direction of its moral feelings: I shall therefore next consider the feelings of different nations in relation to the Sublime and Beautiful from this point of view.—The *Spaniard* is serious, reserved, and punctiliously faithful to his word. There are few more upright merchants in the world than the Spanish. The Spaniard has a proud soul, and more sympathy with grandeur in actions than with those qualities of action which come more under the title of the Beautiful. Not much of benignity or gentleness is to be found in his composition; and hence he is often harsh and even cruel. The *auto da fe* keeps its ground in Spain not so much through

superstition as through the national passion for a barbaresque grandeur, which is affected by the solemnities of a dreadful procession, in the course of which the *San Benito*, painted over with devilish forms, is delivered up to the flames which a hideous bigotry has lit. It cannot be so properly said that the Spaniard is prouder or more amorous than those of other nations as that he displays both passions in a more barbaresque manner. To leave the plough standing still, and to strut about in a long sword and cloak until the traveller is past, or, in a bull-fight, where the beauties of the land are for once seen unveiled, to proclaim the lady of his affections by a special salute, and then to seek to do honour to this lady by precipitating himself into a dangerous contest with a savage animal, are strange acts, and far remote from nature.—The *Italian* seems to have a mixed temperament, composed partly of the French and partly of the Spanish : he has more sensibility to the Beautiful than the Spaniard, and to the Sublime than the Frenchman ; and by this clue I am of opinion that the other features of his moral character may be explained.——The *Frenchman*, in regard to all moral feelings, has a domineering sense of the Beautiful. He has a fine address, is courteous, and obliging. He readily assumes a confidential tone ; is playful and unconstrained in conversation ; and he only who has the polite feelings of a Frenchman can enter into the full meaning of the expression—*a man or a lady of good tone.* Even the sublimer feelings of a Frenchman,—and he has many such,—are subordinated to his sense of the Beautiful, and derive their strength from their fusion with these. He is passionately fond of wit, and will make no scruple of sacrificing a little truth to a happy conceit. On the other hand, where there is no opportunity for wit, a Frenchman displays a spirit of as radical and profound investigation as men of any nation whatever : for instance, in mathematics and in the other profound and austere sciences. In the metaphysics, however, the ethics, and the theology, of this nation it is impossible to be too much upon one's guard. A delusive glitter commonly prevails in such works, which cannot stand the test of sober examination. A Frenchman loves the audacious in all his opinions ; but he who would arrive at the truth had need to

be—not audacious, but cautious. French history tends naturally to memoirs and anecdotes, in which there is no improvement to desire but that they were—true. A *bon mot* has not that fugitive value in France which it has elsewhere; it is eagerly propagated, and treasured up in books, as if it were the weightiest of events. The Frenchman is a peaceable citizen, and revenges himself for any oppressive acts of the Farmers-General by satires or by parliamentary remonstrances [1]—which, having fulfilled their purposes by shedding a patriotic *éclat* over the fathers of the people, are dismissed to be celebrated by the poets. The great object to which the meritorious qualities and national capacities of this people are mainly referred is the female sex. Not that woman is in France more loved or esteemed than elsewhere, but because it is woman that furnishes the occasion for exhibiting in the best attitude the darling talents of wit, good breeding, and polished manners. In fact, a vain person loves in either sex nobody but himself; all other persons are simply the engines by which he makes the most favourable display of his own advantages. As the French are not wanting in noble qualities,—which, however, can be animated and excited only by the feeling of the beautiful,—it is evident that the fair sex would have it in its power to animate the men to noble actions beyond what is seen in any other part of the world, if there were any disposition to favour this direction of the national temper. Pity that the lilies do not spin! The fault to which the character of this nation most verges is the tendency to trifling, or (to express it by a more courteous expression) to levity. Matters of weight are treated as jests; and trifles serve for the most serious occupation of the faculties. In old age the Frenchman is still singing songs of pleasure, and to the best of his power is still gallant to the women. In speaking thus I have high authorities to warrant me from amongst the French themselves; and I shall shelter myself from any displeasure which I might else incur by pleading the sanction of a Montesquieu and a D'Alembert. —The *Englishman*, at the commencement of every acquaintance, is cold and reserved, and towards all strangers is in-

[1] The reader must remember that this essay was written as early as 1764.

different. He has little inclination to show any complaisance or obligingness in trifles: on the other hand, where he feels sincere friendship, he is disposed to express it by important services. He gives himself very little trouble to display wit in conversation, or to recommend himself by any politeness of manner: on the other hand, his demeanour expresses high good sense and sobriety of mind. The Englishman is bad at imitation; he asks little about other people's opinions, and follows nothing but his own taste and humour. In relation to women he does not manifest the French spirit of courtly homage, but nevertheless testifies far more of sincere respect for them; indeed he pushes this too far, and in the married state usually allows his wife an unlimited influence. He is firm, at times even to obstinacy; bold and resolute, even to rashness; and he acts in general upon principle in a degree amounting almost to obduracy. He is prone to fall into eccentricity of habits or opinions,—not from vanity, but because he has a slight regard for what others say or think, and because he is not forward to put any force on his own inclinations out of complaisance or out of imitation: on this account he is rarely so much beloved as the Frenchman, but, when he is once known, much more respected.—*The German* has a mixed temper, composed of the English and the French, but partaking much more of the first; and, whenever a German discovers a closer resemblance to the Frenchman, it is undoubtedly an artificial or mimical resemblance. He has a happy equilibrium of sensibility to the Sublime and the Beautiful; and, if he does not rival the Englishman in the first nor the Frenchman in the second, yet he surpasses either separately in so far as he combines them both. He discovers more urbanity in social intercourse than the Englishman; and, if he does not bring into company so much wit and agreeable vivacity as the Frenchman, he manifests more modesty and good sense. In love, as in every other direction of taste, he is tolerably methodic; and, because he combines the sense of the Beautiful with the sense of the Sublime, he is cold enough, in contemplating either separately, to keep his head free for considerations of decorum, of pomp, and show. Hence it is that, in his civil relations no less than in love, family, rank, and titles are matters of

supreme importance. He inquires far more earnestly than either the Frenchman or the Englishman what people will think of him; and, if there is any one feature of his character which calls aloud for a capital improvement, it is this very weakness,—which is the cause that he shrinks with timidity from the hardiness of originality even when he has all the talents for it; and, through this over-anxiety about the opinions of others, his moral qualities lose all ground of stability, and become fickle as the weather, hollow, and artificial. — *The Dutchman* is of a regular and painstaking temper; and, looking only to the useful, he has little sensibility to that which in a finer sense is either Beautiful or Sublime. A great man is equivalent in his vocabulary to a rich man; by a friend he means a correspondent; and a visit is exceedingly tedious to him, unless it returns some nett profit. He is the ideal contrast to the Frenchman as well as to the Englishman, and may be briefly described as a phlegmatic German.

If we make an attempt to apply these thoughts to any particular case,—as for instance to the feeling for honour and distinction, — the following national differences discover themselves. The sensibility to honour is in the Frenchman vanity; in the Spaniard arrogance; in the Englishman pride; in the German haughtiness; and in the Dutchman (*sit venia verbo!*) pomposity. These expressions may seem at first sight to be equipollent; but they denote very remarkable differences. Vanity courts approbation, is inconstant and changeable; but its outward demeanour is courteous. The arrogant man is bloated with a false and pleasurable conceit of himself, which he takes little trouble to support by the approbation of others; his deportment is stiff and unbending. Pride is, strictly speaking, nothing more than a greater consciousness of one's own merits; and this consciousness may often be very justly founded; whence it is that we talk of a "noble pride"; but we can never attribute to a man a noble arrogance, because this always indicates an ill-founded and exaggerated self-estimation: the deportment of the proud man towards others is cold and expressive of indifference. The haughty man is a proud man that is at the same time a vain one.[1] The approbation, however,

[1] It is by no means necessary that a haughty man should be at the

which he solicits from others must be shown in testimonies of respect. Therefore it is that he would willingly glitter with titles, genealogies, and external pageantry. The German beyond all other people is infected with this infirmity. The words "Gracious," "High-born," "Well-born," and the rest of that bombastic diction, made the German language stiff and unwieldy, and stand in the way of that beautiful simplicity which other nations have been able to communicate to their style. The characteristic of the haughty man's demeanour in company is—ceremoniousness. The pompous man is he who expresses his self-conceit by clear marks of contempt for others. The characteristic of his behaviour is coarseness. This wretched temper is of all the furthest removed from polished taste, because obviously and unequivocally stupid; for assuredly it is no rational means of gratifying the passion for honour to challenge everybody about one by undisguised contempt to hatred and caustic ridicule.

Religion, in our quarter of the globe, is not the offspring of taste, but has a more venerable derivation. Hence it is only the aberrations of men in religion, and that which may be regarded as strictly of human origin, which can furnish any means of determining the differences of national characters. These abberrations I arrange under the following classes: credulity, superstition, fanaticism, and indifference.—*Credulity* is, for the most part, the characteristic of the uninformed part of every nation, although they have no remarkable fineness of feelings. Their convictions depend merely upon hearsay and upon plausible appearances; and with the impulses to these convictions no refinement of feeling is blended. Illustrations of this must be sought for amongst the nations of the north.—The credulous man, when his taste is at all barbaresque, becomes *superstitious*. Nay, this taste is of itself a ground of credulity; and, if we suppose the case of two men, one of them infected with this taste and the other of a

same time an arrogant man—*i.e.* should make an exaggerated and fanciful estimate of his advantages: it is possible that he may value himself at no higher rate than his just worth. His error lies in a false taste which presides over his manner of giving expression and importance to his claims externally.

colder and less passionate frame of mind, the[1] first, even though he should possess a much more powerful understanding, will nevertheless be sooner seduced by his predominant feeling to believe anything unnatural than the other,—whom not his discernment but his commonplace and phlegmatic feelings have preserved from this aberration of the judgment. The superstitious man places between himself and the supreme object of his adoration certain mighty and marvellous men—giants, if I may so express myself, of religion—whom nature obeys, whose adjuring voice opens and shuts the iron gate of Tartarus, and who, whilst with their heads they reach the heavens, plant their feet upon the earth. Intellectual culture will on this account have great obstacles to overcome in Spain ; not so much from the ignorance with which it has to contend as because it is thwarted by a perverted taste which never feels itself in a state of elevated emotion unless where its object is barbaresque.—*Fanaticism* is a sort of devout temerity, and is occasioned by a peculiar pride and an excess of self-confidence, with the view of stepping nearer to the divine nature, and raising itself above the ordinary and prescribed course of things. The fanatic talks of nothing but immediate revelations, and of direct intuitions ; whereas the superstitious man spreads before these great images a veil of wonder-working saints, and rests his whole confidence upon the imaginary and inimitable perfections of other persons participating a common nature with himself. I have before remarked that the intellectual aberrations carry signs along with them of the national character of feeling ; and hence it is that fanaticism has been chiefly found (formerly at least) in Germany and in England, and is to be regarded as an unnatural product of the noble feeling which belongs

[1] By the way, it has been noticed as a singular fact that so wise a nation as the English are notwithstanding easily moved to put faith in any marvellous and absurd statement which is boldly advanced ; and many examples of this are on record. But a bold style of intellect like the English, previously trained by an extensive experience in which many inexplicable difficulties occur to a meditative mind, bursts more vigorously through all the little jealous considerations and scruples by which a weak and mistrustful intellect is checked and fettered in its assents ; and thus the inferior mind, without any merit of its own, is sometimes preserved from error.—*Note of Kant's.*

to the characters of these two nations. And let it be observed that fanaticism is not by many degrees so injurious as superstition, although at first it is more outrageous: for the fervours of a fanatical mind cool and effervesce by degrees, and, agreeably to the general analogies of nature, must at length subside to the ordinary level of temperature; whereas superstition roots itself continually deeper and deeper in a quiet and passive frame of mind, and robs the fettered being of all the confidence requisite for ever liberating itself from a pestilent delusion.—Finally, the vain and frivolous man is always without any powerful feeling for the Sublime: his religion, therefore, is unimpassioned, and generally an affair of fashion, which he goes through with the utmost good-breeding and entire cold-heartedness. This is practical *indifference*; to which the French national mind seems to be the most inclined. From this to the profanest mockery of religion there is but one step: and, to say the truth, estimated by its inner value, indifference seems but trivially preferable to the entire rejection of religion.

If we throw a hasty glance over the other quarters of the world, we find the *Arabs* the noblest people of the East, but of a temperament in respect to taste which tends much to the barbaresque and the unnaturally romantic. The Arab is hospitable, magnanimous, and observant of his word; but his fictions, and his history, and his whole feelings, are veined and coloured with the marvellous. His inflamed imagination presents objects in unnatural and distorted images; and even the propagation of his religion was a great romance. If the Arabs are as it were the Asiatic Spaniards, the *Persians* are the Asiatic Frenchmen. They are good poets, courteous, and of tolerably refined taste. They are not rigorous followers of Islam; and they allow to their own voluptuous tendencies a pretty latitudinarian interpretation of the Koran. *The Japanese* may be regarded partially as the Englishmen of the Oriental world; but hardly for any other qualities than their firmness,—which degenerates into obstinacy,—their courage, and their contempt of death. In all other respects they show few marks of the grand English style of mind. The nations of *India* discover a domineering taste for fooleries of that class which run into the barbaresque.

Their religion is made up of fooleries. Idols of hideous forms,—the invaluable tooth of the mighty ape Hanumann, the unnatural penances of the Fakir (the mendicant friar of Paganism),—are all in this taste. The self-immolations of women on the same funeral pile which consumes the corpses of their husbands are abominable instances of the barbaresque. What senseless fooleries are involved in the prolix and elaborate compliments of the *Chinese*! Even their paintings are senseless, and exhibit marvellous forms that are nowhere to be seen in nature. They have also, more than any people on earth besides, traditional fooleries that are consecrated by ancient usage; such for instance as the ceremony still retained at Pekin, during an eclipse of the sun or the moon, of driving away the dragon that is attempting to swallow up those heavenly bodies,—a ceremony derived from the elder ages of grossest ignorance, and still retained in defiance of better information.

The Negroes of Africa have from nature no feeling which transcends the childish level. Mr. Hume challenges any man to allege a single case in which a negro has shown the least talent; and maintains that, out of all the hundreds of thousands of Blacks who have been transported from their native homes to other countries, not one (though many[1] have been manumitted) has been found that has ever performed anything great either in art, science, or any other creditable path of exertion; whereas among the Whites many are continually rising to distinction from the lowest classes of the people: so radical is the difference between these two races of men—a difference which seems to be not less in regard to the intellectual faculties than in regard to colour. The religion which is so widely diffused amongst them—viz. the Fetish — is probably that form of idolatry which descends as profoundly into imbecile folly as human nature can tolerate. A bird's feather, a cow's horn, a cockle-shell, or any other trifle, is no sooner consecrated by a few words

[1] *How* many, Mr. Professor Kant? And at what age? Be this as it may, common sense demands that we should receive evidence to the intellectual pretensions of the Blacks from the unprejudiced judges who have lived amongst them,—not from those who are absurd enough to look for proofs of negro talent in the shape of books.

than it becomes an object of adoration, and of adjuration in the taking of oaths. The Blacks are very vain, but after a negro fashion; and so talkative that it is necessary to cudgel them asunder.

Amongst all savages there are no tribes which discover so elevated a character as those of North America. They have a strong passion for honour, and, whilst in chase of it, they pursue wild adventures for hundreds of miles; they are exceedingly cautious to avoid the slightest violations of it when an enemy as stern as themselves, having succeeded in making them prisoners, endeavours to extort from their agonies signs of weakness and of fear. The Canadian savage is veracious and upright. The friendship which he contracts is as romantic and as enthusiastic as anything which has descended to us from the fabulous times of antiquity. He is proud in excess, is sensible of the whole value of freedom, and even through the period of education he brooks no treatment which could subject him to a degrading submission. Lycurgus in all probability gave laws to just such savages; and, if a great lawgiver were to arise amongst the Six Nations, the world would behold a Spartan republic arise amongst the savages of the New World; as in fact the voyage of the Argonauts is not very dissimilar to the military expeditions of the Indians, and Jason has little advantage of Attakakullakulla except in the honour of a Grecian name. All these savages have little sensibility to the Beautiful in a moral sense; and the magnanimous forgiveness of an injury, which is at the same time noble and beautiful, is wholly unknown to savages as a virtue, and despised as a miserable weakness. Courage is the supreme merit of the savage; and Revenge his sweetest pleasure. The other natives of this quarter of the globe show few traces of a temperament open to the finer impressions of sentiment; and, indeed, the general characteristic of this division of mankind is an extraordinary defect of sensibility.

If we examine the state of the sexual relations in these various regions of the earth, we find that the European only has discovered the secret of adorning the sensual attractions of a mighty passion with so many flowers, and of interweaving it with so much of moral feeling, that he has not only exalted

its fascinations, but has also brought it entirely within the limits of social decorum. The Orientalist is, in this point, of very false taste. Having no idea of the morally Beautiful that may be connected with this instinct, he forfeits even the better part of the mere sensual pleasure; and his Harem becomes to him a perpetual source of inquietude. Woman, on her part, degraded to the level of the mere instrument and means of sensual pleasures, loses all her dignity, and consequently her personal rights. Whether as an unmarried virgin, or as the wife of a jealous and intractable brute, she is in the East eternally a prisoner.—Amongst the Blacks, what can a man look for better than what in fact is everywhere found—that is to say, the whole female sex in a state of the profoundest slavery? A faint-hearted man is always a severe master to his weaker dependents; just as with us that man is sure to play the tyrant in his own kitchen who has hardly courage enough to look anybody in the face when he steps out of doors. Père Labat indeed tells us that a negro gentleman, whom he had been reproaching with his tyrannical treatment of his women, returned this answer: "You Whites are downright fools: for you first of all allow your wives too much liberty; and then you complain when they abuse it and make your heads ache." At first sight it might seem as if there was something in this remark which merited a little attention: but, to cut the matter short, the fellow was a Black—black as soot from head to foot: an unanswerable proof that what he said was bestially stupid.—Of all savages there are none amongst whom women enjoy more real consideration and influence than the noble savages of North America. In this point, indeed, perhaps the Canadian women have the advantage of those even in our refined quarter of the globe. I do not mean that any submissive attentions and homage are there paid to women: these are mere forms of hollow compliment. No, the Canadian women enjoy actual power: they meet and deliberate upon the weightiest ordinances of the nation—whether regarding peace or war. Upon the result of their debates they despatch delegates to the male council; and commonly it is their voice which prevails. This privilege, however, they purchase dearly: all the household concerns are thrown on their

shoulders, and they take their share in all the hardships and toils of the men.

Finally, if we cast a glance over the page of History, we perceive the taste of men, like a Proteus, everlastingly assuming new and variable forms. The ancient times of the Greeks and Romans exhibited unequivocal marks of a legitimate feeling for the Beautiful as well as the Sublime in Poetry, Sculpture, Architecture, Legislation, and even in Morals. The government of the Roman Emperors changed the noble as well as the beautiful simplicity into the magnificent and gorgeous, and at length into that spurious glitter of finery which still survives for our instruction in their rhetoric, their poetry, and even in the history of their manners. Gradually, and in sympathy with the general decline of the state, even this bastard relique of the purer taste was extinguished. The Barbarians, after they had established their power on the ruins of the Empire, introduced a peculiar form of corrupt taste which is styled the Gothic, and is built upon the passion for the childish. This passion displayed itself not merely in architecture, but in the sciences and in the general spirit of the manners and usages. The highest point to which human genius was able to soar in its attempt to master the sublime was the Barbaresque. Romances, both temporal and spiritual, were then exhibited on the stage of nations ; and oftentimes a disgusting and monstrous abortion of both in combination : monks, with the mass-book in one hand and the warlike banner in the other, followed by whole armies of deluded victims destined to lay their bones in other climates and in a holier soil : consecrated warriors solemnly dedicated by vow to outrage and the perpetration of crimes ; and in their train a strange kind of heroic visionaries, who styled themselves knights, and were in search of adventures, tournaments, duels, and romantic achievements. During this period Religion, together with the Sciences, was disfigured by miserable follies ; and we have occasion to observe that taste does not easily degenerate on one side without giving clear indications of corruption in everything else that is connected with the finer feelings. The conventual vows transformed a large body of useful citizens into busy idlers, whose dreaming style of life

fitted them to hatch a thousand scholastic absurdities,—which thence issued to the world and propagated their species. Finally, after the genius of man has by a species of palingenesis toiled up from an almost entire desolation to its former heights, we behold in our own days the just taste for the Beautiful and the Noble blooming anew, as well in the arts and sciences as in moral sentiment; and we have now nothing left to wish for but that the false glitter, with its easy and specious delusions, may not debauch us imperceptibly from the grandeur of simplicity; more especially that the still undiscovered secret of education may be extricated from ancient abuses, so as to raise betimes the moral sensibilities in the bosom of every youthful citizen to efficient and operative feelings; and, for this happy result, that all culture and refinement of taste may no longer terminate in the fugitive and barren pleasure of pronouncing judgment, with more or less good taste, upon what is external to ourselves and alien from our highest interests.

KANT'S ABSTRACT OF SWEDENBORGIANISM[1]

A TRANSLATION

BUT now to my hero. If many a forgotten writer, or writer destined to be forgotten, is on that account the more deserving of applause for having spared no cost of toil and intellectual exertion upon his works, certainly Swedenborg of all such writers is deserving of the most. Without doubt his flask in the moon is full, and not at all less than any of those which Ariosto saw in that planet filled with the lost wits of men,—so thoroughly is his great work emptied of every drop of common sense. Nevertheless there prevails in every part so wonderful an agreement with all that the most refined and consistent sense under the same fantastic delusions could produce on the same subject that the reader will pardon me if I here detect the same curiosities in the caprices of fancy which many other virtuosi have detected in the caprices of nature: for instance, in variegated marble, where some have discovered a holy family; or in stalactites and petrifactions, where others have discovered monks, baptismal fonts, and organs; or even in frozen window-panes, where our countryman Liscow, the humourist, discovered the number of the beast and the triple crown: things which he only is apt to descry whose head is preoccupied with thoughts about them.

The main work of this writer is composed of eight quarto volumes full of nonsense, which he presented to the world as

[1] Appeared in the *London Magazine* for May 1824: not reprinted in De Quincey's edition of his Collected Writings or in Messrs. Black's extension of the same.—M.

a new revelation under the title of *Arcana Cœlestia*. In this work his visions are chiefly directed to the discovery of the secret sense in the two first books of Moses, and to a similar way of interpreting the whole of the Scripture. All these fantastic interpretations are nothing to my present purpose: those who have any curiosity may find some account of them in the *Bibliotheca Theologica* of Dr. Ernesti. All that I design to extract are his *audita et visa* from the supplements to his chapters—that which he saw with his own eyes and heard with his own ears; for these parts of his dreams it is which are to be considered as the foundation of all the rest.

Swedenborg's style is dull and mean. His narrations and their whole contexture appear in fact to have originated in a disorder of his sensitive faculty, and suggest no reason for suspecting that the speculative delusions of a depraved intellect have moved him to invent them. Viewed in this light, they are really of some importance, and deserve to be exhibited in a short abstract,—much more indeed than many a brainless product of fantastic philosophers who swell our journals with false subtleties; for a coherent delusion of the senses is always a more remarkable phenomenon than a delusion of the intellect, inasmuch as the grounds of this latter delusion are well known, and the delusion itself corrigible enough by self-exertion and by putting more check upon the rash precipitation of the judgment; whereas a delusion of the senses touches the original foundation of all judgment, and where it exists is radically incapable of all cure from logic. I distinguish therefore in our author his craziness of sense from his crazy wits; and I pass over his absurd and distorted reasonings in those parts where he abandons his visions, for the same reason that in reading a philosopher we are often obliged to separate his observations from his arguments: and, generally, delusive experiences are more instructive than delusive grounds of experience in the reason. Whilst I thus rob the reader of some few moments, —which otherwise perhaps he would have spent with no greater profit in reading works of abstract philosophy that are often of not less trivial import,—I have at the same time provided for the delicacy of his taste by the omission of many chimæras, and by concentrating the essence of the book into

a few drops; and for this I anticipate no less gratitude from him than (according to the old story) a patient expressed towards his physicians,—who had contented themselves with ordering him to eat the bark of the quinquina, when it was clearly in their power to have insisted on his eating up the whole tree.

Mr. Swedenborg divides his visions into three kinds; of which the first consists in being liberated from the body—an intermediate state between waking and sleeping, in which he saw, heard, and felt spirits. This kind he has experienced three or four times. The second consists in being carried away by spirits. Whilst he continues to walk the streets (suppose) without losing his way, meantime in spirit he is in quite other regions, and sees distinctly houses, men, forests, &c.; and all this for some hours long, until he suddenly finds himself again in his true place. This has happened to him two or three times. The third or ordinary kind of visions is that which he has daily when wide awake; and from this class his narrations are chiefly taken.

All men, according to Swedenborg, stand in an intimate connexion with the spiritual world; only they are not aware of it; and the difference between himself and others consists simply in this—that his innermost nature is laid open; of which gift he always speaks with the most devout spirit of gratitude (*datum mihi est ex divina Domini misericordia*). From the context it is apparent that this gift consists in the consciousness of those obscure representations which the soul receives through its continual connexion with the spiritual world. Accordingly, he distinguishes in men between the external and the internal memory. The former he enjoys as a person who belongs to the visible world, but the latter in virtue of his intercourse with the spiritual world. Upon this distinction is grounded also the distinction between the outer and inner man; and Swedenborg's prerogative consists in this—that he stands already in this life in the society of spirits, and is recognised by them as possessing such a prerogative. In the inner memory is retained whatsoever has vanished from the outer; and of all which is presented to the consciousness of man nothing is ever lost. After death the remembrance of all which ever entered his soul,

and even all that had perished to himself, constitutes the entire book of his life. The presence of spirits, it is true, strikes only upon his inner sense. Nevertheless this is able to excite an apparition of these spirits external to himself, and even to invest them with a human figure. The language of spirits is an *immediate* and unsymbolic communication of ideas; notwithstanding which it is always clothed in the semblance of that language which Swedenborg himself speaks, and is represented as external to him. One spirit reads in the memory of another spirit all the representations, whether images or ideas, which it contains. Thus the spirits see in Swedenborg all the representations which he has of this world, and with so clear an intuition that they often deceive themselves and fancy that they see the objects themselves immediately,—which, however, is impossible, since no pure spirit has the slightest perception of the material universe: nay, they cannot gain any idea of it through intercourse with the souls of other living men, because their inner nature is not opened—*i.e.* their inner sense contains none but obscure representations. Hence it arises that Mr. Swedenborg is the true oracle of spirits; which are not at all less curious to read in him the present condition of the world than he is to view in their memory, as in a mirror, the marvels of the spiritual world. Although these spirits stand in like manner closely connected with all other souls of living men by a reciprocal commerce of action and passion, yet they are as little aware of this as men are aware of it. Spirits therefore ascribe to themselves as the product of their own minds what in fact results from the action of human souls upon them; just as men during their lives imagine that all their thoughts, and the motions of the will which take place within them, arise from themselves, although in fact they oftentimes take their origin in the spiritual world. Meantime every human soul, even in this life, has its place and station in this spiritual world, and belongs to a certain society which is always adapted to its inner condition of truth and goodness,—that is, to the condition of the understanding and the will. But the places of souls in relation to each other have nothing in common with the material world; and therefore the soul of a man in India is often in respect to spiritual situation next

neighbour to the soul of another man in Europe ; as, on the contrary, very often those who dwell corporeally under the same roof are with respect to their spiritual relations far enough asunder. If a man dies, his soul does not on that account change its place, but simply feels itself in that place which in regard to other spirits it already held in this life. For the rest, although the relation of spirits to each other is no true relation of space, yet has it to them the appearance of space ; and their affinities or attractions for each other assume the semblance of proximities, as their repulsions do of distances ; just as spirits themselves are not actually extended, but yet present the appearance to each other of a human figure. In this imaginary space there is an undisturbed intercourse of spiritual natures. Mr. Swedenborg converses with departed souls whenever he chooses, and reads in their memory (he means to say in their representative faculty) that very condition in which they contemplate themselves ; and this he sees as clearly as with his bodily eyes. Moreover, the enormous distance of the rational inhabitants of the world is to be accounted as nothing in relation to the spiritual universe ; and to talk with an inhabitant of Saturn is just as easy to him as to speak with a departed human soul. All depends upon the relation of their inner condition in reference to their agreement in truth and goodness ; but those spirits which have weak affinities for each other can readily come into intercourse through the inter-agency of others. On this account it is not necessary that a man should actually have dwelt on all the other heavenly bodies in order to know them, together with all their wonders.

One presiding doctrine in Swedenborg's ravings is this :— Corporeal beings have no subsistence of their own, but exist merely by and through the spiritual world,—although each body not by means of one spirit alone, but of all taken together. Hence the knowledge of material things has two meanings : an external meaning, referring to the interdependencies of the matter upon itself ; and an internal meaning, in so far as they denote the powers of the spiritual world which are their causes. Thus the body of man has a system of parts related to each other agreeably to material laws ; but, in so far as it is supported by the spirit which

lives, its limbs and their functions have a symbolic value as expressions of those faculties in the soul from which they derive their form, mode of activity, and power of enduring. The same law holds with regard to all other things in the visible universe : they have (as has been said) one meaning as things—which is trivial—and another as signs—which is far weightier. Hence by the way arises the source of those new interpretations of Scripture which Swedenborg has introduced. For the inner sense,—that is, the symbolic relation of all things there recorded to the spiritual world,—is, as he conceits, the kernel of its value ; all the rest being only its shell. All spirits represent themselves to one another under the appearance of extended forms ; and the influences of all these spiritual beings amongst one another raise to them at the same time appearances of other extended beings, and as it were of a material world. Swedenborg therefore speaks of gardens, spacious regions, mansions, galleries, and arcades of spirits, as of things seen by himself in the clearest light ; and he assures us that, having many times conversed with all his friends after their death, he had almost always found in those who had but lately died that they could scarcely convince themselves that they had died, because they saw round about them a world similar to the one they had quitted. He found also that spiritual societies which had the same inner condition had the same apparition of space and of all things in space, and that the change of their internal state was always accompanied by the appearance of a change of place.

I have already noticed that, according to our author, the various powers and properties of the soul stand in sympathy with the organs of the body entrusted to its government. The outer man therefore corresponds to the whole inner man ; and hence, whenever any remarkable spiritual influence from the invisible world reaches one of these faculties of the soul, he is sensible also harmonically of the apparent presence of it in the corresponding members of his outer man. To this head, now, he refers a vast variety of sensations in his body which are uniformly connected with spiritual intuition ; but the absurdity of them is so enormous that I shall not attempt to adduce even a single instance.

By all this a preparation is made for the strangest and

most fantastic of his notions, in which all his ravings are blended. As different powers and faculties constitute that unity which is the soul or inner man, so also different spirits (whose leading characteristics bear the same relation to each other as the various faculties of a spirit) constitute one society, which exhibits the appearance of one great man; and in this shadowy image every spirit is seen in that place and in those visible members which are agreeable to its proper function in such a spiritual body. And all spiritual societies taken together, and the entire universe of all these invisible beings, appear again in the form of a hugest and ultra-enormous man-mountain. a monstrous and gigantic fancy, which perhaps has grown out of the school mode of representing a whole quarter of the world under the image of a virgin sitting. In this immeasurable man is an entire and inner commerce of each spirit with all, and of all with each; and, let the position of men in reference to each other be what it may, they take quite another position in this enormous man—a position which they never change, and which is only in appearance a local position in an immeasurable space, but in fact a determinate kind of relation and influence.

But I am weary of transcribing the delirious ravings of a poor visionary, the craziest that has ever existed, or of pursuing them in his descriptions of the state after death. I am checked also by other considerations. For, although in forming a medical museum it is right to collect specimens not only of natural but also of unnatural productions and abortions, yet it is necessary to be cautious before whom you show them; and amongst my readers there may happen to be some in a crazy condition of nerves, and it would give me pain to think that I had been the occasion of any mischief to them. Having warned them, however, from the beginning, I am not responsible for anything that may happen, and must desire that no person will lay at my door the moon-calves which may chance to arise from any teeming fancy impregnated by Mr. Swedenborg's revelations.

In conclusion I have to say that I have not interpolated my author's dreams with any surreptitious ones of my own, but have laid a faithful abstract before the economic reader

who might not be well pleased to pay seven pounds sterling for a body of raving. I have indeed omitted many circumstantial pictures of his intuitions, because they could only have served to disturb the reader's slumber ; and the confused sense of his revelations I have now and then clothed in a more current diction. But all the important features of the sketch I have preserved in their native integrity.

And thus I return with some little shame from my foolish labours ; from which I shall draw this moral : That it is often a very easy thing to act prudentially, but alas ! too often only after we have toiled to our prudence through a forest of delusions.

KANT ON THE AGE OF THE EARTH[1]

AN interesting question arises to a thoughtful man upon the age, in a virtual sense, of our Earth,—that is, its age in analogy to the periods of infancy, youth, maturity, and decay, in a human being, or other organized creature. We apostrophize this planet as our *common mother*; and some have seriously regarded it as an animal, having an organic structure, and, in ways more or less imperfect, as exercising the functions of animal nature. But, at all events, we have reason to suppose that, in common with "all which it inherits"—mineral, vegetable, or animal—this planet, having passed through stages of gradual development, or (as we may call it) growth, in reaching its present condition, is subject to the affections of youth and old age. A period may be anticipated, whether near at hand or remote, in which the earth will show signs of decay and paralysis, and gradually become unfit for the large and important offices which at present she discharges with so much credit to herself and so much comfort to her numerous population. A question, therefore, of very commanding interest presses itself upon our attention, viz., In what stage of its life may we presume this planet to be at present? Our "common mother's" age,

[1] Appeared in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* for November 1833, without the author's name; and, as De Quincey did not reprint it in the Collective Edition of his Writings, it has hitherto escaped notice. It is, however, indubitably De Quincey's; for he himself playfully refers to it as his in the opening sentences of his subsequent paper in *Tait* for September 1846, entitled "System of the Heavens as revealed by Lord Rosse's Telescopes." See *ante*, Vol. VIII, pp. 7-8, with notes there.—M.

we are all aware, is, upon any system of chronology which appeals to astronomical data and not to fabulous traditions, somewhere about six thousand years. Reading backwards the history of the heavens, the records of our planetary system, and the occasional notices of cometary intrusions, and then collating with this sublime register the collateral registers of sublunary events, as kept by different nations, we find continually more and more reason for abiding by the chronology of our Bibles ; and we may presume ourselves to be as near the exact truth as can ever be required for any useful purpose, when we date our earth, and perhaps the whole system of which she is so respectable a member, as not very far from the conclusion of her sixth millennium.[1] Six periods of a thousand years compose, as it may seem, a ripe and mature age ; and we are apt to suppose that a planet of these years must have done with frolics, and "sown her wild oats," as we usually express it. Deluges, for instance, might sit well upon a juvenile planet ; but we look for no tricks of that sort in one who is on the verge of her seventh millennium. Yet, after all, the mere positive amount of the earth's years, in a naked numerical expression, goes for nothing as respects our problem for assigning the period or stage of the earth's life. Six thousand is a large number, *positively* considered, in estimating the age of any object whatever which we have accustomed ourselves to treat as a lady. But, *relatively* to a total duration of possibly a thousand times that amount, it would seem a pure bagatelle. Supposing the earth to have had its forces and composition adjusted to an existence of a million years, or even a quarter of that amount, then, in relation to her whole capacity of duration, or what we will take leave again to term her whole life, our earth could not be viewed as yet beyond her infancy. Now, this is exactly our question : numerically expressed, let the planet's years be what they

[1] One observes here, and throughout the whole of the prefatory paragraph, that De Quincey was disposed, or found it convenient, in 1833, and writing in Scotland, to abide by what was then perhaps still the orthodox opinion among Scottish theologians as to the age of the earth and the mundane system,—though certainly not then universal even among Scottish theologians. At a later date he would probably have expressed himself otherwise on the subject.—M.

may, let them tally with our modest western scale, as settled alike by scriptural authority and by European scholarship, or let them ascend that Jacob's ladder of aërial antiquity which the gigantic scale of oriental traditions presumes; still, upon either assumption, the question revolves, In what stage of her progression is the earth at present? What period of her total development, by analogy with the great periods of animal growth, may she be reputed as now passing through? Speaking roundly, or κατα πλατος, is she old or young? And, if young, as we for our parts suspect that she will be found, then, more particularly, *how* young? To which in the various subdivisions of youth—infancy, childhood, adolescence—does her present age correspond? Finding, as we noticed above, that she has left off her early tricks of deluging us all—a sort of *escapade* which seems to characterise extreme infancy—we might, upon that single indication, conjecture that she is now in early childhood, or at a stage corresponding perhaps with the age of two or three years in a human subject. And some loose conjecture of this nature, sufficient to argue generally a state of childhood, though with considerable latitude as to the precise year, is strengthened again by another analogy with animal life, which might be illustrated at some length; but we shall be satisfied with barely suggesting it. In the human economy, as we all know, some organs obtain their full development, or nearly so, in the stage of childhood: the head, for example, is said to expand but little after a period at which the great mass of the body and limbs have not attained one-half of their development. Again, some organs are perfect, as to *quality*, at the period of birth, and suffer no changes afterwards but such as respect their *size*; others, again, as the teeth, exist only in rudiment at the birth, and require many months for their development. Now, upon our earth, there are various indications of the same unequal development; which seem to argue that this state of childhood is not yet passed. Omitting many other cases, in which we can even yet trace a *nisus* towards a condition of repose not yet perfectly attained—an effort at settling into an equilibrium which is still not universally established—rivers and their beds furnish striking presumptions that the

earth has not yet travelled beyond her childhood, perhaps not beyond a period corresponding to the stage of dentition in man. The beds of even European rivers are not all of them in a state of settlement such as would argue a period of maturity; and in America, which quarter of the earth is probably younger by some thousands of years than the other continents, the rivers and their beds are absolutely unfinished (if we may take so bold an expression); neither is there much prospect that they *will* be finished, or "turned out of hand," as artisans phrase it, for some centuries to come. Not to trouble the reader with any wider range of references, he may satisfy himself on this point by consulting a learned and remarkably ingenious dissertation[1] in the Encyclopædia Britannica, under the head of *Rivers*. He will there find that the beds of many rivers are slowly (some rapidly, perhaps) tending to a condition not yet attained. And, looking even with no eye of science, but with the superficial eye of a tourist, or mercantile transporter of peltry, upon these wild, harebrained American rivers, can he believe that breakers and "*snags*," as the Americans call them, are excusable in any great stream, destined in after years to fill a high place in commercial geography, except upon the plea of extreme youth? Doubtless all such asperities, and even the disgusting interruptions of *portages*, will disappear as the planet improves and develops her organs in that quarter; neither can it be supposed that such rivers as the *Mad River*, and others of the same furious denomination, will be suffered to go on as they have done, when a few short centuries shall have tamed them into sobriety by bringing them nearer to years of discretion. The indications are many and loud that in those regions at least the planet is in her childhood. And other regions there may be which have not yet reached the stages of birth and infancy—those, for instance, where the coral insect is spinning upwards from the depths of ocean, and knitting into future continents whole archipelagoes of islands, by a sort of crystallization more delicate than frost-work, and stronger than granite; under-

[1] Written, as we have been informed, by the late Professor Robison. [John Robison (1739-1805), Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh from 1774 to 1805.—M.]

laying, in short, some embryo America with columns and rafters that are to span the depths and breadths of the Pacific. Our earth, therefore, when considered as a surface, may not be everywhere of the same age: parts there may be, as we have just said, absolutely unborn at this day. And even upon that hypothesis we might construct another argument in support of the earth's childhood. For, suppose the great habitable chambers of the earth,—Asia, Africa, Europe, America, Polynesia, &c.,—to have come forward at periodical intervals of 500 or 1000 years, then, as it is probable that all, as parts of the same planet, will have the same period of existence *a parte post*,—*i.e.* will have a common termination,—it may be fairly argued that in the scheme or plan of their existence they are designed and assumed as co-existences, having a common beginning, and that the differences of a few centuries between the times of their several nativities are neglected as trifling or evanescent quantities. Now, we argue that, when the cycle of existence is such that in respect of its total duration five or ten centuries *can* be neglected, as bearing no sensible proportion to it, there we are forced to assume that cycle as of such vast dimensions that six thousand years could not be regarded as analogically equal to more than a very brief childhood. This style of argument, however, may be taxed with subtlety —and that is a charge which, upon a subject so plain and intelligible, though otherwise curious and interesting, we are anxious to avoid. One remark only we shall add of the same character, and shall then pass to the direct physical arguments drawn from any part of Natural Philosophy for determining, by approximation, the earth's age. The remark is this: That, as (on the one hand), if any reasons should appear for thinking that our planet is not yet beyond the stage of childhood, that will amount to a proof almost that its total duration will be very long (and especially that it will far exceed the term assigned conjecturally by most expounders of the sacred Prophecies), so, on the other hand, *versa vice*, if any argument should arise for attributing to this planet a vast duration, in that case the small portion of that duration already settled, upon the best warrant, as having passed away, will merely have, by its proportion to

the whole evidence, its title to be considered the childhood of our planet. But now let us come to the physical arguments on this question. These have been ably urged by a great German philosopher; whose lights, however, were greater in mathematics, and in mechanics, than in chemistry or pneumatology. For the benefit of our readers we have digested the sum of what he has said into a brief memoir.

If in any case it is our purpose to determine whether a thing be old, very old, or as yet young, we must value its age not by the number of years which it has lasted, but by the proportion which these years bear to the sum of its natural duration under favourable circumstances. The very same period of years which, for one class of creatures, is an expression of an advanced age, is not so for another. That same lapse of time which suffices to superannuate a dog carries a man little beyond his childhood; and the oaks, or the cedars upon Lebanon, have not reached their meridian strength when the linden trees and the firs are already old and in decay. Any scale transferred from beings of a different nature is liable to error; but the commonest case of this erroneous transfer is where man, in coming amongst the great scenes of divine workmanship, applies as the mete-wand of their age a scale drawn from the succession of human generations. In some judgments which have proceeded on these principles there is reason to fear that the conclusion has been of the same quality as that so elaborately drawn by the Roses in Fontenelle:—"Our gardener," said they, "is a very old man; within the memory of roses, he has been the same that he ever was. In fact he is not liable to death; no, nor so much as to change." Indeed, upon considering the capacity of vast duration which is found throughout the whole scheme of creation in the capital members of the system, and that this duration comes very near to absolute infinity, one is disposed to think that possibly the flux of five or six thousand years is, by comparison with that duration which has been destined to our earth, short of a year in relation to the period of man's life.

To confess the truth, it is not in revealed religion that we must seek for any data whatever from which we can possibly deduce whether the earth may be regarded as being at this time young or old,—whether as in the plenitude and bloom of her perfections, or as in the total decay of her powers. True, indeed, that revelation has disclosed to us the period of her creation and development, and has punctually ascertained the season of her infancy[1]; but, for all that, we know not to which term of her duration,—whether to the anterior or the posterior, to the beginning or the end, —she is now nearer. Being, therefore, so wholly forsaken in this point by revelation, it does strike me as a proper subject for investigation under the light of Natural Philosophy, and not unworthy of our pains, to settle the question, Whether in reality this planet of ours be liable to old age, and whether she be approaching continually, by gradual decay of her forces, to the term of utter extinction? whether, again, at this present moment she has arrived within the current of her fatal declension, or, on the contrary, her constitution of natural forces be still in its period of prosperous vigour? or, finally, whether even the meridian altitude has yet been ascended—the zenith of that perfection which she is privileged to expect by the law of her original constitution—and whether, consequently, she has as yet surmounted the period of her childhood?

If we hearken to the complaints of aged people, we shall hear that nature is perceptibly growing old, and that the very steps may be punctually traced which mark her descent into superannuation. The very seasons, say they, are no longer seasonably adjusted as heretofore. The powers of nature are exhausted; her beauty and her truth are in decay. Men are neither as strong nor as old as formerly. And this declension, it is alleged, may be observed not merely in the physical constitution of the earth; it has propagated itself into moral qualities. The ancient virtues are extinct; modish vices have stept into their places; and the

[1] Like De Quincey himself (see footnote, p. 70), Kant seems here to acquiesce in the orthodox theological estimate of 6000 years or thereabouts as the period of time during which our earth and the present mundane system have been in existence.—M.

old-fashioned integrity finds its functions usurped by falsehood and imposture. This conceit hardly merits contradiction: neither is it so much a result of error as of self-love. Those worthy greybeards who are so happy in their self-estimation as to persuade themselves that Providence has interposed for their welfare by bringing them into the world during its most palmy state cannot readily submit to believe that, after their own removal, things will go on as prosperously as before they were born. They would fain imagine that nature lapses into dotage concurrently with themselves; and this with the very natural purpose of evading all sorrow for leaving a world which is already arrived at the very brink of her ruin.[1]

Groundless as this fancy is for seeking to measure the age and duration of nature by standards derived from any single human generation, there is, however, another conjecture which is far from seeming so absurd, viz. that in a course of some millennia perhaps a change in the constitution of the earth might arise sufficient to become perceptible. Here let it be remarked that it is not enough to allege with Fontenelle that the trees of the past age were not larger than at present, the men neither older nor more vigorous; these objections are not sufficient to establish the fact that Nature is not liable to old age, or that in reality she is not growing old. Qualities, such as those of age and strength, have their fixed limits prescribed to them, beyond which not even the most blooming condition of nature can propel them. In all climates there is here no difference. The richest soils, and those most happily situated, have in this respect no privilege beyond the poorest and most barren.

[1] In connexion with the matter of this paragraph, I may repeat my reference (see *ante*, Vol. VIII, p. 10, footnote) to Milton's striking Latin poem *Naturam Non Pati Senium* ("That Nature is not liable to Old Age"). That poem was a Cambridge academic exercise, written by Milton in 1628 expressly in refutation, though in highly imaginative fashion, of a then current speculation in the European philosophical world exactly to the same effect as that here restated and ridiculed by Kant,—viz. that Nature or the mundane system of things was already in decrepitude, all that was noblest lying in the past, and the present and the future exhibiting nothing but decay and degeneracy.—M.

But whether, supposing the case that between well-attested accounts of past times and the most accurate observation of our own a comparison were carefully instituted, some difference would not be observed in their several rates of productiveness; whether, in fact, the earth have not heretofore stood in need of less care and tending in order to yield food to the human race: this, if it could be determined, seems to promise some light to the problem before us. Such an answer would, in fact, be tantamount to laying before our eyes the first steps in a long series or progression, by means of which we should have it in our power to ascertain what was the final point to which the earth is tending; what the latter steps in that same series or progress towards which Nature, in her dark voyage, is for ever insensibly making way. The sort of comparison, however, which I am here supposing to be instituted between two remote periods of time is little to be relied on, or rather is altogether impossible. So much in the productiveness of our earth depends upon human industry that, after all, it could hardly in any one case be determined satisfactorily whether, in the desolation and depopulation of countries which once were flourishing seats of prosperity, any, and what proportion, of the ruin should be ascribed to the decay of Nature, and whether any, and what, to the negligence of man. Such an investigation I will recommend to those who have more ability and more inclination than myself for searching the records and examining the monuments of past times. For my own part, I purpose to treat the question simply as a natural philosopher, with a view to arriving, if possible, by this approach at some glimpse of the truth.

Most naturalists who have sketched theories of the earth tend to this conclusion:—That its productiveness is slowly decaying; that, by tardy steps, it is approaching to that condition in which it will become desolate and depopulated; and that time only is wanted to exhibit the sad spectacle of Nature superannuated, and expiring amidst the utter exhaustion of her powers. The problem is a weighty one; and it will amply reward our pains to approximate cautiously to a solution. First of all, however, let us accurately determine the idea which is to be formed of superannuation, as

affecting a body which, by means of its own inherent powers, has developed itself into a state of perfection under the modifying influences of the elements.

We are not to suppose that the particular state of old age, in that succession of changes through which an organized creature revolves, is an insulated condition, produced by the action of external and violent causes. On the contrary, the self-same causes which carry a thing to its highest perfection, and which maintain it there, bring it round, by the steps of imperceptible changes, to final extinction. To this law all natural things are subject,—That the self-same mechanism which originally laboured for their perfection, having once carried them to that point, simply because it cannot intermit its activity, but still perseveres in its series of changes, does, and cannot but, carry it continually further and further from the conditions of a good constitution, and finally delivers it over to ruin. The very same impulse which causes trees to grow brings death upon them after they have completed their growth. When the vessels and tubes are capable of no further expansion, the nourishing sap, still persisting to introduce itself, by a natural consequence begins to clog the interior of the passages, and finally to cause decay and death by the stoppage of the natural juices. A process of the same nature goes on in animal life: there, also, the same mechanism which originally ministered to the full development of the animal afterwards, under a change of circumstances, comes to react upon it for purposes of destruction. Just so is the gradual decay of the earth so interwoven with the series of changes which originally operated for its perfection that it can never become an object of notice until after a long lapse of time.

The earth, when it arose out of chaos, had inevitably been in a previous state of fluidity, by means of which it was enabled to adapt itself readily to that figure which is necessary to the equilibrium of its parts. Out of this fluid state it passed into a state of solidity; and, in fact, we see irrefragable traces that the upper surface must have hardened first. In the interior of the earth's mass, where the same efforts were going on for the establishment of an equilibrium, the elastic element of air, continually sent upwards and dis-

engaged, led through a natural series of changes to the inequalities of the earth's surface—to hills and valleys. The sea, in the very process of clearing out its own bed, threw up shores and barriers to curb its own fury; the rivers wore themselves suitable beds and canals; universal equilibrium was established; order and beauty resulted; and fertility soon created the marvels of her wealth upon every side.

Meantime, this development of the earth's natural powers was far from being equally distributed. In some regions her surface is still raw and imperfect; whilst others are in the very *acme* of their prosperity; and others, again, having already survived this condition, are now approaching to decay. In general, the high grounds are the eldest, which first attained fulness of development; the low grounds are younger, and have arrived later at perfection. In the same order of succession they may expect to be visited by decay.

The first regions in which men settled were the highest among those which are habitable; it was only at a later period that they descended upon the plains; and they were obliged to apply their powers to the acceleration of Nature, which was too slow in her developments to meet their rapid multiplication. Egypt, that fine creation of the Nile, was in its Upper Districts a settled and populous region whilst the half of Lower Egypt and the entire Delta were yet a desolate morass. All this is now reversed: the ancient Thebais has nothing left of its once exclusive fertility, which raised it to such unexampled prosperity; whilst all its advantages have passed downwards, and settled upon the lower parts of the country. Low Germany, again, which is a creation of the Rhine, being, in fact, a deposition of that river, together with the flattest parts of Lower Saxony, and that part of Prussia where the Weichsel divides into so many branches, and seems incessantly striving to lay under water the adjacent districts, which in part have been won back by the industry of man—all this region alike wears the appearance of being younger, richer, and more blooming than the high lands at the head of these streams; which, however, were already peopled at a time when the former were still in the condition of morasses, or, in the neighbourhood of the sea, were so many vast estuaries.

This revolution (or, more accurately speaking, this uniform series of evolution) in the course of nature deserves explanation. In the earliest times, when as yet the dry land was but recently quitted by the sea, the rivers did not at first find suitable channels prepared for them, nor that uniform declivity which they required in their passage to the sea. Hence, in many places they overflowed, formed standing sheets of water, and made the land useless. Gradually, and wherever they happened to find soil more soft and yielding than usual, they hollowed out channels for themselves; and, with the mud which they washed up from these channels by the force of their currents, they raised on each side banks which, in seasons of low water, were sufficient to confine their streams, but which, as often as they were overflowed by the rising of the waters, were again raised by the depositions of mud, &c., until the river-beds were, by the continued repetition of this process, so far matured as to be in a condition for carrying down to sea, with a moderate but uniform descent, whatever waters were delivered into them by the circumjacent lands. Now, it must necessarily have happened that the high-lying regions about the sources of great rivers would be the first to benefit by this process of natural development, and would therefore be the first to attract inhabitants; the same process would descend by gradual successions to the lower regions seaward; and those which lay nearest the mouths of rivers would be still involved in the struggle of development long after the highest grounds had attained their stage of maturity. But it is observable that this disadvantage of situation, as originally it really is, brings with it in the end a rich compensation: the very same lowness of position which had thrown them so far back in the race of development afterwards enabling them to grow rich upon the spoils of the high lands. For the rivers, bearing along in high floods a rich freightage of mud and slime, overflow their banks, and deposit the whole upon the lower grounds. These are, in this way, at one and the same time manured and raised; and a transfer of fertility takes place of the same kind, if not in the same degree, as that memorable one which we have before noticed between the Thebais and the Delta.

Natural processes, running through a regular progression or cycle of this sort, make it easy to understand the remarkable depopulations which have sometimes taken place, as also the transfers of population and of agriculture which have occurred, between ancient and modern times. But the natural process by which we have here explained these phenomena applies more peculiarly to those lands which labour under the privation of rain water, and would, therefore, but for periodical overflows of some great river, want the requisite moisture, and in such a condition must rapidly be converted into arid uninhabitable deserts. That dreadful catastrophe might be brought about by other means than the failure or the declension of the river waters; for instance, by the general elevation of the circumjacent soil through the continual depositions of the annual overflow. In this way a country might be suddenly ruined by the accumulation of its own chief wealth; and, in fact, a most celebrated land is at this time threatened apparently by such a catastrophe. That land is Egypt; which,—as it illustrates better than any other the process by which Nature, using the agency of rivers, first creates a rich and habitable soil, with a great population in its train, and, secondly, the continuation of the same process by which she propels this wealth and population from the highlands to the lowlands,—so, finally, it seems destined to illustrate that closing process by which she swallows up and confounds her own finest creations. The change wrought by the Nile, co-operating with Time, in the elevation of this valley (for Egypt is, in fact, one long but narrow valley, bisected by the Nile), is the great parent of its long prosperity and of its present danger. According to the testimony of Herodotus, at a period which preceded his visit to Egypt by about 900 years, a rise in the Nile of not more than eight feet sufficed to overflow the *whole* of the country. In his time fifteen feet of increase in the river level was requisite to accomplish the same universal irrigation. But at present nothing short of twenty-four feet is adequate to the end. Now, without further inquiry, it is evident that, if the elevation of the soil by means of annual depositions from the river go on indefinitely without any corresponding rise in the river, whether in our time or not,

sooner or later, the river will become useless in its main function. A finite power measuring itself against one which is in its nature infinite must be defeated; and it will appear that it must *vi termini*, merely by a nominal explanation of the two forces concerned, without further argument.

Were all countries, then, under the peculiar circumstances of Egypt, the possibility of old age as an affection belonging to our planet would be established, and at the same time the mode of its approach explained; and thus our problem would at once be solved. But, since the natural process which takes place in that instance applies to very few parts of the earth's surface, and the total result must therefore be regarded as trivial and inconsiderable, we have still to determine the question in reference to the planet as a whole; and with that view it is our business first of all to examine those causes from which the majority of natural philosophers have deduced old age as a natural or possible effect, and by which they have fancied themselves warranted to predict the final and general decay of our planet.

The FIRST of these causes is that implied in the hypothesis which ascribes the saltness of the sea to rivers. These, it is alleged, carry downward to the sea all the salt extracted from the earth, and washed by the rain into their currents; and in the sea it is left by means of continual evaporation, and is then gradually accumulated, and in that way has all the salt been obtained which the sea now holds in solution. Now, it is an obvious inference from this doctrine that, salt being the principal agent of growth and fertility, the earth, being thus gradually robbed of her powers, must finally be utterly impoverished and reduced to a condition of substantial death.

The SECOND cause lies in the tendencies of rain and rivers to wash away the soil and carry it off into the sea, which thus appears to be continually loaded with riches at the expense of the *terra firma*; and fear has been expressed that the sea, having its level in this way continually raised, must finally again surmount and cover the dry land which was heretofore withdrawn from its dominion.

There is a THIRD conjectural opinion advanced by those who, having noticed that the sea withdraws itself perceptibly

from most shores in long periods of time, and leaves exposed as dry land many tracts of ground which heretofore lay within the marine empire, either apprehend an actual consumption of this fluid element by some sort of mysterious conversion into a more solid state, or else explain this diminution of the sea out of the operation of other causes which have interrupted the rain in its return to that vast reservoir from which it had arisen by evaporation.

A FOURTH and last opinion there is, which assumes as the great organ of nature an *anima mundi*, or principle of universal activity, though nowhere directly perceptible, whose emanations, however subtle, being yet material, must finally be exhausted by incessant generation of new births; and Nature herself, concurrently with this exhaustion of her organ, must be exposed to old age and death.

These opinions I will briefly examine, and will then attempt to establish that which to myself appears to be the true one.

Were there any truth in the first opinion, it would follow that all salt with which the waters of the ocean and mediterranean seas are impregnated had previously been mingled with the soil which covers the *terra firma*, and that, having been washed out of it by rains, it had then been carried off by rivers, and so perpetually introduced into the great marine reservoir by the same means. But, fortunately for the earth, this conjecture is groundless. For, premising that the mean quantity of rain water which falls upon the earth in one year is 18 inches deep, a quantity pretty nearly equal to what has been found to fall in the temperate zone, and presupposing that all rivers arise and are fed by rain water; also that, of that rain which falls upon the *terra firma*, only two-thirds return into the sea through rivers, the other third being in part exhaled and in part spent upon the growth of plants; lastly, assuming that the sea occupies but one-half of the total superficies of the earth, an assumption which is below the truth: in that case we shall have placed the hypothesis in question upon the most advantageous footing; and yet, even then, all the rivers of the earth will have poured into the sea only one foot deep of water, and therefore, upon the assumption that its mean depth were not

more than a hundred fathoms, would have filled its basin in six hundred years, after it had been emptied in the same number of years by evaporation. According to this calculation, the united contributions of all brooks and rivers since the creation would have filled the sea's basin just ten times; and the salt, therefore, could amount to no more than ten times as much as that with which river water is naturally endowed under its present circumstances. Hence, we obtain this inference,—that, in order to settle the actual degree of saltness in the sea, we have only to subject ten cubic feet of river water to evaporation, when the salt left behind must amount to just as much as the product from a cubic foot of sea water after evaporation. Now, this is, *prima facie*, far too improbable to obtain the assent of the rudest judge; for, according to the computations of Wallerius,[1] the water of the North Sea, in parts where few rivers fall into it, contains one-tenth part of salt, sometimes even a seventh; and even in the Bothnic Gulf, where it is greatly diluted with river-water, it still contains a fortieth. The earth, therefore, is sufficiently guaranteed against this particular risk of losing its salt by the agency of rain and rivers: that point is settled by fact and absolute experiment. In reality, so far from robbing the land of its saline parts, there is good reason to believe that the sea bountifully transfers to it some portion of its own; for, although evaporation leaves behind the gross salt, it does, however, raise and carry off part of that which has been volatilized, which floats with vapours over the *terra firma*, and communicates to the rain that fertilizing quality by which it is advantageously distinguished from the water of streams.

So much for the *first* hypothesis. The *second* is more self-consistent, and generally has more credibility. Manfred[2] has thought it worthy of a very learned examination in the *commentarium* of the Bolognese Institute. In the course of this review he remarks that the old foundation of the Cathedral at Ravenna, which is found below the modern one covered with rubbish, is eight feet lower than the high-water mark of the sea; and, therefore, at the period when

[1] Wallerius, Swedish chemist, 1709-1785.—M.

[2] Eustace Manfredi, Italian astronomer, 1674-1739.—M.

that foundation was first constructed, at every tide of flood it must have been laid under water, unless we suppose the sea to have been lower at that time than at present; for there is evidence enough that the sea came up as close to the city in those days as it does now. In confirmation of his opinion that the height of the sea has been constantly on the increase, he cites the case of St. Mark's Church at Venice, which is now so low that its ground-floor, as well as St. Mark's Place itself, when the lagoon happens to be flooded, are laid under water: an accident to which we may reasonably presume that it could not have been liable at the time of its foundation. He appeals also to the marble terrace carried round the Senate House of St. Mark, probably for the benefit of those who were going on shipboard, in order to allow of their coming to the water's edge in carriages—a purpose which is now entirely defeated, since moderately high tides lay it half a foot under water. This tendency of the sea-level to rise continually higher he explains out of the accumulations of mud and other depositions from the fresh water, which, by continually raising the bed of the sea, must, as a natural consequence, force up its surface to a higher level. In order to establish the agreement between these marks, or positive facts of experience, on the one hand, and the elevating power as determined by calculation on the other, he endeavoured to value the quantity of mud which the streams carry along with them when most turbid. Accordingly, towards the end of February, he took up water from the river which flows past Bologna, and, suffering the mud to settle, he found it to be the 1-174th part of the water. From this result, coupled with the amount of water which the rivers in one year deliver into the sea, he deduced a valuation of the elevating power, agreeably to which it appeared that in a course of 348 years the sea would be raised by five inches. But, by pursuing this investigation, and extending his calculation to the sand, stones, &c., which accompany the mud, Manfred found reason to carry the elevating force much higher, insomuch that in 230 years it would raise the level by twelve inches. On this footing, the great catastrophe of the earth would be approaching with pretty rapid steps; and yet, even

thus, he was more cautious in his estimate than Hartsoecker,[1] who, upon a course of similar investigations with respect to the Rhine, announced the final ruin of the earth within ten millennia—a course of time sufficient, in his estimate, to wash away the whole inhabitable parts of the *terra firma*, and to diffuse the sea over its entire surface as one uniform mirror, broken only by naked rocks here and there rising above the waters.

The true error of this hypothesis lies only in degree; else, as regards its principle, it is well founded. It is true that the rain and the rivers wash away the earth, and carry it off into the sea; but it is far enough from the truth that they do this to the extent assumed by the author. He assumed arbitrarily that the rivers flow as turbidly the whole year through as they do in those days when the snow, melting from the mountains, causes violent torrents, and when the soil, rendered peculiarly friable by the previous action of frost, is washed away with more than usual ease. Had he coupled this consideration with the proper regard to the distinction between rivers descending from mountainous regions full of torrents and those which are fed by flat countries, his computation would have been so far modified that, perhaps, he would have dismissed it as no longer a sufficient basis for his purpose. Had he considered further that determinate tendency in the sea's motion to carry shorewards all substances not having an equal mobility with itself, to prevent therefore all accumulations of mud upon its own bed, and by continual depositions of such floating matter to increase the *terra firma*,—in that case his fear of seeing the marine basin filled up would have given way to a well-founded hope of obtaining continual accessions of new land from the spoils of the high lands of the globe. For the fact is that in all gulfs, as, for example, in that which bears the name of the Red Sea, and in the Gulf of Venice, the sea is gradually retiring from the interior end, and the dry land is making continual usurpations upon the kingdom of Neptune.

But, with regard to the cause of the alleged depression in the shores of the Adriatic, as this might be supposed to arise

[1] Nicholas Hartsoecker, Dutch naturalist, 1656-1725.—M.

indifferently from a real elevation of the sea or a real sinking of the land, I would account for it (supposing always that the facts are accurately reported) by appealing to a peculiar and special circumstance affecting the very constitution of the ground in the Italian peninsula. We know that this country rests upon subterranean vaults; and the rage of earthquakes, although it has manifested itself most violently in the southern provinces, has yet run along to the north, and far out below the sea, with power enough to expound even there the cavernous constitution of the land, and the vast intercommunications of subterraneous galleries and chambers. Is it not, therefore, probable that, through the action of continual shocks, the entire soil of Italy—or roof, as I may call it, resting upon this enormous system of arches—has silently given way, and settled down upon its supporting columns?

That THIRD hypothesis which regards the increase of dry land and gradual limitation of the waters upon this globe as a forerunner of its ruin may plead as plausible attestations as the preceding hypothesis from the records of experience, though not so intelligible a cause for their explanation. For, though at first sight it might seem that the sea, whilst withdrawing on one side and exposing fresh surfaces of dry land, would in some other quarter possess itself, by gradual encroachment, of counterbalancing areas, and thus, upon the whole, obtain indemnification, yet it is certain that the old tracts which the sea relinquishes are far more extensive than the new ones which it appropriates. The sea is peculiarly apt to quit low grounds, whilst it frets, with aspiring waves, against the higher and steeper shores. That fact alone might be sufficient to demonstrate that the surface of the sea, taken generally, is not in a course of elevation; for in that case the difference of level would be most evidently perceptible on shores with a very gradual and slight declivity. In such a situation a very trifling elevation of level, as even of a few feet, would lay under water a vast surface of land, whereas the very opposite result is observable. Thus, for example, the Prussian "*Nährungen*," and the Downs upon the Dutch and English coasts, are so many sand-hills, which, in former times, the sea threw up in its

daily path, but which now serve for lofty ramparts against its intrusions.

Now, in which of the three following modes are we to solve this phenomenon? Shall we ascribe this depression of the sea to an actual evanescence of the fluid element and its conversion into some more solid form; or, secondly, to a percolation and filtering of the rain-water into the bowels of the planet; or, thirdly, to a continual deepening of the sea's basin in consequence of its everlasting motion? The first cause, though likely to have the smallest share in any perceptible change, is not, however, so much opposed to a sound Natural Philosophy as might seem. For, as other fluid bodies, quicksilver and air for instance, sometimes assume a form of more solidity without therefore losing their essence, so beyond all doubt does water; the particles of which element seem, in the formation of vegetables, to lay aside their fluidity. The very driest wood, upon chemical analysis, still yields water; and thus it becomes probable that some part of the waters of this globe is converted into the substances of a vegetable growth, and never again returns to the ocean. The second cause, speaking rigorously, can as little be disputed as the first. Rain water, it is true, that part I mean which the earth imbibes, sinks generally no farther than to those denser strata which, refusing to let it pass, force it to pursue the inclinations of the ground in search of an outlet, and thus to feed springs. But it will always in some partial degree trickle down to the rocky strata; and even in these will penetrate through crevices, and make those gatherings of subterraneous waters which, upon occasion of earthquakes, have sometimes spouted upwards and deluged whole tracts of country. Possibly the amount of sea water lost in this way may not be inconsiderable; and it merits a more accurate valuation. But it is the third cause which apparently has the largest and least disputable share in the depression of the sea's level: that level must continually sink in proportion as the bed of the sea is more profoundly hollowed. But in this way of approach not the slightest advance is made towards the earth's destruction.

What then is the result of the examination we have pursued with regard to the hypotheses hitherto brought forward?

The first three we have dismissed as insufficient. 1. The earth loses nothing of its saline quality through the ablutions of the brooks and the rain. 2. The rich soil is not washed away into the sea by rivers with irreparable loss, and with the effect of saturating the ocean and thus raising its waters above the habitable land. True, the rivers carry into the sea the spoils of the elevated regions; but the sea avails itself of these spoils, only to make farther depositions on the margin of the *terra firma*. 3. The opposite notion of an actual decrease in the waters of the ocean, however plausible, is too conjectural a speculation, and supported by too little grounds drawn from positive experience, to challenge a philosophic attention.—There is, indeed, as regards a change in the earth's form, one operative cause still remaining upon which we may reckon with certainty; and that is the tendency of rain and of brooks, by continually gnawing at the soil and washing it down from the higher regions to the lower, gradually to level the eminences, and to rob the globe of its inequalities. This process and its effect are certain; and the earth cannot be delivered from the action of this cause until that era when, all the looser strata having been washed away, nothing will remain in the shape of eminences or inequalities except only the rocky framework or foundation insusceptible of further change. This is a revolution in the earth's form to be viewed with reasonable dread as a cause of impending ruin not only by means of the transposition of strata, the most fertile of which are gradually buried under successive depositions of worse soil, but in a yet higher degree by the abolition of those inequalities upon the earth's surface to which we are indebted for the indispensable distinction of hills and vales. Looking at the present constitution of our globe, and the distribution of its inequalities, we are struck with wonder and intense admiration at the order which presides amongst disorder, and the exquisite regularity with which all the irregularities on the earth's surface are made to co-operate towards one and the same systematic purpose. Vast tracts of country, for instance, lying perhaps in aërial altitudes, are yet all provided with regular successions of declivities, tending, for leagues, towards the basin of lakes; or else, by means of brooks which serve as pipes, deliver their waste

water into the large conduits and sewers of mighty rivers; which again are furnished with other successions of declivity sufficient to carry down their contents to the ocean. And it is observable that this beautiful arrangement, by which the ground is liberated from all superfluities of rain water, depends for much of its efficacy upon the particular *degrees* of the declivities in relation to the height and the form of the superior grounds. Were the descent greater and more precipitous than it is, then the water (so necessary as one great condition of fructification) would be carried off too rapidly and in too large a proportion. Were it less, the water would be apt to stagnate in ruinous accumulations. Now, it is undeniable that a process is silently at work through all ages, operating by means of the rain and torrents in the way described above, for gradually impairing and finally effacing the fine symmetry of the arrangements here insisted on; since it is evident to the understanding, as well as demonstrated by experience, that in exact proportion as the higher eminences are washed away, and the lower grounds elevated by the eternal depositions of these mountainous dilapidations, must the earth approximate in form to that condition in which it would have been had hills and valleys never existed. And the same effects must follow. That is, the rain water, no longer met by a regular scale of declivities for carrying down its superfluities, must settle upon the ground, and thus soak and saturate it in a degree which must soon obliterate its fructifying powers, and render the globe uninhabitable. To the eye of philosophy, nothing is trivial or little which can, by continual summation of its never-ending series, amount finally to any great result; nor can it be reasonable to overlook, or to dismiss as unworthy of notice, any natural process or tendency towards the ruin of our planet in which *time* only is wanted as a condition for maturing its efficacy. And, even as regards that condition, it cannot be said that the noiseless steps of this natural process are altogether imperceptible at present; already some *sensible* advance in this process can be exhibited. One instance shall be cited from my own native country of Upper Prussia. Let me premise, however, by way of making it intelligible, that, as the high lands and eminences of any

region are silently wasting away by dilapidation, concurrently with that effect, and in due proportion to it, will the afflux of water to the lower grounds, by means of which lakes and rivers are fed, continually diminish, and thus it will happen that these lakes and rivers must, by their own changes, become regular exponents of the advances made by Nature in the process alluded to. Now, the Upper part of Prussia is full of lakes; and of these rarely can one be found which has not, in close contiguity, large smooth expanses of dead levels, bearing all the marks of having once been accessory portions of the adjacent lake. What cause was it which exposed their beds to the atmosphere, and converted them into dry land? Manifestly the diminished supply of water, and the contracted channels of the feeding streams. To give one example: according to the best authenticated evidence, the Prussian lake known by the name of the *Drausensee* did, in former ages, extend to the city of *Prussian-Holland*, and was even made available for purposes of navigation; whereas, at present, it has withdrawn itself from that city by a space of nearly five English miles, though still indicating its ancient bed by a long mirror-like plain, whose elevated shores are even yet distinctly visible on both sides. Here then, in a well-attested case of gradual change, we have the first links in a series whose last may possibly be at an infinite distance from the beginning, and (I will add) may perhaps never be reached; for Revelation announces to the planet which we inhabit a sudden and violent catastrophe, such as may interrupt its duration in the very *acme* of prosperity, and may leave it no time for travelling through the regular stages of superannuation, or for dying (so to speak) by a natural death.

Meantime, I am still in arrear, whilst treating of the several hypotheses which have been proposed (or may be proposed) on the question of the earth's natural life and age, as regards my answer to one of them: I mean the FOURTH. This hypothesis assumes, as my reader will recollect, that the active force which constitutes, in some measure, the life of Nature, and which, though not visibly manifesting its presence, is yet busily at work in every act of natural generation and in the whole economy of the three natural

kingdoms, may, by degrees, suffer decay and exhaustion, and may thus, by consequence, cause the superannuation of Nature. Those who assume a universal Spirit of the World in the sense here indicated do not understand by it any *im*material power, any *anima mundi*, or plastic natures,—which are all creatures of the imagination; but a subtle and universally-operative matter, which, in all formations of Nature, constitutes the active principle, and possesses a Proteus capacity for assuming all shapes and forms. Such an idea is not so much at war with a sound Natural Philosophy, or with actual experience, as might be supposed. If it be considered that, in the vegetable kingdom, Nature has invested the most powerful and spiritual part of her creations in a certain oil, whose volatility is fixed and arrested by its peculiar viscous quality, and whose dispersion, either by evaporation or by chemical processes, is followed by no sensible loss of weight, though in other respects it leaves the body a mere *caput mortuum*; if, again, it be considered how this *spiritus rector*, as chemists term it, this fifth essence, which constitutes the specific characteristic of every vegetable growth, is everywhere produced with equal ease by the nutriment of plants, viz. pure water and air; if, again, we consider the volatile acid universally diffused through the atmosphere, that principle of activity in most kinds of salts, the essential part in combustion, whose forces of attraction and repulsion are so clearly manifested in electricity: throwing these random glances over this Proteus of Nature, we shall be inclined to conjecture with some probability one universal instrument in the hands of Nature, in the shape of a subtle matter infinitely active, of that description which is usually termed a spirit of the world; but, at the same time, we shall have cause to apprehend that everlasting generations, or acts of birth, may consume more of it than is restored in the dissolution of natural products. The equilibrium may possibly not be maintained; and, by the enormity of her expenditure, Nature may perhaps be continually suffering attaint and loss in her vital forces.

For my part, when I consider that instinct of high action which possessed the nations of antiquity; when I look back upon that vast enthusiasm of ambition, of virtue, and of

patriotism, and above all, that love of liberty, which became to them a demoniac possession, as it were, and a salient spring of grand thinking, raising them so unspeakably above themselves, and above the standards of poor ordinary human nature: thinking of these things, and comparing the aspect of those times with the limitary and frigid qualities of humanity seen under its present phasis, I feel disposed certainly to congratulate our present age upon a revolution which, after all, is favourable both to moral interests and to the interests of science; but yet, at the same time, I am tempted to conjecture that possibly this great change may be an indication of a real depression in the temperature of that subtle fire which animated human nature and supplied it with the very *pabulum* of its life. On the other hand, when I advert to the vast influence which forms of government, education, and example, exercise upon morals and moral feelings, I distrust my own conclusions, and am again reduced to doubt whether these equivocal symptoms can be allowed any weight in establishing an absolute deterioration of Nature.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HANNAH MORE

[Hannah More, as the reader knows, was a person of some consequence in De Quincey's life. She was his mother's neighbour and intimate friend for a number of years, and it was under her influence that his mother adopted those strict views of religion—the so-called "Evangelical Theology" professed by Wilberforce and his associates of "the Clapham Sect,"—which, co-operating with something of a Roman severity in her natural character, were not without unpleasant effects at times on her maternal relations to De Quincey. Accordingly, besides several incidental mentions of Hannah More here and there in the course of De Quincey's writings, there remains the little paper of more express notice of her which appeared originally in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* for August 1840 as part of the series of De Quincey's Autobiographic Sketches, and a reprint of which will be found *ante*, Vol. II, pp. 446-454. In that little paper De Quincey tells us that, in his visits to his "relative's house" (*i.e.* to his mother's) in Somersetshire from about 1808 onwards, he "never failed to see Mrs. Hannah More," and "seldom suffered a week to pass without calling to pay his respects"; and he proceeds to give an account in especial of one visit, "either in 1813 or 1814," in which he had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Siddons as Mrs. Hannah More's guest. It is Mrs. Siddons that figures chiefly in the little paper; and there is less about Hannah More herself than might have been expected. The reason,—unknown to me when I passed that little paper through the press for Vol. II,—is now apparent. It has been generally assumed hitherto that De Quincey's connexion with *Tait's Magazine* began in 1834, when the magazine was able to advertise as one of its attractions then and thenceforward the series of "Sketches of Men and Manners from the Autobiography of an English Opium-Eater." Chancing recently, however, to turn over an old copy of one of the volumes of *Tait* for 1833, I found in it two previous articles, indubitably De Quincey's, though without his name. One, in the November number, was the translation of Kant's Essay "On the Age of the Earth," so long missing, and now reprinted in the immediately preceding pages. The other, in the next or December number, was an original paper of

some length, entitled "Mrs. Hannah More." It revealed itself as De Quincey's on the first glance; and this will be so self-evident to the reader that there is no need whatever to argue the point.—Hannah More had died in September 1833, aged 88 years; and here, within three months of her death, was De Quincey's Memoir of the venerable lady! A somewhat severe Memoir it is, as the reader will see; but certainly worthy of reproduction here, if not on Hannah More's account, at all events on De Quincey's own. It is a real addition to his Autobiography,—giving us glimpses of him in those years of his youth, just after he had left Oxford, when he was hovering between London and the Lakes, preceded wherever he went by a reputation already for extraordinary learning and intellectual precocity of all kinds, and also, no doubt, in some circles, by more private rumours of his vagrant and troublesome boyhood, his eccentricity at the University, and his habit of opium-taking. That we should have these glimpses in the particular form of recollections of his meetings with Hannah More, and conversations with her during his visits to his mother in her Somersetshire home, increases their significance. Often and often, we may be sure, had his mother talked with Hannah More about her wayward boy, her anxieties with him in his school-days, and her anxieties still as to his religious condition and his future prospects. De Quincey must have known this; and it must have been with this knowledge in his mind that he looked at the famous Hannah when they first met, and studied her, and regulated his own deportment towards her, plying his logic and his stores of learning upon her, as he tells us, even more pugnaciously and ostentatiously than usual, so as to assert *himself* and show that he could take *her* real measure. Hence, in part, probably, the somewhat unsympathetic tone of his Memoir of her, written many years afterwards.—That this Memoir of 1833 was published anonymously, and that it was never openly reclaimed by him,—so that his slighter notice of Hannah More published in the same magazine in 1840 has passed hitherto as his sole account of the celebrated lady,—may have been owing to the fact that his mother, Hannah More's friend, was alive till 1846. *She* would have hardly relished such a Memoir of her old friend from her son's hands. True, there was no longer this objection when he began the edition of his Collected Writings in 1853; and the Memoir might have been included in one of the volumes of that edition. As he can hardly have forgotten it, the probability is that it was one of the papers he was holding back for an opportunity of revision. He cannot have been dissatisfied with the literary quality of the paper; for in that respect it is excellent; few things of De Quincey's are better in its kind or more curiously characteristic.—In any revision of the original paper by De Quincey himself, he would, however, I am pretty sure, have shortened it by omissions and condensation. There are passages in the original, at all events, that are so tediously and minutely digressive as to mar the general effect. Several times, it is as if De Quincey had been bent on filling out his paper anyhow to the extent of a certain desirable money's worth of magazine pages, and had

ingeniously accomplished this by starting off from any topic reported as having occurred in his conversations with Hannah More, and inserting all that he could independently say or remember in connexion with that topic, Hannah More or no Hannah More. What makes these digressions less acceptable than similar digressions in some of his other other papers is that they consist for the most part of *crambe recocta*,—matter to be found, in liberal enough quantity, elsewhere in his pages. In our reprint of the paper, accordingly, these digressive passages are omitted, with the result, it is believed, that De Quincey's Memoir of Hannah More is now presented in more coherent and readable form than if the passages had been retained, and perhaps in very much the form in which its reproduction would have had De Quincey's own sanction.—M.]

I KNEW the late Mrs. Hannah More tolerably well, perhaps as well as it was possible that any man *should* know her who had not won her confidence by enrolling himself amongst her admirers. In these last words I mean no offence: for I respect her memory, and I respect the feelings of the many and excellent friends who survive her. But it cannot reasonably offend the warmest of Mrs. More's friends if I say that she, in common with most other female writers, required some homage—expected, in fact, to have some court paid to her, before she would divest herself of that reserve which clings more or less to all thoughtful people in England. There was nothing to complain of in this; on the contrary, it is not easy to think well of a woman who has so little self-respect as to extend her confidence to one who has taken no pains to win it, nor manifested by any signs that he would value it if offered. For my part, I had no title to any peculiar or confidential mark of Mrs. More's regard. I had shown no disposition to conciliate her friendship; I had never paid her a compliment; I had expressed no interest in her works; I had not so much as appeared to know that she was an author; and, even when calling upon her to acquit myself of those customary attentions which were challenged by her sex, age, and station in society, I had never travelled one hair's-breadth beyond the line of distant and frigid politeness. Indeed, on looking back from this distance of time, I am afraid that I must even have appeared churlish in my too punctilious care to have it understood how little I participated in the blind feelings of admiration which congregated so many strangers in her

house. I am far from defending my own conduct. I now begin to fear that it was almost atrocious. I ought to have allowed a great deal more weight than I did to her many excellent qualities; and with respect to some of her opinions which disgusted me I might certainly have considered that they arose naturally from the constitution of her own mind, and from the sort of company which she had always kept; and, at all events, I ought to have exercised, in behalf of so amiable a woman, and a woman so clever as she certainly was, a little more of that catholic toleration which one learns in passing through this world, and which she possibly, on her part, might sometimes feel called on to exercise towards myself. But I was young in those days. I had strong opinions; I had profound feelings; and the subjects which to me appeared important above all others were exactly those on which Mrs. H. More knew absolutely nothing at all, and some of which she affected to despise. Indeed, considering Mrs. More's early history, it must have been surprising if she had formed any opinions at all upon subjects which do not enter the range of ordinary conversation. Whatever opinions she had, I am fully persuaded, were pure, mirror-like reflections from the conversation of the people with whom she associated in her youth; and her own ability was shown chiefly in illustrating their tendencies, or delivering their substance in a graceful manner. But I am anticipating.

The occasion which drew me within Mrs. H. More's circle was this:—In the year 1808, or 1809, a lady with whose family I maintained a very intimate acquaintance had then recently begun to build a villa in the beautiful valley of Wrington [1]; and in this valley, not above a mile and a half from my friend's rising house, stood the pretty cottage of Mrs. H. More and her sisters. The valley of Wrington lies in the county of Somerset; which is still an interesting district of England, but was then much more so on account of one

[1] The lady here mentioned in such circuitous phraseology was, the reader now understands, De Quincey's own mother. She had recently left her residence at the Priory, Chester, for another residence in Somersetshire,—the villa in Wrington Valley here described. See *ante*, Vol. IV, p. 3; also Vol. I, pp. 406-408, and Vol. II, p. 446. —M.

romantic feature which it possessed, if not exclusively (for Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and other counties of the south shared in that distinction), yet in pre-eminent beauty—I mean the *Downs*; which have now, I fear, one and all[1] disappeared under Local Enclosure Bills. The vale of Wrington was generally approached from Bristol, leaving that city by the highroad to Plymouth. About the ninth milestone you begin to descend into a richly wooded vale stretching westward for about ten or twelve miles, until it meets a boundary in the shores of the Bristol Channel. The highroad winds along the base of the hills which guard the valley on the left, and, after a course of some miles, gradually wheels away to the south, by crossing over this range of hills to Axbridge and Cross, in the long champaign of Bridgewater. But, a little below the point at which this great road from Bristol first enters the valley, another road, in appearance a mere lane, diverges to the right. Widening its distance continually from the main road as the valley expands in width, this rustic lane steals along the foot of the steep pastoral hills which form the right barrier of the valley. Within a mile and a half, perhaps, from its first commencement, it passes under the shrubbery wall of what was then Mrs. More's cottage; half a mile further, it connects itself, by a cross-road to the left, with the little town of Wrington, which stands out in the open area of the vale, aloof from either range of hills; three miles further, it passes through the little town of Congresbury (pronounced Coomsbury); somewhere in the neighbourhood of which it divides into two branches, one pursuing the same direction as before to Weston-super-mare, a little sequestered bathing-place on the Bristol Channel, whilst the other winds round the base of the hills, at the point where the range terminates, into the collateral valley of Brockley, upon the other side of the hills to the right. On the summit of these hills, and

[1] If any specimen of these most beautiful pastoral lawns is still to be found, I presume that it must be the small down at Clifton, on the hills immediately above the Hotwells of Bristol. This, I imagine, will be spared on account of its contiguity to a place so much the resort of invalids. But it is ill fitted for transmitting to the next generation any representative picture of a *down*.

overhanging Mrs. More's cottage, together with the whole line of the sequestered road which I have been describing, ran a most beautiful series of downs, upon which you might roam for miles, without the slightest interruption of hedge, ditch, or fence of any kind. They presented the appearance of vast lawns, eaten close by sheep, except only where they were traversed by large breadths of fern, intersected, however, by smooth grassy sheep-tracks in every direction. Over these downs it was possible to travel by private paths to the very suburbs of Bristol. Guide-posts, or houses, there were none; but, as a more conspicuous means of directing the perplexed traveller, especially in snowy weather, at intervals of half-a-mile or so were planted, in a continued series, belts of Scotch fir, whose gloomy masses, at so short a distance, could be discovered by the eye almost in any state of the atmosphere. Rarely can a highly cultured and densely peopled land like England have offered such ample facilities for solitary walks and rides as these particular downs. The ascent to them was usually steep, but not above half-a-mile in length. And, once at the summit, so animating were the breezes, so elastic the turf, that few horses were dull and spiritless enough to resist the inspiration of so many genial influences. The first step upon the soft springy turf operated as a summons to a gallop, or to restless caprioles of animal delight. Approaching to either side of these downs, you looked down into valleys of exuberant wealth and beauty, and inevitably presenting to view almost in every village some specimen of that rich ecclesiastical architecture for which, next after the county of Lincoln, Somersetshire is, I believe, the most advantageously distinguished of any province in the island. At a distance of eight or a dozen miles, you saw the Bristol Channel, glancing restlessly, and throwing up white sails every moment to the sun; whilst, in the midst of all this life and splendour, gleaming upwards from the whole wide circumference of the horizon, your own immediate *plateau* or terrace was, even at noon-day, as silent as the grave: no sound, except the sweet-toned tinkling of the sheep-bell, or the murmur of a passing bee, ever occurring to break the silence upon those aerial solitudes. Such was the character

of an English down; and I have described it because it is now extinct,—all has been extinguished by Act of Parliament. The spacious lawns have been cut up into potato fields; the Scotch firs have been burned for fuel; the sheep have gone the way of all mutton; their bells have been long since wrought up into men-traps and spring-guns; and neither Bristol Channel, nor shipping, valley, nor churches could be seen when I was last there, in consequence of walls, ten feet high, which bounded each side of the very strait and formal road now traversing these once romantic grounds.

No such changes, however, had then been made; and the character of the scenery amidst which Mrs. More had, in old age, taken up her residence wore as yet those features I have described of primitive and under-peopled England. She had previously occupied a house detached from the hills on either side, and not far, I think, from the centre of the vale. This place was called by the somewhat vulgar and sentimental name of *Cowslip Green*. But her present dwelling, standing under the shelter of the hills, bore the incoherent one of *Barley Wood*.

What had been the course of her previous life I know only in the most general outline. Originally, I have understood, she and her sisters conducted a boarding-school for young ladies in Bristol. There can be no doubt that it was well managed; for all the sisters, five in number when I first knew them, were in different ways women of some talent. The ample fortune which they were supposed to have made must have been founded on the success of their school, though doubtless increased afterwards by Mrs. H. More's literary emoluments. But it was not as an author that Mrs. H. More had originally forced her way either to fortune or to notoriety. She was one of those persons who owed her reputation *partly*, it is true, to literary talent, and that talent such that, cultivated and directed as it afterwards was, and allied with religious principles of peculiar strictness, it *might* have found its own road to distinction, but which, in fact, was not, nor could be, from circumstances of position, exposed to that severe trial. From her earliest efforts to her latest, Mrs. H. More was never suffered to swim alone, but

was held above water by such powerful hands as made it impossible that she should sink. I know not how soon in her career, but certainly whilst yet considered a young woman, she had been introduced to the domestic society of the Duchess of Beaufort, and of Mrs. Montagu, so famous at one period for her Essay on Shakspere (against the cavils and laughable mistranslations of Voltaire), for her literary parties, and for her generous patronage of the London chimney-sweepers. Of these ladies I had myself occasion to hear a good deal in conversation with Mrs. More; and of Mrs. Montagu, in particular, I remember that she told me, more than once, and with an emphasis very unusual to her, that in the whole course of her long life,—which, either at Bath or London, had placed her in contact, through nearly half a century, with almost every celebrated person of her own country, whether political or literary, and with a large proportion of the distinguished foreigners who had visited this country during that period,—she had never met with one person of either sex who made the smallest approach to Mrs. Montagu in genuine wit, or in felicity of conversation. She did not even make an exception in favour of Madame de Staël. This report of Mrs. Montagu's brilliancy, I confess, surprised me; but, of course, it did not become me, who had never so much as seen that lady, to dispute Mrs. More's opinion: which, after all, may have been true; for we all know how little proportion there sometimes is between the same person's talents for talking and for writing.

Beginning life, then, in her character of author, under such patronage, we can easily understand how very little merit would suffice,—less indeed by a great deal than she really had,—to push the young and agreeable Miss Hannah More into a vast deal of notoriety. Not merely noticed, but caressed, by two potent leaders of society in London, she could not fail of commanding at once a pretty extensive popularity. It is true that forced reputations usually decline faster even than they have risen. And there can be no doubt that some such reaction will operate powerfully upon the posthumous fame of Mrs. More; and I counsel every man who has funded money in her works to sell now,—for assuredly five years will bring them down to a heavy dis-

count. But in her lifetime it was scarcely possible that any revolution of that nature could affect her; for the same artificial forces which had originally been put in motion to elevate her unduly were continually at work to sustain their own creation. And, very naturally, they acted with increasing advantage at every step, and with accelerated power. For Mrs. More was prudent and vigilant in the management of her interest. An old friend she never lost, except by death; and she was continually strengthening her influence by new friends in the same sphere of life. Her letters and attentions she planted judiciously; nor did she ever forget to be pointedly encouraging in her manners, or to make her society and her house as agreeable as possible, to the rising generation of noble families. Her epistolary correspondence was extensive; and there, again, the learned in such branches of petty politics know well the refinements of art by which adroit tacticians vary and masque the modes of winning a powerful person to their aid, by giving him a motive for reading passages from their letters, or for appealing to their opinions, and thus eventually for giving currency to their names, and sustaining their authority. One letter, we may suppose, expresses some forcible opinions upon a great question, or an eminent person, just at that moment occupying the public mind. Everybody is eager to deliver his opinion upon it; and it secures an attentive audience to say,—"I will tell you what Mrs. Hannah More says about it." Even people not particularly under the influence of her name are apt to listen, under the belief that they will at least hear a natural and unbiassed judgment, as from one who is a mere looker-on, living in retirement, and not warped, it may be presumed, by any disturbing forces of partisanship. Then another letter accompanies the present of a new work, just fresh from the press; and this perhaps contains thanks for valuable hints which, doubtless, really *had* been given, but only are prodigiously over-rated in value. A third letter, again, is not directly addressed to the person at whom it is mainly levelled: to this person is sent, circuitously, a message; which form of address makes it possible to say far more complimentary things than could decently be said to his face, with this farther advantage to his vanity, that a

message, being communicated at the next rencontre, which is probably at a party, ensures to the flattering expressions something like a *publication*. But all this, it will be said, is absolutely intrigue, or manœuvring chicanery; and can I mean to tax Mrs. Hannah More with anything so mean and worldly-minded as this? *Intrigue* is an ugly word. What I mean to describe, and in a certain degree to charge upon Mrs. More, is not liable to any harsher name than that of *finessing*. It is that sort of diplomacy which, practised for public ends, and upon a broader scale, would be held strictly honourable, and looks mean only because it is practised for a somewhat selfish, and, by comparison, a trivial purpose,—that of sustaining a name, or a certain amount of notoriety, by furnishing people of eminent stations with motives for talking about one's self, and by engaging their kind feelings in one's behalf. After all, I contend that the fault lies in the *degré*. Had Mrs. More dedicated extraordinary pains and much of her time to these artifices, or had she employed a very complex and elaborate machinery for the purpose, in that case she would have stood open to deep moral censure. As it was, and considering what powerful *conductors* there had arisen latterly for calling off public attention from herself,—considering what perilous rivals she had in Bonaparte, in Lord Byron, in Mr. Canning, and a thousand other overstimulating themes, all tending to reduce less agitating names and memorials to one common level of insipidity,—Mrs. More was warranted in sustaining so much talk about herself in the London influential circles as might just serve to apprise people that she belonged to the living generation. Otherwise, as Mrs. Hannah More had known Dr. Johnson, and as that fact happened to have been well advertised by Boswell, many people were apt to think of her as "the late Mrs. Hannah More," who had been buried perhaps with all her works before the French Revolution. But, apart from this excuse, and supposing that she really had been under no prudential obligation for refreshing the world's remembrance of herself, I must confess that even flattery the most direct has always appeared to me a far more venial offence, and meriting far more indulgence than it usually receives except from its objects. This much at least I can say with truth,—

that, in every case of flattery which it has ever happened to me personally to witness, nine-tenths of it, to say the least, have been pure overflowings of courtesy, or perhaps of benignity. And I am convinced that, where people decline to express, on a proper occasion arising, the just esteem which they entertain for a person's meritorious qualities, merely because that person is present, we may rely upon it that this forbearance is to be set down either to downright *mauvaise honte*, or at the least to natural reserve; very often to coldness of heart, or to sullen moroseness of temper. Recurring to my own experience in this matter, I may say that Miss Seward was the only person within my knowledge whose flattery did not seem to be the involuntary overflow of generous sympathy with its object. That lady seemed to flatter, so far as respected her motive, merely upon a previous calculation of its expedience or its necessity,—either because she believed that it was expected, or guessed that it might be profitable; and, as respected the scale or measure of her flattery, apparently she had no guide at all but a tentative approach by degrees (and not very slow ones) to the *maximum* of what she imagined that the party would bear. Thus, for instance, her public meetings with Lord (then Mr.) Erskine at Buxton were as good as a comedy to the assembled public. Each particular assault she prefaced with a look of doubt and distress, thrown round the circle, which seemed to say, "He has stood much: will he stand this?" He, although he had, from a habit of complimenting himself, gained the name of Mr. Counsellor Ego, so little relished the quality of Miss Seward's adulation that at length he was seen to hide himself behind a broad-backed man, and, when the back failed, behind a pillar, in order to elude his pursuer. But, with this single exception, all the flattery which it has been my fortune to witness might fairly be set down to the account of genuine sympathy with real and undoubted merit. The merit might be over-rated, and the sympathy itself might be exaggerated as to degree in the expression of it; but generally there was some real foundation for both the one and the other. And the true principle at work, after all, was pure goodness of heart, or (at the very least) courtesy seeking to deliver itself of a debt by acknowledging those

claims to which the public voice seemed to give the right of challenging acknowledgment. These opinions of mine with regard to flattery make it less offensive to avow an overruling belief that Mrs. More's reputation as an author had first commenced in a reciprocal intercourse of flattery, and that in some degree it was kept alive by means of the same quality. And, therefore, when it is said to me, "Do you mean to tax Mrs. More with worldly-mindedness?" I answer, "Certainly I do: in spite of her sincere piety, and her earnest wish to attain a higher standard of religious practice, I believe her to have been, in some considerable degree, though not immoderately, a woman of worldly mind; that is, involuntarily laying too much stress on rank, public honours, and, above all, on public opinion; and, what is more, I believe her to have been conscious of this infirmity, and to have struggled meritoriously against it, as against 'the sin which did too easily beset her.'"

However, to revert to her early life, I suppose that nobody at this time of day will think her early efforts in literature adequate of themselves to account for her early reputation. The way in which her position amongst people of rank was made to assist her is not exactly understood, even when it is made known as a fact. People will object that no countenance from the aristocracy could avail to warp or disturb either the public or the critical appreciation of her works. But the way in which a large body of fashionable supporters can be made to assist an author is this:—A woman of rank goes about canvassing for subscribers or for purchasers, as the case may be: "An interesting young friend of mine," she says, "has written a sweet little thing called *Bas Bleu*; and positively I must have your name down on my list of patronisers to her genius." Now, with as much influence as belonged either to Mrs. Montagu or to the Duchess of Beaufort, it was easy to collect names enough to carry off three or four impressions. Then mark what follows. The fact, the naked fact, without comment or explanation, that three or four editions of a book have been carried off in three or four days, being reported in every newspaper, travels with the speed of light all over the kingdom. People in the provinces are naturally anxious to

see what is reported to have made so deep an impression on the metropolis ; and very often, doubtless, they create for themselves all that they have been taught to expect. I myself, within my own narrow experience, have known many instances where a book was bought (as, in particular, Mrs. More's *Cœlebs*) for no other reason than because some startling amount of editions had already been sold in London ; and this I have known done by people who, had they happened to be in the secret, and to have been aware that the first three editions, which operated, by their rapid sale, as the *decoy editions* to the public, had been really bought almost exclusively by distinguished friends of the author, prepared for months before its appearance to expect the book, and who had in fact bespoke their copies, would undoubtedly have allowed no weight at all to the startling phenomenon of the sudden sale.

To return to Mrs. Hannah More's history :—By means as artificial as I have here described she had first emerged from obscurity. But in the progress of her life, at what point of it I cannot pretend to say, she had greatly strengthened her pretensions to public notice by stepping forward as the organiser of Sunday schools, upon a scale of unusual extent with relation to the means at her disposal. This chapter in her life was afterwards dwelt upon, I suspect, by herself, with more inward self-satisfaction than all the rest put together ; for her motives were pure, originating, as I heartily believe, in no love of power, but in a conscientious sense of public duty : her purpose was noble—being that of elevating the condition of human nature amongst the poorest and the humblest of her fellow-creatures. The means which she adopted were, perhaps, as good as could be had ; and, finally, her success, both directly within her own peculiar field, and remotely as a precedent which rapidly diffused and multiplied itself, was so great as to attain almost a national value. When I speak doubtfully upon the single head of the means which she employed, I do so with a reference to the Blagdon controversy, which (according to my slight remembrance of it) turned entirely upon the quality of Mrs. More's machinery in setting forward her new institution, and not at all upon the final causes of their

establishment, or upon the objects which they proposed to realise. Blagdon is a village about four miles, I think, from Wrington, lying amongst the beautiful hills on the left of that vale in going westwards: and either the incumbent of that parish, or (as I rather think) the curate, starting from some personal grievance of mortified pride, or of professional influence unduly disturbed, attacked Mrs. More and her proceedings with a virulence which ultimately, I believe, recoiled upon himself. The merits of that dispute I am quite unable to state. But I remember that it raged so long and so loudly that all England became aware of its existence and progress. What surprises me, at this moment, in recurring to it, is that Mrs. More should have left any opening for ill-will, springing originally, without a doubt, under whatever public disguises, from some sense of personal slight. For in her policy the wisdom of the serpent did certainly prevail, to say the least, as much as the simplicity of the dove. She could not but be sensible of the prudential obligation under which her whole purpose laid her of conciliating the spiritual leader of the parish. The public character and the authority with which the English parochial clergy are invested by their official stations make their favour at least, if not their actual co-operation, almost a *sine qua non* towards any tolerable success in schemes of education like those of Mrs. Hannah More. And with her known interest, in this point, exactly coincided her natural courtesy of disposition.

Such was the whole amount of Hannah More's history as known to myself, except as to one incident, perhaps to herself the most interesting in her life. This was her marriage disappointment. What were the exact circumstances under which it took place I have never been able to ascertain. . . . However, there certainly *was* some story of a delicate nature (in the belief of Mrs. More's best friends). And I have received the following as the true fact from a clergyman of great respectability, and a fervent friend of Mrs. H. More's: —The morning was fixed for the marriage; Mrs. More's friends were all in attendance, and, after breakfasting together, had actually proceeded to the church where, by appointment, they were to meet the bridegroom. They

actually waited above an hour in the porch, looking out for his arrival, and as yet with no suspicion of his dishonourable intentions. At length a single horseman was seen approaching; he advanced to the steps, dismounted, and presented to Miss More a letter, in which the gentleman pleaded simply, as a reason for receding from his engagements, that he could not bring his mind, at the hour of crisis, to so solemn and so irrevocable a contract. He offered, however, to make such reparation as could be made, in a pecuniary sense, to Miss More; but this intention, if he really had it at the time, would, no doubt, have died away as soon as the immediate difficulty was overcome. The friends of Miss More, aware of that, pressed him vigorously, and would grant no delay. The sequel was that, rather than stand a prosecution, he settled on Miss More a handsome provision,—my informant believes, not less, but rather more, than £400 per annum for life.

I now return to my own personal acquaintance with Mrs. H. More. My first introduction to her was under the following circumstances:—In the year 1809, I had come down to Westhay (the villa of my friend Mrs. ——) on a visit of some months.[1] The time of year might be May, or early in June; and the particular morning was one of peculiar splendour. Sitting by accident at a window of my dressing-room, which looked out upon the approach to the house, I observed a plain-looking carriage coming up the grounds, at the rate of about four miles an hour. In those days the eye was familiar enough with the image of languid motion under all possible varieties; even the Bristol mail,

[1] As the reader understands, the "Mrs. ——" of this sentence was his own mother. *Westhay* was the name she had given to her new villa in Wrington Valley, Somersetshire,—in recollection, no doubt, of *Greenhay*, the country-house near Manchester where she passed the last years of her married life and the first of her widowhood, and had brought up her children. See *ante*, Vol. I, p. 57, and pp. 68-69,—also Vol. III, p. 243. But see more particularly Vol. I, p. 404; where there is this distinct statement respecting his mother and her changes of residence:—"It happened that amongst the few "infirmities besetting my mother's habits and constitution of mind "was the costly one of seeking her chief intellectual excitement in "architectural erections. She individually might be said to have "built Greenhay; since to *her* views of domestic elegance and pro-

the swiftest in the kingdom, did not then perform much above seven miles an hour. But a pace so *very* cautious indicated the presence of ladies, probably of *old* ladies; and a sudden recollection that it was yet scarcely twelve o'clock argued that the party must be a privileged one; how else venture to present itself on a morning call at an hour so antediluvian? Antediluvian, indeed, were all things inside and outside the equipage. "Castor and Pollux!" exclaimed a young Oxonian of the Westhay family, "what a set out!"; yet, at least, it wore an air of harmony in its self-consistency. The horses were manifestly pets, sleek and dull, crammed up to the throats, and apparently worked at the rate of thirty miles a month. The coachman seemed, after *his* kind, a pet also; consequently, sleek and dull, crammed up to the throat, and worked on the same severe scale. He wore a look of demure solemnity, which it was his intention to pass off for the expression of exceeding religious devotion. Unfortunately, it conveyed rather an opposite impression of exceeding knavery; and, a knave he was, of the first water —a *fourbe fourbissime*, in the language of Moliere, or *rascal rascalissimus*, as I had afterwards occasion to know. The carriage itself had the air of being also a pet. It was hung low, was sad-coloured, roomy and considerate in its dimensions, allowing ample scope and verge enough for the most Dutch proportions, and seemed so well furnished with cushions, or squabs, to speak technically, and those squabs, again, so luxuriously plump and downy, that one could not figure to one's self for such a carriage any harsher destiny than that of carrying forth some podagrous bishop upon his gentle matutinal airings in seasons when all the zephyrs

"priety my father had resigned *almost* everything. This was her "*coup d'essai*; secondly, she built the complement to the Priory in "Cheshire, which cost about £1000; thirdly, *Westhay, in Somerset-*"*shire*, about twelve miles from Bristol, which, including the land "attached to the house, cost £12,500 (not including subsequent "additions),—but this was built at the cost of my uncle."——In 1809 (the date of that visit of De Quincey to his mother's Somersetshire home which he goes on to describe) Hannah More, the reader will do well to remember, was sixty-four years of age, while De Quincey was only in his twenty-fourth year, fresh from Oxford, the Kantian metaphysics, London literary society, and the raptures of his first visit to Wordsworth and the Lakes.—M.

were abroad. Bishop, however, it was not, but the friend of bishops, whom it now conveyed. We had continued speculating upon its probable contents as the lazy equipage moved towards the house; and at last my young Oxonian friend, exclaiming suddenly to me, "By the powers, it is Holy Hannah coming to look at your premises," shot downwards to present his arm to the ladies in executing the very difficult manœuvre of alighting.

Imagine, then, at length, the portly carriage solemnly anchored alongside the main entrance of the house, the carriage door opened, and the steps duly unfolded to the very last, which grazed the surface of the ground, in preparation for discharging its jolly freightage of dames. Jolly they were, in every acceptation of that word; ample and roomy as their carriage; and absolutely noisy in their expressions of gaiety and good humour. Such, at least, was the description of the two sisters who on that morning accompanied Mrs. Hannah More, but not of Mrs. Hannah herself: she was neither large in person nor joyous in her manner. Her deportment was lady-like and pleasing; but marked with thoughtfulness, and sometimes, perhaps, with a shade of sadness; or, to express both traits by a single word, at least of pensiveness. People who are consciously the objects of much notice and curiosity wherever they appear rarely obtain so complete a mastery over their feelings as to disembarrass themselves entirely of that constraint and awkward reserve which accompany such a situation when continually forced upon the consciousness. Certainly, for a woman who had mixed so largely in the world, Mrs. H. More seemed to have made as small advances towards such a state of callous self-possession as any one person whom it has been my fortune to know. She had even a tremor in her manner, and at times, upon first presenting herself, a *mauvaise honte*, which almost amounted to agitation. But I am anticipating.—The visit, as it appeared, really was to myself, none being due at that time to the family whom I was visiting. In saying this, I arrogate no particular importance beyond what Mrs. More's courtesy allowed to every scholar; and such I was reputed. My fame had been somewhat increased also, as I am ashamed to say, by a report

current at that time which imputed to me, most untruly, some shape or other—I know not exactly what—of infidel philosophy.

My curiosity was, at any rate, sufficiently strong to have carried me down to the drawing-room ; and, as it appeared that the visit was really to myself, it became my duty to descend. Of course, I did not keep the ladies waiting ; and I had presented myself before they—so leisurely in their movements—had completed the process of seating themselves. All eyes directed me to the lion, or rather lioness, of the occasion. The lady of the house did me the favour to present me in form to her favourable notice. She received me with most gracious and winning smiles ; and I took my seat upon a sofa by her side. I had previously seen almost everybody in England who enjoyed any great reputation for conversational talent ; and I expected little in that way which could dazzle *me* from Mrs. H. More. In justice, I must say, that I found no more than I expected. Madame de Staël I had seen, but that was all. *Virgilium vidi tantum.* I could, through more channels than one, have commanded an introduction ; but this my pride prevented me from seeking. Backed by no book of my own composition, I should have appeared to her a mere boy, and could not have interested her vanity in making a display before one so obscure. She, however, when she chose, or when she was adequately excited, could really perform with effect and execution ; and, at times, she executed *bravuras*, or passages of colloquial effect, which electrified all who heard. Mrs. H. More was the most opposite creature in the world. She was modest, feminine, and, by nature, retiring. Her manners, which were those of a well-bred woman, accustomed to good society, and therefore free from all bustle, hurry, and excitement, supported the natural expression of her mind. It was only by a most unnatural and transient effort that she ever attempted to shine. On the other hand, to the eye, she was a far more pleasing woman than the masculine De Staël. That most pretending of God's women was a hideous-looking creature, with a huge structure of bones about the shoulders, fitter for a Mammoth or a Megatherium than a reasonable woman. Her chest,

especially when viewed *en profile*, was, as a London wit remarked, like a chest of drawers. And her black hair, floating in masses about her temples, her fierce eyes, and her impassioned gestures, gave her, when declaiming, the air of a Pythoness upon her tripod, or of some dark sibyl thirsting for the blood of Œdipus. Add whiskers and mustachios, and, without a doubt, she would have frightened and put to flight the advanced posts of an army. But Mrs. H. More was soft, delicate, and agreeable; and, in youth, must have been pretty. Her eyes only were too bright for absolute repose of countenance; else hers would have been nearly quiescent. Her sisters were, if not more interesting, at least more entertaining; especially Mrs. Sally, who had exuberant spirits, mirth, and good nature: and Mrs. Patty, who was distinguished for humour, or at least drollery; and from her pen had proceeded many of the most lively amongst the Repository Tracts.

The times in which I had thus become acquainted with Mrs. H. More were times of profound political interest,—I may truly say, describing my own feelings, times of awful agitation. A power had arisen in France which, going on through stages of transmigration from one horrid birth to another, was at length settled, as might seem, in its final development, having obtained an organization more potent than ever this world had seen for evil, and for the propagation of evil. Until the era of the Consulate, the French Revolution had passed through many forms—all bad, and some weak. . . . Under circumstances like these, and at a crisis so appalling, those who felt the interest appropriate to the times had leisure for no other interest; and the first question which arose with regard to any person on whom much attention was fixed concerned the nature and quality of their views upon foreign politics. Accordingly, my own first impulse, as regarded Mrs. H. More, was to apply some mete-wand to the state of her sentiments upon all that regarded Napoleon Bonaparte. I knew already, by the general tone of her *Cheap Repository Tracts*, and particularly by her *Will Chip, or Village Politics*,[1] that she was loyal,

[1] For which tract, I have heard (but I will not vouch for the fact) that Mrs. H. More received the thanks of Messrs. Pitt and Dundas.

and well-affected to the Government,—that she was an Anti-gallican,—that she was an Antijacobin. I judged, besides, from the quality of her connexions, that she was, of course, a Pittite. . . . Yet, having said this, I have said all that does credit to her political firmness or sagacity ; for, in other respects, she was deeply enslaved to the meanest superstitions of the day. There was at that time, and ever since the year 1796 there had been, a most ridiculous prostration of the English mind to the *prestige* of French generalship. People had a notion that French strategics differed, not only as to degree, but also by some special privilege of kind, from all other, and that, somehow or other, without ever being able to tell how, generals of any school but that of Paris would inevitably, in contact with a French commander, find themselves pretty much in the relation of a fly to a spider : sooner or later, they would be enmeshed in his fine-spun webs, without a chance of evading them by skill, or breaking them by force. This was an abject and pitiable superstition ; and often had I occasion to combat it in conversation, without finding a single ally, until the triumphs of the Peninsular War, beginning to dawn in 1808, first gave me some vantage-ground. With Mrs. H. More I argued in the same key, but absolutely without effect. "I grant," she would often say, "everything you can urge for British courage ; but——" and then came the old story of courage matched against the magic of talent, &c. ; the whole amount of which was this, when put into plainer language, as I repeatedly told her,—that we British were in effect a race of brainless bull-dogs, with animal courage enough and to spare, but without sense or sagacity to guide it ; whilst the French had credit, not merely for all the talent, but absolutely for a sort of magic, and of supernatural art, by which effects were produced beyond the reach of ordinary tactics to explain. Those days were the days of my fervid youth. I was then *calidus juventa, Consule Planco* ; at which period of life a man's patience is not his most shining virtue. And very often, I confess, absolutely I shivered with wrath when I heard, by insinuation, such disparagement offered to the mighty nation amongst whom I gloried to have been born. Brute force ! animal qualities of facing peril, or enduring pain ! Were

these, then, the highest attributes of that "*princeps populus*" who had been hailed from the orient to the setting sun as the great leading nation in arts and arms, the tutor and forerunner of men's race in civilization? Such characteristics might aptly delineate the Russian or Scythian boor; but for that thrice-famous island whose sons had so long shone as the vanward host in the army of nations,—whose colonies possessed, by circles of longitude and latitude, the supreme section of the New World,—under the shadow of whose mighty sceptre the hundred millions of Hindostan reposed,—the people whom, when cited up ideally before the true and mirror-like sensibility of Goldsmith, that poet had beheld sweeping by, over the stage of life, in such majestic pomp and precedency as to challenge tears from Dr. Johnson whensoever he read the lines

> "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
> I see the lords of human kind pass by"!

Contrasting the mighty object thus insulted with the trivial insulter (a blue-stocking manufacturer of sentiment), I acknowledge that I gradually became more careless of Mrs. H. More's acquaintance than I had even originally been, and still more insensible of any merit which she possessed. However, I determined that she should not mistake me for a mere John Bull, fierce upon his imagined superiority without knowing anything of the grounds which sustain it. Not enduring to talk much with her upon such a theme, I threw into what I meant for my parting colloquies some hits which, I was well assured, she could not parry; and I was truly delighted to see that I stung her beyond all power of dissembling.[1] . . . Finally, having multiplied my cases of this nature against Mrs. Hannah More, and mortified her — on public grounds, observe—to the utmost extent of my opportunities, I took

[1] He entertained her, he tells us, with illustrations of the British superiority to the French even in strategy, drawn from the wars and battles of the great Marlborough, and from more recent British military enterprises and expeditions, Sir Arthur Wellesley's latest Peninsular actions included,—the illustrations the less worth repeating now, however, because there is much to the same effect in De Quincey's later and better-known writings.—M.

leave of the subject with this remark :—The admiration for military talent was built, I contended, upon a psychological delusion. No sort of talent is more vulgar in itself, or of more plentiful growth ; in fact, it is produced to order in any quantity required. Witness the Thirty Years' War,—witness the age of Republican France. In both periods there was a great market for the sale of such talent : and, accordingly, in both periods there was a large supply immediately sown, reaped, and brought to market. In reality, the mere art—or knack rather—of strategic movements, if it could be detached and altogether abstracted from the great consequences dependent on such movements, would be viewed as one of the meanest amongst the mechanic arts : not much, if at all, above carpentry. But it happens that great events, thrones raised and dynasties dissolved, are often the direct results of military operations. Hence, by a natural psychological process (*vitium subreptionis*) we transfer upon the mind achieving the splendour which really belongs to the things achieved. But, at all events, it is fatal to all ideas of rarity or intrinsic value in the talent itself that as much of it is produced, and as rapidly and as certainly, at any era of particular demand for such qualities as of any one assignable product of manufacturing industry. Mrs. Hannah More never professed any talents for disputation : still less upon a philosophic question. And such a dogma as this last, simply because it contradicted the commonplace current on the subject, she would, at any rate, have shrunk from as a paradox.[1] . . .

Here, then, at the very outset of my intimacy with Mrs. H. More, was laid a solid foundation for mutual dislike.

[1] From the long digressive passage which follows here in the original text, this may be worth preserving, but, as it disturbs the chronology of the text, comes better in footnote form :—"Happening "again to be engaged in political conversation with Mrs. H. More, "after an interval of some years, during which the national ear had "been stunned and deafened by the rapid succession of our victories, "suddenly it recurred to me that I had never claimed or enjoyed my "just triumph [in the former argument with her], and that I could "have it now. Powers of justice ! conceive my astonishment when I "heard Mrs. H. More disown all the sentiments I ascribed to her and "the whole part which she had really borne in our disputes. Nay, I "did not entirely satisfy her that our separate parts and relations in

We began our acquaintance with no great love; and, to use Mr. Slender's account of his progress with fair Mistress Ann Page, "it pleased God to decrease it upon further acquaintance." But, upon the very second visit which I paid her, another indication was drawn forth of Mrs. More's intellect, which sealed my disgust. Having called at Barley Wood in the morning, I had received an invitation to spend the evening there,—an invitation which I willingly accepted, as two or three of the sisters were conspicuous for their high spirits and amiable temper, always ready to amuse and to be amused; besides which, one might generally rely upon meeting some agreeable society from the neighbouring families of the vale. On such occasions it was usual to go early; for the ladies dined at four o'clock, and were glad to see their friends as soon as possible after five. On this particular occasion I remember that I found a large party of young ladies assembled on the lawn. In the course of the evening some conversation had arisen in which one of the company had built some argument upon, or drawn some illustrations from, poetry. Upon this Mrs. Hannah More, with the air of one who is delivering some brilliant *propos*, had taken upon herself to say, "Poetry! oh! as to poetry, I forswore *that*, and I think everybody else should forswear it, together with pink ribbons"; meaning, I suppose, in youth. Mr. Wordsworth has remarked, as one feature of a luxurious and feeble condition of society in an intellectual sense, that the grandest functions of the human mind are degraded into the mere ministers of stimulation or of trivial ornament, and that people talk of a "taste" for poetry as they would of a taste for Frontiniac or for rope-dancing. I, however, had learned to think higher by far, and with

"these disputes were not (to speak mathematically) the mere *reci-*
"*procal* or absolute inversion of what I represented. 'Surely it
"must have been herself who stood up for England,—oh yes: on
"recollection it must be so; she had always been for England; and,
"on further recollection, she fancied (though in that she *might* be
"mistaken) that I had shocked her very much,—or at least some-
"body had, and surely it must be myself,—by the keenness of my
"anti-national principles, and the excess of my admiration for
"French tactics.' Oh! Goddess Rhamnusia! had I lived to hear
"*that*? And was this my retribution? I dropped the subject, and
"for that day I was silent."—M.

mysterious reverence, of the genial art: I had learned to view it as the science of human passion in all its fluxes and refluxes—in its wondrous depths below depths, and its starry altitudes that ascended to the gates of heaven. Mrs. H. More would talk learnedly in her books upon the dignity of human nature: she could not do otherwise; for, though she delighted also to talk of its degradation and corruption, yet, unless originally and indefeasibly it possessed some unspeakable grandeur, how or with what propriety could its restoration have become the subject of a mysterious scheme in the councils of Heaven? Such, however, was her inconsistency that the very art which kept the golden keys for unlocking the whole economy of the human heart,—that world of hopes and fears, of heights and shadowy depths, of laughter and of tears,—was dismissed to her *chiffonier*, or rag depot, together with old filigree, paste pearls, and obsolete bracelets. I burned to speak in reply; and to myself I murmured secretly,—"Oh! woman, that this were not thy house, or that our meeting could be adjourned to Salisbury Plain!" Something, indeed, as it was, without violating any restraints of politeness, I might have said. But I had this infirmity—that, whenever I spoke (if it were but a word) upon a theme which challenged any peculiar depth of sympathy from its importance, inevitably my voice trembled. This effect, which I could not dissemble, made a pause and a "sensation" in the conversation, by too pointedly arresting the attention of the company; which was not in the right key of well-bred society. It made something too like a *scene*. On this account I was silent. But, just at the moment when it seemed certain that Mrs. H. More was to bear off her pretty remark, neither "noted" nor "protested," forth stepped a young lady, "severe in youthful beauty," and, with a modest but yet not a timid air, put in this unanswerable demurrer:—"Really, Mrs. Hannah More, I could never presume so far as to look upon anything in the light of a trifle which Milton had not disdained to spend his life in cultivating. Surely I ought not to rank the Paradise Lost with pink ribbons?" Here was a *duplie* (in the lawyers' phrase) to which it was vain for Mrs. More to attempt a *triplie*. This

was a smasher ; and I could have kissed the lovely girl, if I durst, for so seasonable a service. As to Mrs. Hannah More, I am sorry to say that she took the reproof with no very charitable expression of eye ; she was silent *per force* ; for what *could* she have said ? But her eye said for her as plainly as possible,—" You are a very impertinent young woman ! " However, Milton *v.* the Author of the Search after Happiness was a case admitting of no reply.

Pretty much about the same time I learned another feature of Mrs. Hannah More's character, which was peculiarly revolting to my mind ; or, rather, I ought to say, that I now learned a peculiarly revolting case, illustrating a weakness which I was already aware of. There was in Bristol an author, of very estimable private character, and, judging by the sale of his works, not altogether without claims to be considered as a favourite of the public. Indeed I have heard the most original poet of modern times acknowledge that his works were rich in gleams of native genius, though he was disposed to pronounce them heavy as a whole. Some class, however, there must have been among the reading public to whom his writings were acceptable ; for, without much favour amongst the professional critics, and with no private partisanship, assuredly, at work on his behalf, repeated impressions had been called for of those amongst his works which were at all fitted for popularity by their subject. This author had originally been a bookseller and a publisher ; and I have understood that, having been in some way or other unfortunate, he had retired—but with no loss of character—at an early period of life, from all his speculations as a tradesman. I called upon him, whenever I passed through Bristol, simply as a man of letters ; and I thought him a very agreeable companion ; for he wore upon the face of his manners an air of integrity : he was kind and courteous ; and about his literary pursuits and plans he was communicative or not according to the interest, more or less, which his visitor manifested in such topics.[1] This gentleman, and his sisters, with whom he lived, were

[1] Can this be Joseph Cottle, the Bristol bookseller who had published Coleridge's first volume of poems in 1796, and the *Lyrical Ballads* of Coleridge and Wordsworth in 1798, and who had retired

uniformly in the habit of professing great esteem for Mrs. H. More, and admiration—more by a good deal than I could see any ground for—of her writings. In birth they were very probably on a level with that lady; and, as to professional pursuits, there could be no difference of rank, seeing that the sisters presided over a large and brilliant establishment for educating young ladies, exactly as Mrs. Hannah More and *her* sisters had done many years before. Not understanding, therefore, what barrier it was which could divide people so united as they were in religious opinions, and with so much reverence on the one side towards the other, I said, one day, when paying my respects at this house, "Pray, Mr. X. Z., what is the reason that, thinking as I know you think about Mrs. H. More, you do not cultivate her acquaintance? How is it that, amongst all the legions of gay people whom I meet at Barley Wood, never yet, by any accident, have I seen there either you or your sisters?" —He smiled, and answered thus: "My answer is partly anticipated in your question; it is precisely on account of those legions of gay people that I do not go to Barley Wood. I will own to you, very frankly, that I am not quite at home in such society. Some people of the very highest rank, in whose way I have sometimes fallen casually, have treated me with great affability; but, generally speaking, the fashionable mob whom one is liable to find at Barley Wood on a fine morning—those, I mean, who come over from Bath—look strangely upon me; and, doubtless, I suit them as little as they suit me. Meantime, you are to understand that in former times I *did* visit Mrs. Hannah More; and whether I gave up that practice on a sufficient reason, speaking in my own case, I will not take upon me to say: you shall judge. One day I was sitting alone with Mrs. Hannah More; and I believe that on that particular morning she did not expect any visitors. Suddenly I saw the heads of the leaders to a travelling carriage fairly looking in at the drawing-room windows before any noise of approach had reached us; and, in the next moment, a servant announced

from business not long afterwards. For De Quincey's acquaintance with him in 1827 see *ante*, Vol. II, p. 163. He lived till 1853,—*i.e.* till twenty years after the publication of the present article.—M.

their Royal Highnesses the Princess A——, Prince W. of G——, and some lady of rank in attendance upon the Princess. Great was my perplexity as to what I ought to do. It appeared to me that Mrs. H. More, by a little decent exertion of firmness and self-respect, might have delivered both herself and me from all embarrassment. She, however, appeared flurried; not, as I fancied, from any trepidation about facing people of this distinguished rank, but at being here detected in a *tête-à-tête* with a man of my unfashionable air. She looked at me, then at the window, then at the fire-place, until, really, a strange fancy came over me that she wished me to jump out of the window, or to get up the chimney. Up the chimney, to say the truth, I would have been too happy to go, both for her sake and for my own. But the weather was cold; there was a hot fire, my dear Sir; and under those circumstances,——" "Say no more, my friend: under no circumstances ought the most good-natured of men to go up a chimney, not though it were to oblige the Pope and the Dalai Lama. But did Mrs. H. More take it ill, then, that you blinked the question as to the chimney?"—"Really it would be hard to say what she wished at that moment; but, doubtless, she wished fervently that Providence had called me on any other road that morning. Meantime, as Damien observed, no agony lasts for ever. I was attempting an exit by the door, when I saw the royal party advancing through the passage. To pass them was impossible without absolute rudeness. I waited until they had entered. The ladies advanced up to Mrs. H. More, and did not seem at all to observe me; but the Prince, who was in the rear, very courteously bowed to me as he advanced up the room. I made my acknowledgments by gestures; and, immediately after, making my way to the door, I opened it, and then, turning round, without speaking, I bowed once or twice with an air of reverence to the whole party, and made my exit. Afterwards, I called, as usual, on Mrs. H. More; but she received me with coldness; and, though I could well perceive this, I did not resent it, but paid her my usual respectful attentions; until at length I found myself a second time in the very same dilemma. A large party came in suddenly: this time it was not a royal

party; but I heard the sounds of 'Your Ladyship' and 'My Lord' bandied about; and, from the number of outriders, &c., doubtless they were some great people or other. I never staid to ask who; for, seeing, as before, a marked expression of vexation on Hannah More's countenance, I took my hat without saying a word, satisfied that nobody would miss me, and quitted her house, never again to enter it. That vow I made at the moment; that vow I have kept; and keep it I shall. I esteem, value, and highly admire Mrs. H. More; but I have also some respect for myself; and I will go no more to a house where I am tolerated only in a surreptitious way, and become a subject of scandal and offence if for one moment a collision occurs between myself and more privileged friends."

Such was my friend's statement; which explained everything, and shocked me exceedingly. Never yet could I tolerate this double countenance and double tongue by which a man is welcomed as a friend in one situation, and frowned upon or disowned in another. And, doubtless, Mrs. H. More would have found secretly more respect from her great friends if she had protected her unassuming visitor, and had said firmly, "This gentleman, or that gentleman"—for he would have absented himself, no doubt, immediately—"is a very respectable and old friend of mine."

I think it might be in 1811 or 1812 that Hannah More acquainted me with the fact of her having declined the place of sub-governess to the Princess Charlotte of Wales. When the offer had been made, and whether at the time it were Lady de Clifford or Lady Elgin who had the post of principal governess, I do not know. What were the reasons which induced Mrs. H. More to decline a situation which would have given her some power, and a great deal of distinction, I did not inquire. Most people found a sufficient justification of her refusal in the ample comforts of her present situation as a private woman, which could not have been increased by any public station however lucrative, whilst her liberty of action would have been greatly abridged, and a responsibility undertaken beyond the warrant of any powers conferred upon the place. I have said that I made no inquiries of Mrs. H. More, or her sisters, as to the motives

which guided her,—in fact, the terms on which I stood with the family were not confidential enough to allow of my doing so. But Mrs. H. More herself related to me a little anecdote at this time, which might, I suspect, have had some share in sharpening her objections to the place. The opening made for Mrs. H. More had arisen out of the retirement (whether resignation or dismissal I cannot say) of a Miss Hayes. This lady, as it happened, was acquainted with the family at Barley Wood, and had recently made them a visit. Naturally enough the conversation had fallen upon the nature of the vacant office, and the kind of duties attached to it. In the course of these communications it had come out that a great deal of intriguing went on amongst the household of the young Princess, and that, in a recent instance, one very respectable man had fallen a victim to it. Dr. —— officiated, under the then Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Fisher), as the acting tutor of Her Royal Highness with regard to some particular portions of her studies. This gentleman Miss Hayes described as an upright, honourable man, guileless in all respects, but too simple-minded and unpractised in the ways of courts. *He had neglected to plant his attentions and his deference in the right, that is, the influential quarter.* Hence, probably, what followed. One day, in conversing upon the History of England, and the gradual developments of English law in concurrence with the continual increase in the expansion and variety of English property, the youthful Princess came upon the subject of donations and testamentary dispositions of property. What were the various modes by which people could legally acquire or alienate property? What conditions were essential to the framing of a will? Particularly, at what *age* could a person of either sex make a will that should be binding in law? Upon all these points the learned Doctor gave such answers as were suitable: such, in short, as were in a manner extorted from him by his royal pupil. She had, at the same time, pressed her inquiries upon the nature of property and upon the legal extent of her own. With respect to most of her instances, the Doctor had replied that the property was hers only in a sense of courtesy. Were her trinkets, then, were her books,—in short (speaking

pettishly), was anything,—hers? The Doctor replied that such things, being too inconsiderable to come within the notice of her Royal Father, probably would be so considered; at least, that her own disposal of them would not be disturbed. Out of this conversation, which upon the tutor's part was a mere act of duty and submission to Her Royal Highness's pleasure, arose his ruin. Within a few days it transpired that the Princess had made her will. The singularity of such a caprice attracted a good deal of attention; and much anxiety was testified, by different members of her establishment, to get a sight of it. In fact, it was justly regarded as a sort of index to her personal preferences, and a scale, regularly graduated, for expressing the exact place which each individual there mentioned held in her esteem. There might also, for anything I know, be satirical bequests to particular persons whom she disliked, upon the model of that celebrated metrical will composed by Dr. Donne in the time of James I.[1] At all events, her sub-tutor, the worthy Dr. ——, was honoured by an especial notice—the whole of her library being bequeathed to him. This was immediately connected with the recent conversation; an occasion was thence derived for colouring the whole transaction as a jesuitical contrivance for interested purposes on the part of Dr. ——; the matter was reported to the Regent, who, without very much sifting, frowned, at any rate, upon so disproportionate a mark of attachment shown to an obscure person; and, briefly, the Doctor was dismissed. Such a story as this was not likely to recommend the office to Hannah More's ambition. . . .

I believe it was by way of a peace-offering for having declined it, and in some imperfect way to supply the defect of her own personal superintendence, that Mrs. Hannah More

[1] The reference, I suppose, is to Dr. Donne's poem of fifty-four lines entitled "The Will." It begins—

> "Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
> Great Love! some legacies";

and the rest specifies his bequests,—*e.g.* his "constancy" to the planets, his "ingenuity and openness" to the Jesuits, his "pensiveness" to buffoons, his "faith" to Roman Catholics, and his "good works" to the schismatics of Amsterdam.—M.

now composed her "*Hints on the Education of a Princess.*" I dare say that this work may have been useful; because, however otherwise shallow and superficial, it appeals, as all Mrs. Hannah More's works do, to a higher standard of morals than usually is ever heard of in the courts of princes. Doubtless it must do good, and must influence favourably many a moment of sadness or of solitary meditation, and must have a chance for turning to a moral account many a heart-ache, such as palaces are heirs to no less than cottages, to know or to remember as even among real existences the fact of a Christian ideal in morals, loftier, purer, and more holy, whilst by the great machinery of the Christian scheme it is made also far more practically applicable to human necessities, than the aerial altitudes of Stoical ethics; though that scheme, also, was the grandest speculation of uninspired human nature. Else, and apart from this use in suggesting higher moral motives, I have often wondered at the shallowness of the soil which could be supposed capable of receiving much culture or much manuring from instructions so slight, and so unsustained even by extensive reading, as Mrs. Hannah More's. The whole stream of her illustrations was naturally derived from History; and yet on how narrow a basis reposed her acquaintance with that prodigious body of records, and in the choice of her reading how little had she shown of research or of desire to visit the fountain-heads! One day I happened, in conversation with her, to mention Coligni, the well-known Protestant leader in the times of Charles IX. To my great surprise, she seemed perplexed, and quite at fault. "Coligni," I repeated, "the Admiral: he, you know, who became substantially the head of the Protestants after the assassination of Condé": and then, seeing that she still looked confused, I added, "the very chief of those who suffered at Paris in the St. Bartholomew butchery." "Oh! yes," she replied, "the conspiracy of St. Bartholomew; I remember: that was a shocking affair." But, though she remembered the name and designation of this great event, it was evident that she had no remembrance at all of the great persons who had figured in it, whether as actors or as sufferers.[1] . . . At length Mrs. H.

[1] Further illustrations follow of her deplorable ignorance of history,

More began to complain that all history would unsettle its foundations, and nothing be left to rely upon, if such a spirit of scrutiny were encouraged. But this was no better objection to the justice of such a course than it would be in a magistrate to allege that some great criminal investigation must be stifled as likely to involve too many or too distinguished persons in its consequences. On the whole, however, I ascertained that she was neither well-read in History (the only distinct branch of knowledge, excepting theology, which she professed), nor willing to encounter the pains of steadily supplying her deficiencies. Often, indeed, I had occasion to remember the cynical remark of Swift—that, after all, as respects mere learning, the most accomplished woman is hardly on a level with a schoolboy. In quoting this saying, I have restricted it so as to offer no offence to the female sex intellectually considered. Swift probably meant to undervalue women generally. Now, I am well aware that they have their peculiar province. But that province does not extend to *learning*, technically so called. No woman ever was or will be a *polyhistor*, like Salmasius, for example; nor a philosopher; nor in fact anything whatsoever, called by what name you like, which demands either of these two combinations which follow:—1, great powers of combination, that is, of massing or grouping under large comprehensive principles; or, 2, severe logic.[1]

The reason that Mrs. H. More had so slender an acquaintance with History was, in fact, that she had no philosophical principles; none of any sort; and from the very name and offices of all such knowledge she retreated with horror. Hence it was, and not from want of reading, that she knew little or nothing of the true steps by which Europe had attained her present state of civilization. There is no way for retaining the mere facts of history, and the prodigious succession of similar events, unless by attach-

and especially of the real characters of such historical personages as Henri IV, Sully, and Lord Clarendon: all having the effect now of very forced and disproportionate digression.—M.

[1] Hence, by the way, *i.e.* from this last postulate, the difficulty that a woman should be a Political Economist,—that is, in a rigid sense.

ing them as illustrations to previous theories of the forces, powers, and agencies then operating and moulding the course both of things and persons without any distinct consciousness on the part of those who forward the general process. Hannah More had no such theories,—no general principles, I mean, of any kind, unless in theology; and upon that subject only, clothed in the wisdom of others, she did occasionally talk wisely.

Notwithstanding all this, it has been often remarked that so essentially are the *final* difficulties in all great questions relating to man and his primary interests fastened as it were to philosophy, and in many cases even to that abstruser branch of philosophy which is called metaphysics, that even amongst the most frivolous people,—nay, even amongst people as little cultured as savages,—questions of philosophy, and very often of pure metaphysics, will and do continually force themselves on the attention. Witness, in morals, the questions of free will, fate, chance; in theology, the nature of God, and thousands of others. Hence it happened that even Mrs. H. More could not *always* repel the intrusion of such questions. And it happened, also, as a further occasion for provoking such discussions, that the adjacent little town of Wrington (hardly one-half mile from her own gates) had been the birthplace of Locke. Him, in some sense, she venerated; having no better reason for doing so than because, upon tentatively groping about to ascertain his public estimation, she found that he was (though declining in authority) still classed amongst those who had done honour to their country. With regard to his religious opinions, I believe she was aware how lax and indulgent they were as compared with her own. As to myself, knowing that I was a philosophical student, she so far did violence to her own tastes (or possibly in those particular instances she might really feel some curiosity) as twice to seek my aid in metaphysical embarrassments. Once was with respect to the philosophic scheme of Immanuel Kant: without minute details, she wished for a general rude outline of its purposes and its machinery. The other case regarded the Humian doctrine of cause and effect, which had accidentally been brought forward with a *practical* purpose of

partisanship on occasion of the late Professor Leslie's canvass amongst the electors to some one of the chairs in the University of Edinburgh. On that occasion the late Dr. Thomas Brown had written an anonymous pamphlet, which he afterwards expanded into a large volume.[1] The same Dr. Brown had also written an anonymous paper, in a very early number of the *Edinburgh Review*, upon the other subject of Mrs. Hannah More's curiosity, Kant's philosophy. The task which Mrs. More had imposed, over and above its general difficulties, had a special one as regarded my very fastidious pupil, who came already disgusted to the subject. However, I succeeded in realizing the old proverb and killing two birds with one stone; for I so dovetailed the two answers together that the explanation of Kant was made to arise naturally and easily out of the mere statement of Hume's problem on the idea of necessary connexion: a problem which Mr. Coleridge has traced to Thomas Aquinas; but which, whether excogitated *proprio marte* or not by Hume, is unquestionably the most remarkable contribution to philosophy ever made by man. And I may add, in justification of my dovetailing process, that, as a matter of fact, Kant's whole philosophy did originally arise upon the suggestion of that famous discovery. My answer, though short indeed for so vast a subject, was, however, too long to be inserted in this place. Probably I shall publish it in a separate form.

In another instance, Mrs. H. More paid a compliment to my philosophic pretensions which I could well have dispensed with. An Irish gentleman, reputed to be of brilliant talents, who had once filled the office of confidential secretary to the late Lord Londonderry (then Castlereagh), when

[1] The famous controversy occasioned by the candidature of Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Leslie for the Chair of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh was in 1805. He was opposed by the clergy on the ground of his religious heterodoxy, as supposed to be proved by a note in his *Essay on Heat* in which he had expressed his approbation of Hume's Theory of Cause and Effect. Among those who appeared to his rescue was Thomas Brown (afterwards his colleague in the University), who published an Essay in Leslie's interest in the shape of a defence of the philosophical accuracy of Hume's theory. —M.

Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c., in Ireland, happened to be domesticated at Barley Wood upon a visit of a week or two. I, in company with part of the family from Westhay, had the honour of being invited to meet him at dinner. Suppose, then, the *fade* process of introduction, of drinking wine with each other,—of dining, in short,—all gone through, and the servants withdrawn: suddenly, as by a preconcerted movement, Mrs. H. More rose up from the chair which she occupied between the Irishman and myself, begged me to exchange seats with her; and, having by this movement brought the lion and myself into immediate contact, she laid her commands upon us to commence disputing—upon what? *De quolibet ente* was manifestly her purpose. But, as we were both shy of "coming to the scratch" upon so vague an invitation, she drew forward, from past remembrances, some proposition of mine, I know not what, upon the different attempts to *demonstrate* the existence of God. The glove being thus thrown down, to it we went like bull and bull-dog. One minute, however, sufficed to awaken me to the ridicule of a situation in which two persons were to exhibit as gladiators before a party chiefly female, to the entire interruption of all general conversation, and of all social pleasure. Disputation of any kind, and on any subject, I had always held abominable in mixed parties, and in the very worst tone of underbred society. How, indeed, Mrs. H. More could trespass so far upon all the rules of social propriety—she who had so fine a tact for refinement in manners—I cannot guess. Perhaps she sought the stimulus of a sparring-match at any price. Be that as it might, my part was plain—to back out of the dispute by the first honourable evasion. But, as none immediately offered, and I grew hotter and hotter in my purgatory, and thought with more and more horror of bestowing my tediousness upon the long line of amiable female faces which I saw ranged upon the other side of the table, and listening, as it seemed, "in sad civility," I adopted the following desperate expedient for hastening the catastrophe:—I mustered up all the hard words from every quarter,—from the seraphic and the inexpugnable doctors, from Albertus Magnus, from Jacob Boehmen, and from Immanuel Kant; and of these such a

cataract did I precipitate upon my unhappy antagonist—such a Niagara—that under the pitiless drenching he scarcely ventured to lift up his head. It was a perfect hail-storm chorus. Then came his rejoinder, solemn and conscientious—that he did not altogether understand me. Miraculous, indeed, and by divine assistance, it must have been if he had. "For instance," said he, "in applying the term *pathologically considered* to the *το ens*, what might be your precise meaning?" I replied that certainly it merited some deliberation to determine exactly what it was or might be to consider the *το ens* in its pathological relations; but that, as we seemed to be not quite agreed about the definition or use of our terms, perhaps it might be as well to adjourn our discussion to some future day, when we might have more leisure to arrange preliminaries. He was a good-natured man, and perhaps he saw through my stratagem and its purpose. For he smiled, and agreed with me that we had better define our terms more at leisure. We bowed to each other; and, the contest being thus understood to be suspended, general conversation recommenced. This match, in the language of the ring, I believe that Mrs. H. More viewed as a *cross*[1]: for my part, I can never help laughing when I think either of the original absurdity of my position, in being regularly pitted as a game-cock in single duel with this distinguished guest of Mrs. H. More's, or of that second tissue of absurdities by which I delivered myself from the first.

But I am insensibly wandering beyond the limits assigned me. I was on the point of sketching the principal figures in that polished society which was generally met with at Barley Wood; but I forbear. In saying so much as I have already done upon the central figure in the group—Mrs. Hannah More herself—I could not disguise from myself one difficulty which has met me at every turn. Inevitably I could not but place myself in somewhat of an advantageous position as regarded our conversations; for, with all true humility, I affect none which is false. Mrs. H. More was not a woman to say brilliant things: if there were any

[1] A cross is when, by some collusion, either party evades the battle, either by making little resistance or by any other stratagem.

novelties of opinion offered in conversation, assuredly they did not come from her. And, being myself a perfect Talus,[1] or iron man, as to equity, and as to logic (which is in fact equity in the intellect), I could not without great affectation feel any weakness or fears in the presence of one who had really no masculine power about her, and who continually laid herself open to attack and to defeat, if a man had carried so foolish a purpose into her company. She was, in fact, to sum up her pretensions, an agreeable, an amiable, and a clever woman, who had been a little spoiled by flattery, and had been pushed forward by feeble-minded women of rank to assume a station of authority which did not naturally belong to her, and which was never manifested without seeming particularly unbecoming as associated with those retiring qualities of modesty and reserve which did really cling to her inmost nature. As a writer, how eminently artificial she was, notwithstanding some imaginary admiration which she always professed for simplicity, is evident from the very structure of her sentences; which are all turned as in a lathe, and are so entirely dependent for their effect upon antithesis, or direct contraposition in the words, even where there is little or none in the thoughts, that once a great poet, opening one of her works and reading a paragraph, made this remark to me,—"These feeble thinkers dare not trust a single thought to its native powers: so afraid are they of seeming dull, and so conscious of no innate right to challenge or support attention, that each particular sentence is polished into a sparkling and independent whole; so that, open the book where you will, all has an exterior brilliancy, and will bear being detached without any injury to its effect, having no sort of natural cohesion with the context, or dependency upon what goes before." Her *Cœlebs*, again, showed in another way her artificial way of thinking; for, assuredly, her natural delicacy would have made her revolt from the grossness implied in the whole plan of that novel, and expressed in its very title, "*Cœlebs in Search of a Wife.*" Such a search would, in real life, cover any man with ridicule, and the woman on whom his preference settled

[1] See Spenser's fiction of Talus, in the *Faery Queene*, derived however from an older fiction of Paganism.

with shame. But, with all these ineradicable disadvantages, Mrs. More's works have their value. The very dilution of their thoughts recommends them, and adapts them to those who would shrink from severer or profounder speculations, and who seek, in all they read, to see their own ordinary sentiments reflected. Still, even thus, Mrs. H. More is not destined to any long existence. The species, the class, of such writers, it is true, will always be in demand; but the individual perishes, because each successive generation looks for specific adaptation to itself, for illustrations drawn from the objects moving upon its own peculiar field of experience, and possessing that sort of interest which is always attached pre-eminently to a living writer.[1]

[1] The following is a chronological list of the chief publications of Hannah More:—*Search after Happiness, a Pastoral Drama*, 1773; *The Inflexible Captive, a Tragedy*, 1774; *Sir Eldred of the Bower*, &c., 1776; *Percy, a Tragedy*, 1777; Essays on Various Subjects, principally designed for Young Ladies, 1778; *The Fatal Falsehood, a Tragedy*, 1779; *Sacred Dramas*, &c., 1782; Florio, a Tale for Fine Gentlemen and Fine Ladies, 1786; *The Bas Bleu, a Conversation* (a Eulogy on Mrs. Montagu's Ladies' Literary Club), 1786; *Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society*, 1788: *Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World*, 1790: *Village Politics*, 1793; *The Cheap Repository* (a monthly miscellany), 1795-8; *Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education*, 1799; *Hints towards Forming the Character of a Princess*, 1805; *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*, 1809; *Practical Piety*, 1811; *Christian Morals*, 1812; *Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul*, 1815; *Stories for the Middle Ranks of Society*, 1818; *Tales for the Common People*, 1818; *Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, with Reflections on Prayer*, 1819; *Bible Rhymes*, 1821; *The Spirit of Prayer*, 1825. All these were immediately and extremely popular, —some of them enormously so.—M.

WALLADMOR[1]

A PSEUDO-WAVERLEY NOVEL

Now let me pass to a part of my London literary life interesting in its circumstances; and a part it was which interested Charles Lamb, though I doubt whether he ever went so far in his interest as to look into the book which records my share in the affair. This affair had thus far a general interest,—that it was undoubtedly the most complete hoax that ever can have been perpetrated. The circumstances are these:—After the author of *Waverley* had for a considerable succession of years delighted the world with one or two novels annually, the demand for Waverley novels came to be felt as a periodical craving all over Europe; just as, in the case of Napoleon, some bloody battle by land or by sea was indispensable, after each few months' interval, to pacify the public taste for blood, long irritated by copious gratification. Now, it happened in 1823 that no Waverley novel was in readiness, or likely to be in readiness, for the Leipsic fair at Michaelmas. Upon which a cry arose amongst the German booksellers—*Forge one!* "Presumptuous enough *that*," the reader will say. Doubtless! However, the thing was done. A German, and (to better the case) a German of ultra-dul-

[1] Originally published in *Tait's Magazine* for September 1838 as an article in the series of De Quincey's Autobiographic Sketches: not included by De Quincey among his Collected Writings; but reprinted in 1871 in the second of the Supplementary Volumes to Messrs. Black's reissue of the Collected Writings.—The paper has been reserved for the present place because of the insulated nature of its subject and because of the need of some additional information to make it properly intelligible. This is supplied in footnotes.—M.

ness, set to work upon a novel. He called it *Walladmor*,—a name, by the way, to be accentuated not upon the penultimate, "Walládmor," but upon the ante-penultimate or first syllable, viz. "Wálladmor," as appears from the old rhymes connected with the tale,—*e.g.*,

> "When black men storm the outer door,
> Grief shall be over at Walladmor";

where all would be spoiled if the accent were thrown on the penultimate. Well, this book, this *Walladmor*, made its appearance in the German language, not as what it really was—a German novel, written by a German novelist—but as a translation from an English original of Sir Walter Scott. In this character it appeared at Leipsic; in this character it was instantly dispersed over the length and breadth of Germany; and in this character it crossed the sea to London.

I must here stop to mention that other tricks had been meditated upon Sir Walter; and I will venture to say that, sooner or later, one of these tricks will be tried. In a country like England, where (by means of our exquisite organisation through newspapers, &c., and our consequent unity of feeling) an author may acquire a more intense popularity, and more rapidly, than he ever can upon the Continent, there will always be a motive for pirating such an author, or for counterfeiting him, beyond what is ever likely to exist upon the Continent. In Sir Walter Scott's case, it is true, there was a mystery which added greatly to the popularity. But still it strikes me that, simply from the unifying powers at work amongst ourselves, more intense popularity will continually arise in this country than can elsewhere. The everlasting reverberation of a name from a dense population, furnished with the artificial means for prolonging and repeating the echoes, must lead to a result quite inconceivable amongst the non-conducting and frittered population of Germany. There will, therefore, arise in the course of the next century continual temptations for repeating the trick of counterfeiting, and also that other trick meditated upon Sir Walter (or rather upon the house of Constable [1]) which I am going to mention.—It had been

[1] Scott's Edinburgh publisher, Archibald Constable, the Napoleon of the British publishing world of those days.—M.

much agitated[1] in Germany, and I believe also in France, whether—if a translation were made of a Waverley novel into a foreign language, and afterwards that translation (German, suppose, or French) were translated back into English by a person who had never seen the original, and who consequently would give a sufficient colouring of difference to the style—whether, I say, that retranslation might not be lawfully introduced into England, and lawfully sustain itself as a saleable commodity in the character of a foreign book.

Meantime, whilst this suggestion was under debate—a suggestion which applied entirely to the case of a true Waverley novel — one bookseller hit upon another, more directly applying to the present case of September 1824, the unexpected case of no Waverley novel offering to appear. He, therefore, this enterprising bibliopole, Herr Herbig of

[1] This was a question almost sure to be suggested, if it were only by the intense book-trade interest that had gradually connected itself with the priority of importation, and the priority of translation, on any occasion of a Waverley novel. Bribes were offered by commission for the furtive transmission of proof-sheets from the Edinburgh press; expresses were kept sleeping in boots and spurs, to forward the earliest copies; translators were preoccupied by retaining-fees,—for instance, Lindau, Methusalem, Müller, Dr. Spieker, Lotz, Von Halem, and many others; and between these translators the most furious races were run—all in order to insure an earlier entrance into the market; for, though Leipsic, in its half-yearly fairs, was the general market, still, in a special call like this, there were extraordinary means of getting into circulation. Hence, and from a competition so burning, it may be readily supposed that many errors would creep into the translations, and especially where imperfect parts of volumes happened to be transmitted: of which there is an amusing instance mentioned by the German author of *Walladmor* in his dedication to Sir Walter Scott:—"Ah, Sir Walter! did you but know to what straits the poor "German translator of a Walter-Scottish novel is reduced, you would "pardon greater liberties than any I have taken. *Ecoutez.* First of "all, comes the publisher, and cheapens a translator in the very cheapest "market of translation-jobbers that can be supposed likely to do any "justice to the work. Next come the sheets, dripping wet from the "Edinburgh press, with or without sense and connexion, just as chance "may order it. Nay, it happens not unfrequently that, if a sheet should "chance to end with one or two syllables of an unfinished word, "we Germans are obliged to translate this first instalment of a future "meaning; and, by the time the next sheet arrives with the syllables "in arrear, we first learn into what confounded scrapes we have

Berlin, resolved to have one forged; and without delay he hired the man that should forge it. Well, this forgery was perpetrated, and, the better to hoax the German public, in three volumes.[1] London it reached on a certain day in the autumn of 1824, towards the close of September or of October,—I really forget which; but this I remember,—that there was barely a space of forty-eight hours for reading and reviewing the book, a book of a thousand pages, before the literary journals of the month would be closed of necessity against further contributions. One copy only had been received as yet in London; and this was bespoke for Sir Walter Scott. Somebody's interest, I know not whose, procured it for me, as a man who read German fluently; and within the time allowed I had completed a tolerably long article for the *London Magazine*.[2] It may be supposed that reading the book was quite out of the question for one who

" fallen by guessing and translating at haphazard. *Nomina sunt* " *odiosa*: else——! But I shall content myself with reminding the " public of the well-known and sad mishap which occurred in the " translation of *Kenilworth*. This is sufficiently notorious. Another " is more recent: I will relate it:—The sheet, as it was received from " Edinburgh, closed unfortunately thus:—'*To save himself from these* " *disasters, he became an agent of Smith-*'; and we all translated— " *Um sich aus diesen trübseligkeiten zu erreten wurde er agent bei* " *einem Schmiedemeister*'; that is, '*he became foreman to a black-*" *smith.*' Now, sad it is to tell what followed. We had dashed at it, " and we waited in trembling hope for the result. Next morning's " post arrived, and showed that all Germany had been basely betrayed " by a catch-word of Mr. Constable's. For the next sheet took up " the imperfect catchword thus:—'*field matches* (*i.e.* Smithfield " matches), *or marriages contracted for money*'; and the German " sentence should have been cobbled and put to rights as follows:— " *Er negocirte um sich aufzuhelfen die sogenannten Smithfields heir-*" *athen*, &c. *Should* have been, I say; but, woe is me for all Ger-" many! it was too late; the translated sheet had been already " finished off with the blacksmith in it—Heaven confound him! And " the blacksmith is there to this day, and cannot be ejected."

[1] The title was "*Walladmor. Frei nach dem Englischen des Walter Scott. Von W. . . . Berlin: bei F. A. Herbig.* 1824. 3 *Bände*" (Walladmor: freely translated from the English of Walter Scott. By W. . . . Berlin: F. A. Herbig, 1824. In three volumes).—M.

[2] This anonymous article of De Quincey's filled thirty pages (double columns) of the *London Magazine* for October 1824, and was entitled "Walladmor: Sir Walter Scott's German Novel."—M.

had in so brief a time to write a long paper upon it. The course I pursued, therefore, was this :—I drew up a somewhat rhetorical account of the German hoax ; explained the drift of it; and then gave a translation of such passages as had happened to strike me. To the best of my remembrance, I selected three : one, the opening chapter, which introduces the two heroes of the novel, as sole survivors of a steamer which had blown up in the Bristol Channel, swimming in company, then engaged in a murderous conflict for a barrel, and finally reconciled, by mutual acts of generosity, into giving each other all the assistance within their power. This was a truly German scene. The next was a snow-storm amongst the mountains of Merionethshire, and not without some interest. The last described the committal of a principal person in the tale to an ancient castle (Walladmor) on a charge of treason. And, in this case, the incidents moved amongst picturesque circumstances of mountain scenery, with the adjuncts of storm and moonlight, not ill described.[1]

[1] This brief account by De Quincey of his article in the *London Magazine* is pretty exact, but may here be a little extended :—The article began by at once announcing that the book appearing as "Sir Walter Scott's German Novel" was a huge hoax—"the boldest hoax of our times" are the words. Not the less,—after some pages of "chaff" on the audacity of the hoax, in the course of which the impudent dedication by the *soi-disant* translator to Sir Walter Scott, given in specimen only in last footnote, is quoted at full length,—the article proceeds to a sketch of the story of the forged novel. The sketch is incoherent and confused, showing that De Quincey, in his extreme hurry to get the article ready in time for the magazine, had grasped the substance of the book but very imperfectly ; but it sufficiently appears that the story was one of wildly absurd adventure in Wales and the West of England, including somehow the London Cato Street Conspiracy of 1820, and with a Sir Morgan Walladmor of Walladmor Castle at the centre of it, and his long-lost and smuggler-bred son for the hero, and an old gypsy woman named Gillie Godber (a kind of Meg Merrilies) and a Mr. Bertram (also a *Guy Mannering* recollection) and a Mr. Dulberry and a Sir Charles Davenant among the minor characters. Translated specimen extracts, as De Quincey says, were bedded in the sketch,—not *three* only, as De Quincey recollects, but, shorter taken with longer, about *twelve* in all. In keeping with the amount of the smuggler element thrown ashore, to permeate the story by wandering over the Welsh scenery, there is a good deal of ruffianly language of the Dirk Hatteraick sort in the colloquies in these extracts. After these extracts, and the general

How it could have happened I do not know, but it *did* happen that I had stumbled by pure accident upon almost every passage in the whole course of the thousand pages which could be considered tolerable. Naturally enough, the publishers of the *London Magazine* were encouraged by these specimens to hope well of the book; and, at their request, I undertook to translate it. Confident in my powers of rapid translation, I undertook even to keep up with the printer. Three sheets, or forty-eight pages, I made sure of producing daily; at which rate a volume would be finished in a week, and three weeks might see the whole work ready for the public. Never was there such a disappointment, or such a perplexity. Not until the printing had actually commenced, with arrangements for keeping several compositors at work, did I come to understand the hopeless task I had undertaken. Such rubbish—such "almighty" nonsense (to speak *trans-atlantice*)—no eye has ever beheld as nine hundred and fifty, to say the very least, of these thousand pages. To translate them was perfectly out of the question; the very devils and

review of the book, De Quincey points out some of its most absurd anachronisms and mistakes in British topography, and closes the article with a paragraph of mixed jest and rebuke. "But now, dear "German hoaxer," the paragraph begins, "a word or two to you at "parting. And mistake us not for any of those dull people *qui* "*n'entendent pas la raillerie.* On the contrary, we are extravagantly "fond of sport; *la bagatelle* is what we doat on; and many a time "have we risked our character as philosophers by the exorbitance of "our thirst after 'fun.' Nay, we patronise even hoaxing and quizzing, "when they are witty and half as good as yours. But all this within "certain eternal limits; which limits are good nature and justice." These limits, he goes on to say, had certainly been transgressed in *Walladmor* in some particulars; and both Sir Walter and the British public generally had been treated with an amount of disrespect needing very considerable apology.—Sir Walter must certainly have been surprised when a copy of the German fabrication in imitation of himself reached him at Abbotsford. His first impression, on seeing the advertisements of the book, had been, Lockhart informs us, that sheets of his Welsh novel *The Betrothed*, the publication of which had been deferred because of his dissatisfaction with it, had been purloined from the Edinburgh printing office and smuggled into Germany; and, though the actual sight of the clumsy fabrication convinced him that this was not the case, it left no doubt that some one had communicated the fact that a forthcoming novel of Scott's was to be on Welsh ground.—M.

runners of the press would have mutinied against being parties to such atrocious absurdities.[1]

What was to be done? Had there been any ready means for making the publishers aware of the case in its whole extent, probably I should have declined the engagement; but, as this could not be accomplished without reading half a volume to them, I thought it better to pursue the task; mending and retouching into something like common sense wherever that was possible; but far more frequently forging new materials, in pure despair of mending the old; and reconstructing very nearly the whole edifice from the foundation upwards. And hence arose this singular result,—that, without any original intention to do so, I had been gradually led by circumstances to build upon this German hoax a second and equally complete English hoax. The German *Walladmor* professed to be a translation from the English of Sir Walter Scott; my *Walladmor* professed to be a translation from the German; but, for the reasons I have given, it was no more a translation from the German than the German from the English.[2] It must be supposed that writing into the framework of another man's story fearfully cramped the freedom of my movements. There were absurdities in the very conduct of the story and the development of the plot which could not always be removed without more time than the press allowed me; for I kept the press moving, though slowly,—namely, at the rate of half-a-sheet (eight pages) a day. In some instances I let the incidents stand, and contented myself with rewriting every word of the ridiculous narration, and the still more ridiculous dialogues. In others, I recomposed even the incidents. In particular, I was obliged to put in a new catastrophe. Upon this it struck me that certain casuistical doubts might arise as to the relation which I held to my German principal; which doubts I thus expressed in a dedication to that person:—

[1] In Mr. Charles Knight's Autobiography mention is made of the miserable condition in which he found De Quincey in the last months of 1824, when he was toiling in London over the stupid task he had brought upon himself.—M.

[2] The book appeared, in two volumes, with the title, "Walladmor, a Novel, freely translated from the English of Sir Walter Scott. London: Taylor and Hessey. 1824."—M.

"Having some intention, sir, of speaking rather freely of you and your German translation in a postscript to the second volume of my English one, I am shy of sending a presentation copy to Berlin. Neither you nor your publisher might relish all that I may take it into my head to say. Yet, as books sometimes travel far, if you should ever happen to meet with mine knocking about the world in Germany, I would wish you to know that I have endeavoured to make you what amends I could for any little affront which I meditate in that postscript by dedicating my English translation to yourself. You will be surprised to observe that your three corpulent German volumes have collapsed into two English ones of rather consumptive appearance. The English climate, you see, does not agree with them; and they have lost flesh as rapidly as Captain le Harnois in chapter the eighth.[1] We have a story in England—trite enough here, and a sort of philosophic commonplace, like Buridan's ass, but possibly unknown in Germany; and, as it is pertinent to the case between us, I will tell it,—the more so as it involves a metaphysical question, and such questions, you know, go up from all parts of Europe to you people in Germany as 'the courts above.' Sir John Cutler had a pair of silk stockings, which his housekeeper, Dolly, darned for a long term of years with worsted; at the end of which time the last gleam of silk had vanished, and Sir John's *silk* stockings were found to have degenerated into *worsted*. Now, upon this a question arose amongst the metaphysicians, whether Sir John's stockings retained (or, if not, at what precise period they lost) their personal identity. The moralists again were anxious to know whether Sir John's stockings could be considered the same 'accountable' stockings from first to last. The lawyers put the same question in another shape, by demanding whether any felony which Sir John's stockings could be supposed to have committed in youth might legally be the subject of indictment against the same stockings when superannuated; whether a legacy left to the stockings in their first year could be claimed by them in their last; and whether the worsted stockings could be sued for the debts of the silk stockings. Some such questions will arise, I apprehend, upon your German *Walladmor*, as darned by myself. But here, my good sir, stop a moment. I must not have you interpret the precedent of Sir John and Dolly too strictly. Sir John's stockings were originally of silk, and darned with worsted; but don't you conceit *that* to be the case here. No, no! I flatter myself the case between us is just the other way. Your *worsted* stockings it is that I have darned with silk; and the relations which I and Dolly bear to you and Sir John are precisely inverted. What could induce you to dress good St. David in a threadbare suit it passes my skill to guess: it is enough that I am sure it would give general disgust; and therefore I have not only made him a present of a new coat, but have also put a little embroidery upon it. And I really think I shall astonish the good folks in Merionethshire by my account of that saint's festival. In my young days I wandered much in that beautiful shire, and other shires which lie contiguous; and

[1] Captain le Harnois is one of the characters in *Walladmor*.—M.

many a kind thing was done to me in poor men's cottages, which, to my dying day, I shall never be able to repay individually. Hence, as occasions offer, I would seek to make my acknowledgments generally to the country. Upon Penmorfa sands I once had an interesting adventure; and I have accordingly commemorated Penmorfa. To the little town of Machynleth I am indebted for various hospitalities; and I think Machynleth will acknowledge itself indebted to me exclusively for its mayor and corporation. Others there are besides, in that neighbourhood, both towns and men, that, when they shall read *my* St. David's Day, will hardly know whether they are standing on their head or their heels. As for the Bishop of Bangor of those same days, I owed his Lordship no particular favour[1]; and therefore, you will observe, I have now taken my vengeance on that see for ever, by making it do suit and service to the house of Walladmor. But enough of St. David's Day! There are some other little changes which I have been obliged to make, in deference to the taste of this country. In the case of Captain le Harnois, it appears to me that, from imperfect knowledge of the English language, you have confounded the words 'sailor' and 'tailor'; for you make the Captain talk very much like the latter. There is, however, a great deal of difference in the habits of the two animals, according to our English naturalists; and, therefore, I have retouched the Captain, and curled his whiskers. I have also taken the liberty of curing Miss Walladmor of an hysterical affection. What purpose it answered I believe you would find it hard to say; and I am sure she has enough to bear without that. Your geography, let me tell you, was none of the best; and I have brushed it up myself. Something the public will bear: topographical sins are venial in a romance; and no candid people look very sharply after the hydrography of a novel. But still, my dear sir, it *did* strike me that the case of a man's swimming on his back from Bristol to the Isle of Anglesea was a little beyond the privilege granted by the most *maternal* public. No: pardon me, that rather exceeds the public swallow. Besides, it would have exposed us both to illiberal attacks in the *Quarterly Review* from Mr. Barrow of the Admiralty, your weak point being his strong one; and particularly because I have taken liberties with Mr. Croker,[2] who is a colleague and old crony of his. Your chronology, by the way, was also damaged; but that has gone to the watchmaker's, and is now regulated, so as to go as well as the Horse-Guards. Now, finally, 'Mine dear sare,' could you not translate me back into German, and darn me as I have darned you? But you must not 'sweat' me down in the same ratio that I have 'sweated' you; for, if you do that, I fear that my 'dimensions will become invisible to any thick sight' in Germany, and I shall 'present no mark'

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[1] See *ante*, Vol. III, pp. 322-328.—M.

[2] I had called him *Ally Croker*, in allusion to an old joke of Mr. Southey,—Mr. Croker having used the word *ally* and *allies* in his poem of "Talavera" *more Hibernico*, with the accent on the first syllable.

to the critical enemy. Darn me into two portly volumes; and then, perhaps, I will translate you back again into English, and darn you with silk so hyperlustrous that, were Dolly and Professor Kant to rise from the dead, Dolly should grow jealous of me, and the professor confess himself more thoroughly puzzled and confounded, as to the matter of personal identity, by the final *Walladmor*, than ever he had been by the Cutlerian stockings. *Jusqu'au revoir*, my dear principal, hoping that you will soon invest me with that character in relation to yourself, and that you will then sign, as it is now *my* turn to sign—Your obedient (but not very *faithful*) TRANSLATOR."

It will be observed that in this dedication I have not ventured to state the nature of my alterations in their whole extent. This I could not do in prudence; for, though I should really have made myself a party to a gross fraud upon the public purse by smuggling into circulation a load of hideous trash under the momentary attraction of its connexion with Sir Walter Scott (an attraction which might have sold one edition before its nature was discovered)—though I could not do this, and therefore took the only honourable course open to me in so strange a dilemma—viz. that of substituting a readable, and at all events not dull, novel for the abortion I had been betrayed into sanctioning,—yet it might too much have repelled readers if I had frankly stated beforehand the extent to which I had been compelled to recompose this German hoax. In a postscript, however, when the reader might be supposed to have finished the book, I spoke a little more plainly. And, as there will be some amusement to many readers in what I said—which (owing to the very imperfect publication [1] of the book) is, in reality, nearly "as good as manuscript"—I shall here quote a part of it:—

"*E quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*," or, to express this Roman proverb by our own homely one—"*You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.*" Certainly it is difficult to do so,—and none can speak

[1] The system of quack-puffing, applied to books, and, above all, the artifice of seducing a reader into the reading of paragraphs which else he would shun, by holding out false expectation in the heading—all this, in common with other literary men, I deem disgraceful to literature. Such practices lower an honourable profession to the level of a mechanic trade. But the system of soliciting public attention by plain unvarnished advertisements—that is rendered indispensable to the publication of a book. That wanting (as in *Walladmor*), the book is not published.

to that more feelingly than myself: but not impossible, as I hope that *my* "Walladmor" will show, compared with the original. This is a point which, on another account, demands a word or two of explanation, as the reader will else find it difficult to understand upon what principle of translation three thick-set German volumes can have shrunk into two English ones of somewhat meagre proportion.

I then go on to explain that the German *pseudo-Scott* had chosen *three*, not because his matter naturally extended so far, but on the principle of exact imitation.

A Scotch novel from the Constable press, and *not* in three volumes, would have been detected *in limine* as a hoax and a counterfeit. Such a novel would be as ominous and prodigious as "double Thebes"; as perverse as drinking a man's health *with two times two* (which, in fact, would be an insult); as palpably fraudulent as a subscription of £99 : 19s. (where it would be clear that some man had pocketed a shilling); and as contrary to all natural history as that twenty-seven tailors should make either more or fewer than the cube-root of that number. What may be the occult law of the Constable press, which compels it into these three-headed births, might be hard to explain. Mr. Kant himself, with all his subtlety, could never make up his mind, in his Königsberg lectures on that subject, why it is that no man thinks of presenting a lady with a service of twenty-three cups and saucers, though evidently she is just as likely to have a party of twenty-three people as twenty-four. Nay, if the reader himself were to make such a present to an English grand jury, when the party never *could* be more than twenty-three, he would infallibly order a service of twenty-four, though he must, in his own conscience, be aware that the twenty-fourth cup and saucer was a mere Irish bull, and a disgusting pleonasm; a twenty-fourth grand-jury-man being as entirely a chimera as the "abstract lord mayor" of Scriblerus on a 30th of February. Not only *without* a reason, therefore, but even *against* reason, people have a superstitious regard to certain numbers; and Mr. Constable has a right to *his* superstition,—which, after all, may be the classical one that *three* happens to be the number of the Graces.

This compliment, by the way, was delicate enough to merit an acknowledgment from the Constable press. So much then being settled—that, as a *prima facie* step towards sustaining the hoax, *three* must be the number of the volumes —I then went on to say:—

"But what if there was not time to complete so many volumes so as to appear at the Leipsic fair? In that case two men must do what one could not. Yet, as the second man could not possibly know what his leader was about, he must, of necessity, produce his under stratum without the least earthly reference to the upper,—his thorough bass

without relation to the melodies in the treble. This was awkward; and, to meet the difficulty, it appears to me that the upper man said to the lower, 'Write me a huge heap of speeches upon politics and Welsh genealogy; write me loads of rubbish, astrological, cosmological, and diabolical' (as Mrs. Malaprop has it). Have these ready. I, meantime, have two characters (Sir Morgan and Mr. Dulberry the Radical) upon whom I can hang all that you write. *You* make hooks enough, *I'll* make eyes; and, what between my men and your speeches, my eyes and your hooks, it's odds but we make a very pretty novel. Such I conceive to have been the pleasant arrangement upon which the machinery was worked, so as to fetch up the way before the Michaelmas Fair began. And thus were two (perhaps three) men's labours dovetailed into one German romance. *Aliter non fit, Avite, liber.* When the rest of the rigging was complete, the politics, genealogy, astrology, &c., were mounted as 'royals' and 'sky-scrapers'; the ship weighed, and soon after made Leipsic and London under a press of sail."

Then, having protested that this trash was absolutely beyond hope, and that I should have made myself a party to the author's folly or his knavery by translating it, I offered, however, in the case of my reader's complaining of these large retrenchments, to translate the whole for a "consideration"; to cast it upon the complainant's premises, and to shovel it into the coal-cellar, or any more appropriate place. But thus, I explained, did in fact arise the difference in size, as well as quality, between the German and the English *Walladmor.* And henceforwards I shall think the better of the German author as well as myself so long as I live: of him for an unrivalled artist of sows' ears; and of myself for a very respectable manufacturer of silk purses:—

Thus much to account for my omissions; which, however, some readers may facetiously regard, far from needing apology, as my only merits; and *that* would be as cruel as Lessing's suggestion to an author for his table of errata—"*Apropos* of errata, suppose you were to put your whole book into the list of errata." More candid readers, I am inclined to hope, will blame me for not having made even larger alterations in the book; and *that* would be a flattering critique, as it must presume that I could have improved it; and compliment never wears so delightful an aspect as when it takes the shape of blame. The truth is, I *have* altered; yes, altered and altered, until I became alarmed. The ghost of Sir John Cutler, of Sir John's stockings, of Sir Francis Drake's ship,—nay, of Jason's ship, and other ghosts even than these—all illustrating the same perplexing question,—began to haunt me. Metaphysical doubts fell upon me, and I came to fear that, if to a new beginning and a new catastrophe I

were to add a new middle, possibly there might come some evil-minded person who might say that I also was a hoaxer, an English hoaxer building upon a German hoaxer. Then I paused. But still I have gone too far; for it is a most delicate operation to take work out of another man's loom and put work in: joinings and sections will sometimes appear; colours will not always match. In general, I would request the reader to consider himself indebted to me for anything he may find particularly good, and, in any case, to load my unhappy "principal" with the blame of everything that is wrong. Coming upon any passage which he thinks superlatively bad, let him be assured that I had no hand in it. Should he change his opinion upon it, I may be disposed to reconsider whether I had not some hand in it. This will be the more reasonable in him, as the critics will "feel it their duty" (oh! of course, "their duty") to take the very opposite course. However, if he reads German, my German *Walladmor* is at his service, and he can judge for himself. Not reading German, let him take my word when I apply to the English *Walladmor* the spirit of the old bull—

> "Had you seen but these roads before they were made,
> You would lift up your eyes, and bless Marshal Wade."

Here closed my explanations; but, as a *l'envoy* or *quod bene vortat* to the whole concern, I added something—a *valediction* and an *ave* in the same breath—which, for the sake of the Spenserian allusion, many people will relish; and even yet I pique myself upon it as a felicitous passage. It began with a quotation; and this quotation, as pretty broadly I hinted, was from myself—myself as the reviewer in the *London Magazine*. Thus it was:—

"A friend of mine (so we all say when we are looking out for some masquerade dress under which to praise ourselves, or to abuse some dear friend), a friend of mine has written a very long review (or analysis rather) of the German *Walladmor*, in a literary journal of the metropolis. He concludes with the following passage, which I choose to quote on account of the graceful allusion it contains, partly also because it gives me an opportunity for trying *my* hand at an allusion to the same romantic legend:—'Now, turning back from the hoaxer to the hoax,' we shall conclude with this proposition:—All readers of Spenser must know that the true Florimel lost her girdle, which, they will remember, was found by Sir Satyrane, and was adjudged by a whole assemblage of knights to the false Florimel, although it did not quite fit her. She—viz. the showy or false Florimel—

> 'exceedingly did fret,
> And, snatching from his hand half angrily
> The belt again, about her body 'gan it tie.

Yet nathemore would it her body fit;
Yet natheless to her, as her due right,
It yielded was by them that judgèd it.'"
Faery Queene, b. iv. c. 5.[1]

[1] The words from "Now, turning back from the hoaxer" to the end *are*, as De Quincey says, a quotation from his original paper in the *London Magazine*,—where, however, the lines from Spenser are not given with absolute correctness.——On the whole, my impression is that De Quincey was a little ashamed of his connexion in 1824 with the absurd and impudent *Walladmor* hoax, first by his too lenient treatment of it in his magazine-article, and then by the laborious extra-mystification of his professed translation of the wretched German abortion into two volumes English; and that he meant the present paper of September 1838 in *Tait's Magazine* to supersede and cover up, as far as possible, those older memorials of so ridiculous a transaction.—Although De Quincey was familiar with Edinburgh and with Edinburgh people long before Scott's death in 1832, and was habitually resident in Edinburgh for some time before that event, I find no trace of his having ever come into personal relations with Scott. Any knowledge he may have had of the look and figure of his great Edinburgh contemporary must have been, like Carlyle's, by casual sights of him in the street or in other public places of resort.—M.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE[1]

FRENCH and English Literature, which have now been in a high state of activity for two entire centuries, and perhaps as nearly as possible have been subject to the same allowance for lulls arising out of civil agitations, cannot reasonably be supposed to have left any nook or shy recess in the broad field of national interest at this day unvisited. Long after the main highway of waters has felt the full power of the tide, channels running far inland, with thousands of little collateral creeks, may be still under the very process of filling; for two powers are required to those final effects of the tide,—the general hydrostatic power for maintaining the equilibrium, and also hydraulic power for searching narrow conduits. On the same analogy many human interests, less obvious or less general, may long linger unnoticed, and survive for a time the widest expansion of intellectual activity. Possibly the aspects of society must shift materially before even the

[1] Professor Ferrier, one of De Quincey's friends and admirers, and a fellow-contributor of his to *Blackwood* (with which, indeed, he had a specially close connexion through his father-in-law "Christopher North"), had taken the trouble to cut out from the magazine De Quincey's contributions to it during the four years or so ranging from 1839 to 1842, and to have these bound by themselves in a volume lettered on the back "Papers by De Quincey." The volume having come into my possession, I was interested by finding in it two papers not hitherto known as De Quincey's: viz. one in *Blackwood* for April 1839 entitled "The English Language," and one in *Blackwood* for June 1840 entitled "The Opium and the China Question." Application having been made to Messrs. Blackwood, they have obligingly informed me that their books show that De Quincey *was* the writer of these two papers.—M.

human consciousness, far less a human interest of curiosity, settles upon them with steadiness enough to light up and vivify their relations. For example, odd as it may seem to us, it is certain that in the Elizabethan age Political Economy was not yet viewed by any mind,—no, not by Lord Bacon's,—as even a *possible* mode of speculation. The whole accidents of value and its functions were not as yet separated into a distinct conscious object; nor, if they had been, would it have been supposed possible to trace laws and fixed relations amongst forms apparently so impalpable, and combinations so fleeting. With the growth of society, gradually the same phenomena revolved more and more frequently; something like order and connexion was dimly descried; philosophic suspicion began to stir; observation was steadily applied; reasoning and disputation ran their circle; and at last a science was matured—definite as mechanics, though (like *that*) narrow in its elementary laws.

Thus it is with *all* topics of general interest. Through several generations they may escape notice; for there must be an interest of social necessity visibly connected with them before a mere vagrant curiosity will attract culture to their laws. And this interest may fail to arise until society has been made to move through various changes, and human needs have assumed attitudes too commanding and too permanent to be neglected. The laws of the drama,—that is, of the dramatic fable,—how subtle are they! How imperceptible—how absolutely non-existences—in any rude state of society! But let a national theatre arise, let the mighty artist come forward to shake men's hearts with scenic agitations, how inevitably are these laws brightened to the apprehension, searched, probed, analysed. *Sint Mœcenates*, it has been said, *non deerunt (Flacce) Marones.*[1] That may be doubted; and nearer to the probabilities it would be to invert the order of succession. But, however this may be, it is certain from manifold experience that invariably there will follow on the very traces and fresh footing of the mighty agent (mighty, but possibly blind) the sagacious theorist of his functions—in the very wake and visible path

[1] A favourite quotation of De Quincey's. See *ante*, Vol. XIII, p. 36.—M.

of the awful Æschylus, or the tear-compelling Euripides, producing their colossal effects in alliance with dark forces slumbering in human nature, will step forth the torch-bearing Aristotle, that pure starry intelligence,[1] bent upon searching into those effects, and measuring (when possible) those forces. The same age, accordingly, beheld the first pompous exhibitions of dramatic power which beheld also the great speculator arise to trace its limits, proportions, and the parts of its shadowy empire. "I came, I saw, I conquered"—such might have been Aristotle's vaunt in reviewing his own analysis of the Athenian drama; one generation, or nearly so, having witnessed the creation of the Grecian theatre as a fact, and the finest contemplative survey which has yet been taken of the same fact viewed as a problem,—of the dramatic laws, functions, powers, and limits.

No great number of generations, therefore, is requisite for the exhaustion of all capital interests in their capital aspects. And it may be presumed, with tolerable certainty, that by this time the plough has turned up every angle of soil, properly national, alike in England or in France. Not that many parts will not need to be tilled over again, and often absolutely *de novo*. Much of what has been done has been done so ill that it is as if it had not been done at all. For instance, the history of neither kingdom has yet been written in a way to last, or in a way worthy of the subject. Either it has been slightly written as to research,—witness Hume and Mézerai, Smollett and Père Daniel (not but some of these writers lay claim to antiquarian merits); or written inartificially and feebly as regards effect; or written without knowledge as regards the political forces which moved underground at the great eras of our national development.

Still, after one fashion or another, almost every great theme has received its treatment in both English literature and French; though many are those on which, in the words of the German adage upon psychology, we may truly affirm that "the first sensible word is yet to be spoken." The soil is not absolutely a virgin soil; the mine is not absolutely

[1] "*That pure starry intelligence*":—Aristotle was sometimes called ὁ νοῦς, *the intellect*; and elsewhere, as Suidas records, he was said to dip his pen into the very intellect and its fountains.

unworked; although the main body of the precious ore is yet to be extracted.

Meantime, one capital subject there is, and a domestic subject besides, on which, strange to say, neither nation has thought fit to raise any monument of learning and patriotism. Rich, at several eras, in all kinds of learning, neither England nor France has any great work to show upon her own vernacular language. *Res est in integro:* no Hickes in England, no Malesherbes or Menage in France, has chosen to connect his own glory with the investigation and history of his native tongue. And yet each language has brilliant merits of a very different order; and we speak thoughtfully when we say that, confining ourselves to our own, the most learned work which the circumstances of any known or obvious case allow, the work which presupposes the amplest accomplishments of judgment and enormous erudition, would be a History of the English Language, from its earliest rudiments, through all the periods of its growth, to its stationary condition. Great rivers, as they advance and receive vast tributary influxes, change their direction, their character, their very name; and the pompous inland sea bearing navies on its bosom has had leisure, through a thousand leagues of meandering, utterly to forget and disown the rocky mountain bed and the violent rapids which made its infant state unfitted to bear even the light canoe. The analogy is striking between this case and that of the English language. In its elementary period it takes a different name—the name of Anglo-Saxon; and so rude was it and barren at one stage of this rudimental form that in the *Saxon Chronicle* we find not more than a few hundred words, perhaps from six to eight hundred words, perpetually revolving, and most of which express some idea in close relation to the state of war. The narrow purposes of the *Chronicler* may, in part, it is true, have determined the narrow choice of words; but it is certain, on the other hand, that the scanty vocabulary which then existed mainly determined the limited range of his purposes. It is remarkable, also, that the idiomatic forms and phrases are as scanty in this ancient *Chronicle* as the ideas, the images, and the logical forms of connexion or

transition. Such is the shallow brook or rivulet of our language in its infant stage. Thence it devolves a stream continually enlarging down to the Norman era. Through five centuries (commencing with the century of Bede) used as the vernacular idiom for the intercourse of life by a nation expanding gradually under the ripening influence of a pure religion and a wise jurisprudence,—benefiting, besides, by the culture it received from a large succession of learned ecclesiastics, who too often adopted the Latin for the vehicle of their literary commerce with the Continent, but also in cases past all numbering[1] wrote (like the great patriot Alfred) for popular purposes in Saxon,—even this rude dialect grew and widened its foundations, until it became adequate to general intellectual purposes. Still, even in this improved state, it would have been found incommensurate to its great destiny. It could not have been an organ corresponding to the grandeur of those intellects which, in the fulness of time, were to communicate with mankind in oracles of truth or of power. It could not have offered moulds ample enough for receiving that vast literature which, in less than another five hundred years, was beginning to well forth from the national genius.

Here, at the very first entrance upon this interesting theme, we stumble upon what we may now understand to have been the blindest of human follies. The peculiar, and without exaggeration we may say the providential, felicity of the English language has been made its capital reproach—that, whilst yet ductile and capable of new impressions, it received a fresh and large infusion of alien wealth. It is, say the imbecile, a "bastard" language, a "hybrid" language, and so forth. And thus, for a metaphor, for a name, for a sound, they overlook, as far as depends on *their* will

[1] "*In cases past all numbering*":—To go no further than the one branch of religious literature, vast masses of sacred poetry in the Saxon language are yet slumbering, unused, unstudied, almost unknown to the student, amongst our manuscript treasures. ["Vast masses" is too strong a phrase. Grein's *Bibliothek der Angelsächsischen Poesie*, published in 1857-8, and containing the entire body of Anglo-Saxon verse-remains, religious or secular, known to be then extant, consists of two moderately-sized octavo volumes of text. It is, however, not to the credit of English scholarship that it remained for a German to make and edit this collection.—M.]

they sign away, the main prerogative and dowry of their mother tongue. It is time to have done with these follies. Let us open our eyes to our own advantages. Let us recognise with thankfulness that fortunate inheritance of collateral wealth which, by inoculating our Anglo-Saxon stem with the mixed dialect of Neustria, laid open an avenue mediately through which the whole opulence of Roman, and ultimately of Grecian, thought plays freely through the pulses of our native English. Most fortunately, the Saxon language was yet plastic and unfrozen at the era of the Norman invasion. The language was thrown again into the crucible, and new elements were intermingled with its own when brought into a state of fusion.[1] And this final process it was, making the language at once rich in matter and malleable in form, which created that composite and multiform speech—fitted, like a mirror, to reflect the thoughts of the myriad-minded Shakspere (ὁ ἀνηρ μύριονους), and yet at the same time with enough remaining of its old forest stamina for imparting a masculine depth to the sublimities of Milton or the Hebrew Prophets, and a patriarchal simplicity to the Historic Scriptures.

Such being the value, such the slow development, of our noble language, through a period of more than twice six hundred years, how strange it must be thought that not only we possess at this day no history, no circumstantial annals, of its growth and condition at different eras,—a defect which even the German literature of our language has partially supplied,—but that, with one solitary exception, no eminent scholar has applied himself even to a single function of this elaborate service. The solitary exception, we need scarcely say, points to Dr. Johnson—whose merits and whose demerits, whose qualifications and disqualifications, for a task of this nature, are now too notorious to require any illustration from us. The slenderness of Dr. Johnson's philological

[1] "*When brought into a state of fusion*":—Let not the reader look upon this image, when applied to an unsettled language, as pure fanciful metaphor. Were there nothing more due to a superinduction of one language upon another, merely the confusion of inflexional forms between the two orders of declensions, conjugations, &c., would tend to recast a language, and virtually to throw it anew into a furnace of secondary formation, by unsettling the old familiar forms.

attainments, and his blank ignorance of that particular philology which the case particularly required—the philology of the northern languages—are as much matters of record, and as undeniable, as, in the opposite scale, are his logical skill, his curious felicity of distinction, and his masculine vigour of definition. Working under, or over, a commission of men more learned than himself, he would have been the ablest of agents for digesting and organising their materials. To *inform*, or invest with *form*, in the sense of logicians—in other words, to impress the sense and trace the presence of principles—that was Dr. Johnson's peculiar province ; but to assign the *matter*, whether that consisted in originating the elements of thought, or in gathering the affinities of languages, was suited neither to his nature nor to his habits of study. And, of necessity, therefore, his famous dictionary is a monument of powers unequally yoked together in one task: skill in one function of his duty "full ten times as much as there needs"; skill in others sometimes feeble, sometimes none at all.

Of inferior attempts to illustrate the language, we have Ben Jonson's Grammar, early in the seventeenth century; Wallis the mathematician's Grammar (written in Latin, and patriotically designed as a polemic grammar against the errors of foreigners), towards the end of the same century ; Bishop Lowth's little School-Grammar in the eighteenth century ; Archdeacon Nares's Orthoepy ; Dr. Crombie's Etymology and Syntax ; Noah Webster's various essays on the same subject, followed by his elaborate Dictionary, all written and first published in America. We have also, and we mention it on account of its great but most unmerited popularity, the grammar of Lindley Murray—an American, by the way, as well as the eccentric Noah. This book, full of atrocious blunders (some of which, but with little systematic learning, were exposed in a work of the late Mr. Hazlitt's [1]), reigns despotically through the young-ladies' schools from the Orkneys to the Cornish Scillys. And of the other critical grammars, such as the huge 4to of Green, the smaller one of Dr. Priestley, many little abstracts prefixed to portable dictionaries, &c., there may be gathered, since the year 1680,

[1] See *ante*, Vol. XI, p. 352.—M.

from 250 to 300; not one of which is absolutely[1] without value—some raising new and curious questions, others showing their talent in solving old ones. Add to these the occasional notices of grammatical niceties in the critical editions of our old poets; and there we have the total amount of what has hitherto been contributed towards the investigation of our English language in its grammatical theory. As to the investigation of its history, of its gradual rise and progress, and its relations to neighbouring languages, *that* is a total blank,—a title pointing to a duty absolutely in arrear, rather than to any performance ever undertaken as yet even by way of tentative essay. At least, any fractional attempt in that direction is such as would barely form a single section or sub-section in a general history. For instance, we have critical essays of some value on the successive translations into English of the Bible. But these rather express, *in modulo parvo*, the burden of laborious research which awaits such a task pursued comprehensively than materially diminish it. Even the history of *Slang*, whether of domestic or foreign growth, and the record of the capricious influxes, at particular epochs, from the Spanish, the French,[2] &c., would furnish

[1] So little is the absolute value and learning of such books to be measured by the critical pretensions of the class in which they rank themselves, or by the promises of their title-pages, that we remember to have seen some very acute remarks on pronunciation, on the value of letters, &c., in a little Edinburgh book of rudiments, meant only for children of four or five years old. It was called, we think, *The Child's Ladder.*

[2] By the way, it has long been customary (and partly in compliance with foreign criticism, unlearned in our elder literature, and quite incompetent to understand it) to style the period of Queen Anne and the succeeding decade of years our Augustan age. The graver errors of thought in such a doctrine are no present concern of ours. But, as respects the purity of our language, and its dignity, never did either suffer so long and gloomy an eclipse as in that period of our annals. The German language, as written at that time in books, is positively so disfigured by French and Latin embroideries that it becomes difficult at times to say which language is meant for the ground, and which for the decoration. Our English is never so bad as that; but the ludicrous introduction of foreign forms, such, for example, as "*his Intimados*," "*his Privados*," goes far to denationalize the tone of the diction. Even the familiar allusions and abbreviations of that age, some of which became indispensable to the evasion of what was deemed pedantry, such as *'tis* and *'twas*, are rank with meanness. In Shak-

materials for a separate work. But we forbear to enter upon the long list of parts, chapters, and sections, which must compose the architectural system of so elaborate a work, seeing that the whole edifice itself is hitherto a great idea *in nubibus*, as regards our own language. The French, as we have observed, have little more to boast of. And, in fact, the Germans and the Italians, of all nations the two who most cordially hate and despise each other, in this point agree—that they only have constructed many preparatory works, have reared something more than mere scaffolding, towards such a systematic and national monument.

1. It is painful and humiliating to an Englishman that, whilst all other nations show their patriotism severally in connexion with their own separate mother tongues, claiming for them often merits which they have not, and overlooking none of those which they have, his own countrymen show themselves ever ready, with a dishonourable levity, to undervalue the English language, and always upon no fixed principles. Nothing to ourselves seems so remarkable as that men should dogmatise upon the pretensions of this and that language in particular without having any general notions previously of what it is that constitutes the value of a language universally. Without some preliminary notion, abstractedly, of the precise qualities to be sought for in a language, how are we to know whether the main object of our question is found, or not found, in any given language offered for examination? The Castilian is pronounced fine, the Italian effeminate, the English harsh, by many a man who has no shadow of a reason for his opinions beyond some vague association of chivalresque qualities with the personal bearing of Spaniards, or, again, of special adaptation to operatic music in the Italian, or (as regards the English) because he has heard, perhaps, that the letter *s* and crowded clusters of consonants and monosyllabic words prevail in it.

spere's age the diction of books was far more pure, more compatible with simplicity, and more dignified. Amongst our many national blessings, never let us forget to be thankful that in that age was made our final translation of the Bible, under the State authority. How ignoble, how unscriptural, would have been a translation made in the age of Pope!

Such random and fantastic notions would be entitled to little attention; but, unfortunately, we find that men of distinguished genius—men who have contributed to sustain and extend the glory of this very English language—are sometimes amongst its notorious depreciators. Addison, in a well-known passage of his critical essays, calls the English, in competition with the Greek language, brick against marble. Now, that there is a vocal[1] beauty in the Greek which raises it in that particular point above all modern languages, and not exclusively above the English, cannot be denied; but this is the lowest merit of a language—being merely its *sensuous* merit (to borrow a word of Milton's); and, beyond all doubt, as respects the higher or intellectual qualities of a language, the English greatly excels the Greek, and especially in that very case which provoked the remark of Addison; for it happens that some leading ideas in the *Paradise Lost*—ideas essential to the very integrity of the fable—cannot be expressed in Greek, or not so expressed as to convey the same thought impregnated with the same weight of passion. But let not our reverence for the exquisite humour of Addison, and his admirable delicacy of pencil in delineating the traits of character, hide from us the fact that he was a very thoughtless and irreflective critic; that his criticisms, when just, rested not upon principles, but upon mere fineness of tact; that he was an absolute ignoramus as regarded the literature of his own country; and that he was a mere bigot as regarded the antique literature of Pagan Greece or Rome. In fact, the eternal and inevitable schism

[1] "*A vocal beauty in the Greek language*":—This arises partly from the musical effect of the mere inflexions of the verbs and participles, in which so many dactylic successions of accent are interchanged with spondaic arrangements, and partly also from the remarkable variety of the vowel sounds, which run through the whole gamut of possible varieties in that point, and give more luxury of sound to the ear than in any other known language. For the fact is that these varieties of vowel or diphthong sounds succeed to each other more immediately and more constantly than in any other southern dialect of Europe which universally have a distinction in mere vocal or audible beauty not approached by any northern language, unless (as some people allege) by the Russian; and this, with the other dialects of the Slavonian family, is to be classed as belonging to Eastern, rather than to Northern, Europe.

between the *Romanticists* and the *Classicists*, though not in name, had already commenced in substance; and, where Milton was not free from grievous error and consequent injustice, both to the writers of his country and to the language, how could it be expected that the far feebler mind of Addison should work itself clear of a bigotry and a narrowness of sympathy as regards the antique which the discipline and training of his whole life had established? Even the merit of Addison is not sufficient to waive his liability to one plain retort from an offended Englishman —viz. that, before he signed away with such flagrant levity the pretensions of his native language, at all events it was incumbent upon him to show that he had fathomed the powers of that language, had exhausted its capacity, and had wielded it with commanding effect. Whereas we all know that Addison was a master of the humble and unpretending English demanded, or indeed suffered, by his themes, but for that very reason little familiar with its higher or impassioned movements.

2. But Addison, like most other critics on languages, overlooked one great truth, which should have made such sweeping undervaluations impossible as applied to any language. This truth is that every language, every language at least in a state of culture and development, has its own separate and incommunicable qualities of superiority. The French itself, which in some weighty respects is amongst the poorest of languages, had yet its own peculiar merits, not attainable or approachable by any other. For the whole purposes of what the French understand by the word *causer*, for all the delicacies of social intercourse, and the *nuances* of manners, no language *but* the French possesses the requisite vocabulary. The word *causer* itself is an illustration. Marivaux and other novelists, tedious enough otherwise, are mere repertories of phrases untranslatable, irrepresentable, by equivalents in any European language. And some of our own fashionable English novels, which have been fiercely arraigned for their French embroidery as well as for other supposed faults, are thus far justifiable—that, in a majority of instances, the English could not have furnished a corresponding phrase with equal point or piquancy—sometimes not at all.

3. If even the French has its function of superiority, so, and in a higher sense, have the English and other languages more decidedly northern. But the English, in particular, has a special dowry of power in its double-headed origin. The Saxon part of the language fulfils one set of functions, the Latin another. Meantime it is a great error on the part of Lord Brougham (and we remember the same error in others) to direct the student in his choice of words towards the Saxon part of the language by preference. Nothing can be more unphilosophic, or built on more thorough misconception of the case. Neither part of the language is good or bad absolutely, but in its relation to the subject, and according to the treatment which the subject is meant to receive. It is an error even to say that the Saxon part is more advantageously used for cases of passion. Even that requires further limitation. Simple narration, and a pathos resting upon artless circumstances,—elementary feelings,—homely and household affections,—these are most suitably managed by the old indigenous Saxon vocabulary. But a passion which rises into grandeur, which is complex, elaborate, and interveined with high meditative feelings, would languish or absolutely halt without aid from the Latin moiety of our language. Mr. Coleridge remarks that the writings of all reflective or highly subjective poets overflow with Latin and Greek polysyllables, or what the uneducated term "dictionary words."

4. Again, if there is no such thing *in rerum natura* as a language radically and universally without specific powers,—if every language, in short, is and must be, according to the circumstances under which it is moulded, an organ *sui generis*, and fitted to sustain with effect some function or other of the human intellect,—so, on the other hand, the very advantages of a language, those which are most vaunted, become defects under opposite relations. The power of running easily into composition, for instance, on which the Germans show so much *fierté* when stating the pretensions of their own mother tongue, is in itself injurious to the simplicity and natural power of their poetry, besides being a snare in many cases to the ordinary narrator or describer, and tempting him aside into efforts of display which mar the

effect of his composition. In the early stages of every literature, not simplicity (as it is thought), but elaboration and complexity, and tumid artifice in the structure of the diction, are the besetting vices of the poet: witness the Roman fragments of poetry anterior to Ennius. Now, the fusile capacity of a language for running into ready coalitions of polysyllables aids this tendency, and almost of itself creates such a tendency.

5. The process by which languages grow is worthy of deep attention. So profound is the error of some men on this subject that they talk familiarly of language as of a thing deliberately and consciously "invented" by the people who use it. A language never was invented [1] by any people: that part which is not borrowed from adjacent nations arises under instincts of necessity and convenience. We will illustrate the matter by mentioning three such modes of instinct in which has lain the parentage of at least three words out of four in every language: first, the instinct of abbreviation, prompted continually by hurry or by impatience; secondly, the instinct of *onomatopœia*, or, more generally, the instinct of imitation applied directly to sounds, indirectly to motion, and by the aid of analogies more or less obvious applied to many other classes of objects; thirdly, the instinct of distinction, sometimes for purposes of necessity, sometimes of convenience. This process claims by far the largest application of words in every language. Thus, from

[1] Meantime, a few insulated words have been continually nourished by authors,—that is, transferred to other uses, or formed by thoughtful composition and decomposition, or by skilful alterations of form and inflexion. Thus Mr. Coleridge introduced the fine word *ancestral*, in lieu of the lumbering word *ancestorial*, about the year 1798. Milton introduced the indispensable word *sensuous*. Daniel, the truly philosophic poet and historian, introduced the splendid *class* of words with the affix of *inter*, to denote reciprocation, *e.g. interpenetrate*, to express mutual or interchangeable penetration,—a form of composition which is deeply beneficial to the language, and has been extensively adopted by Coleridge. We ourselves may boast to have introduced the word *orchestric*; which we regard with parental pride, as a word expressive of that artificial and pompous music which attends, for instance, the elaborate hexameter verse of Rome and Greece in comparison with the simpler rhyme of the more exclusively accentual metres in modern languages, or expressive of any organised music in opposition to the natural warbling of the woods.

propriety (or the abstract idea of annexation between two things by means of fitness or adaptation) was struck off, by a more rapid pronunciation and a throwing back of the accent, the modern word *property*, in which the same general idea is limited to appropriations of pecuniary value ; which, however, was long expressed by the original word *propriety*, under a modified enunciation. So, again, *major* as a military designation, and *mayor* as a civil one, have split off from the very same original word by varied pronunciations. And these divergencies into multiplied derivatives from some single radix are, in fact, the great source of opulence to one language by preference to another. And it is clear that the difference in this respect between nation and nation will be in a compound ratio of the complexity and variety of situations into which men are thrown (whence the necessity of a complex condition of society to the growth of a truly fine language)—in the ratio, we say, of this complexity on the one hand, and, on the other, of the intellectual activity put forth to seize and apprehend these fleeting relations of things and persons. Whence, according to the vast inequalities of national minds, the vast disparity of languages.

6. Hence we see the monstrosity of claiming a fine or copious language for any rude or uncultivated, much more for any savage, people, or even for a people of mountaineers, or for a nation subsisting chiefly by hunting, or by agriculture and rural life exclusively, or in any way sequestered and monotonous in their habits. It is philosophically impossible that the Gaelic, or the Hebrew, or the Welsh, or the Manx, or the Armoric, could at any stage have been languages of compass or general poetic power. In relation to a few objects peculiar to their own climates, or habits, or superstitions, any of these languages may have been occasionally gifted with a peculiar power of expression : what language is *not* with regard to some class of objects? But a language of power and compass cannot arise except amongst cities and the habits of luxurious people. "They talked," says John Paul, speaking of two rustic characters in one of his sketches,—"they talked, as country people are apt to talk, concerning nothing." And the fact is, universally, that rural occupations and habits, unless counteracted determinately

by intellectual pursuits, tend violently to torpor. Social gatherings, social activity, social pleasure—these are the parents of language. And there is but the one following exception to the rule that, such as is the activity of the national intellect in arresting fugitive relations, such will be the language resulting; and this exception lies in the *mechanical* advantages offered by some inflections compared with others for generating and educing the possible modifications of each primitive idea. Some modes of inflections easily lend themselves, by their very mechanism, to the adjuncts expressing degrees, expressing the relations of time, past, present, and future, expressing the modes of will, desire, intention, &c. For instance, the Italians have terminal forms, *ino*, *ello*, *acchio*, &c., expressing all gradations of size above or below the ordinary standard. The Romans, again, had frequentative forms, inceptive forms, forms expressing futurition and desire, &c. These shorthand expressions performed the office of natural symbols, or hieroglyphics, which custom had made universally intelligible. Now, in some cases this machinery is large, and therefore extensively auxiliary to the popular intellect in building up the towering pile of a language; in others it is meagre, and so far it is possible that, from want of concurrency in the mechanic aids, the language may, in some respects, not be strictly commensurate to the fineness of the national genius.

7. Another question which arises upon all languages respects their degrees of fitness for poetic and imaginative purposes. The mere question of fact is interesting; and the question as to the causal agency which has led to such a result is still more so. In this place we shall content ourselves with drawing the reader's attention to a general phenomenon which comes forward in all non-poetic languages—viz. that the separation of the two great fields, prose and poetry, or of the mind impassioned or unimpassioned, is never perfectly accomplished. This phenomenon is most striking in the Oriental languages; where the common edicts of government or provincial regulations of police assume a ridiculous masquerade dress of rhetorical or even of poetic animation. But amongst European languages this capital defect is most noticeable in the French, which has no

resources for elevating its diction when applied to cases and situations the most lofty or the most affecting. The single misfortune of having no neuter gender, by compelling the mind to distribute the colouring of life universally, and by sexualising in all cases, neutralises the effect, as a special effect, for any case. To this one capital deformity, which presents itself in every line, many others have concurred. And it might be shown convincingly that the very power of the French language, as a language for social intercourse, is built on its impotence for purposes of passion, grandeur, and native simplicity. The English, on the other hand, besides its double fountain of words, which furnishes at once two separate keys of feeling, and the ready means of obtaining distinct movements for the same general passion, enjoys the great advantage above southern languages of having a neuter gender, which, from the very first establishing a mode of shade, establishes, by a natural consequence, the means of creating light, and a more potent vitality.

THE OPIUM QUESTION WITH CHINA IN 1840[1]

WE claim attention from the public on the state of our relations present and to come with China. We pretend to no private materials upon the subject; but in this respect we stand upon the same footing as the leaders of our public counsels. All speak from the text furnished to them by Captain Elliot's correspondence, as published in the newspapers. So far we stand upon the universal level. But it is astonishing how much advantage one man may gain over another, even where all start from the same basis of infor-

[1] Appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for June 1840 under the title of "The Opium and the China Question." For the authentication of the paper as De Quincey's, see footnote *ante*, p. 146. The occasion and circumstances will be sufficiently explained by the following dated notes from Irving's "Annals of our Time":—*April* 15, 1839.—"The "Imperial Commissioner Lin issues an edict, addressed to foreigners, "prohibiting the importation of opium into Chinese ports under "severe penalties." *April* 15.—"Captain Elliot and several British "merchants imprisoned at Canton by Commissioner Lin." *May* 4.— "The opium in the British factories at China having been all delivered "up, Captain Elliot, with some difficulty, obtains the release of the "merchants and others held in confinement under the orders of "Commissioner Lin." *May* 24.—"Captain Elliot and the British "merchants leave Canton." *Nov.* 6.—"H.M. frigates *Volage* and "*Hyacinth* attacked by a squadron of twenty-eight Chinese junks "at Hong Kong. The effects of our shots were soon visible, one junk "having blown up," &c. *Dec.* 6.—"Edict of Emperor of China "putting an end to British trade: last servant of East India Com- "pany leaves." *Jan.* 5, 1840.—"Edict of Emperor of China termin- "ating for ever all trade and intercourse with England." *Jan.* 15.— "The Chinese Commissioner Lin publishes a letter to the Queen of "England 'for the purpose of giving her clear and distinct informa- "tion.' Passing in review the various attempts of the Emperor to

mation, simply by these two differences—1st, by watching the oversights of his competitors, most of whom are apt to seize upon certain features of the case with an entire neglect of others; 2dly, by combining his own *past* experience, gathered from books or whatever sources, with the existing phenomena of the case, as the best means of deciphering their meaning or of calculating their remote effects.

We do not wish to disguise that our views tend to the policy of war—war conducted with exemplary vigour. It is better to meet openly from the first an impression (current amongst the hasty and undistinguishing) that in such views there is a lurking opposition to the opinions of the Conservatives. Were that true, we should hesitate. It is a matter of great delicacy to differ with one's party; and it is questionable whether, even in extreme cases, it can be right to *publish* such a difference. Once satisfied that the general policy of our party is clamorously demanded by the welfare of the country,—and in this particular case of the Tory pretensions finding them sustained by the very extraordinary fact that even out of office they are not out of power, but do really impress the Conservative mind upon one-half of the public measures, whilst of the other half a large proportion

"repress the opium trade, he concludes by an abstract of the new "law about to be put in force: 'Any foreigner bringing opium to the "Celestial Land with a design to sell the same, the principals shall "most assuredly be decapitated and the accessories strangled, and all "property found on board the ship shall be confiscated. The space "of a year and a half is granted within which, if any bringing opium "by mistake shall voluntarily deliver the same, he shall be absolved "from all consequences of the crime.'" *April* 24.—"Meeting in "the Freemasons' Hall, Earl Stanhope in the chair, to petition Parlia- "ment against the continuance of the Opium War." It was at this commencement of that memorable war with China of 1840-42 which led to the re-establishment of British commerce with China on more favourable conditions and on a wider scale than ever before that De Quincey contributed his article to *Blackwood*. Not only was public opinion divided on the question of the legitimacy of a war originating in the opium-traffic, but the relations of the two Parliamentary parties to each other had been considerably perplexed by the recent events. It was in the Whig Ministry of Lord Melbourne that the British opium had been surrendered and the war had begun: what was to be the attitude of the Conservatives for the moment, and what their policy for the future? De Quincey's article was an exposition of what he thought the proper attitude and the proper policy.—M.

is carried only by *their* sufferance, by *their* forbearance, or by *their* direct co-operation,—under such circumstances an honourable party-man will not think himself justified, for any insulated point of opinion or even of practice, to load his party with the reproach of internal discord. Every party, bound together by principles of public fellowship, and working towards public objects, is entitled to all the strength which can arise from union, or the reputation of union. It is a scandal to have it said "You are disunited—you cannot agree amongst yourselves"; and the man who sends abroad dissentient opinions through any powerful organ of the press is the willing author of such a scandal. No gain upon the solitary truth concerned can balance the loss upon the total reputation of his party for internal harmony.

Meantime, as too constantly is the case in mixed questions, when there is much to distinguish, it is a very great blunder to suppose the Conservative party to set their faces against a Chinese War. That party, with Sir Robert Peel for their leader, have in the House of Commons recorded a strong vote against our recent Chinese Policy: so far is true; but not against a Chinese War. Such a war, unhappily, is all the more necessary in consequence of that late policy,—a policy which provided for nothing, foresaw nothing, and in the most pacific of its acts laid a foundation and a necessity that hostilities should redress them.

There is another mistake current—a most important mistake: viz. about the relation which the Opium Question bears to the total dispute with China. It is supposed by many persons that, if we should grant the Chinese Government to have been in the right upon the opium affair, it will follow of course that we condemn the principle of any war or of any hostile demonstrations against China. Not at all. This would be a complete *non sequitur*. I. China might be right in her object, and yet wrong, insufferably wrong, in the means by which she pursued it. In the first of the resolutions moved on the 2d of May by the Company of Edinburgh Merchants (Mr. Oliphant chairman) it is assumed that the opium lost by the British was a sacrifice to the "*more effectual execution of the Chinese laws*"; which is a gross fiction. The opium

was transferred voluntarily by the British; on what understanding is one of the points we are going to consider. II. There is a *causa belli* quite apart from the opium question; a ground of war which is continually growing more urgent; a ground which would survive all disputes about opium, and would have existed had China been right in those disputes from beginning to end.

Yet it is good to pause for a moment, and to look at this opium dispute so far as the documents give us any light for discussing it. The apologists of China say that the Pekin Government has laboured for some time to put down the national abuse of opium. Why, and under what view of that abuse? As a mode of luxury, it is replied, pressing upon the general health, and, for a second reason, as pressing seriously upon the national energies. This last we put down in candour as a separate consideration; because, though all unwholesome luxuries must be supposed indirectly to operate upon the cheerfulness and industry of those who use them, with respect to opium in particular it must be allowed that this secondary action is often the main one, and takes place in a far larger proportion than simply according to the disturbances of health. There is a specific effect known to follow the habitual use of opium, by which it speedily induces a deadly torpor and disrelish of all exertion, and in most cases long before the health is deranged, and even in those constitutions which are by nature so congenially predisposed to this narcotic as never to be much shaken by its uttermost abuse.

Thus far, and assuming all for truth which the Chinese tell us, we have before us the spectacle of a wise and paternal Government; and it recommends such wisdom powerfully to a moral people like ours that we seem to see it exerting itself unpopularly,—nobly stemming a tide of public hatred, and determined to make its citizens happy in their own despite. Fresh from this contemplation of disinterested virtue, how shocked we all feel on seeing our own scamps of sailors working an immense machinery for thwarting so beneficent a Government! A great conflagration is undermining all the social virtues in China; the Emperor and Commissioner Lin are working vast fire-engines for throwing water upon the flames; and, on the other hand, our people are discharging

columns of sulphur for the avowed purpose of feeding the combustion!

"Scandalous!" we all exclaim; but, as the loveliest romances are not always the truest, let us now hear the other party. Plaintiff has spoken; Defendant must now have *his* turn.

For the defendant then it is urged:—

That the Chinese Government, having long connived at the opium trade, has now found three purely selfish reasons against it.

1*st*, As having at length a rival interest of its own.—Lin and others are said to have some thousands of acres laid down as poppy plantations. Now, the English opium, and that of Malwa, as an old concern, is managed much more cheaply. To exclude the foreign growth is essential, therefore, as the first step towards a protection to the infancy of the home growth. On this view of the case we would recommend a sliding duty, such as that of our corn laws, to the Celestial opium-growers.

2*dly*, That this foreign opium caused a yearly drain of silver.—From the small range of Chinese commerce, it is impossible for China to draw upon foreign states; much of the imports must now be paid for in hard downright silver,—which is the more disgusting as formerly the current of silver ran precisely in the other direction.

3*dly*, That the English have become objects of intense jealousy at the court of Pekin.—Indeed, it is time for that Cabinet to look about with some alarm, were it only that a great predominating power has arisen in India—a conquering power and a harmonizing power where heretofore there was that sort of balance maintained amongst the many Indian principalities which Milton ascribes to the anarchy of Chaos: one might rise superior for a moment, but the restlessness of change, and the tremulous libration of the equipoise, guaranteed its speedy downfall. Here, therefore, and in this English predominance, is cause enough for alarm; how much more since the war against Nepaul, in virtue of which the English advance has pushed forward the English outposts within musket-range of the Chinese, and against the Burman Empire, in virtue of which great interposing masses

have been seriously weakened? It is become reasonable that China should fear us; and, fearing us, she must allowably seek to increase her own means of annoyance, as well as to blunt or to repel ours. Much of ours must lie in the funds by which we support our vast Indian establishment; and towards those funds it is understood that the opium trade contributes upwards of three millions sterling per annum. In mere prudence, therefore, the Cabinet of Pekin sets itself to reduce our power by reducing our money resources, and to reduce our money resources by refusing our opium.

Such are the three reasons upon which it has been alleged that Lin and his master have been proceeding. And now, if it *were* so, what has any man to say against these reasons? Have not nations a right to protect their own interests? Is the path of safety not open to them because it happens to lead away from British objects? Why, as to that, measures are not always allowable in a second or third stage of intercourse which might have been so in the first. But for the present we meditate no attack on these measures. Let them be supposed purely within the privilege of a defensive policy. Only let us have things placed on their right footing, and called by their right names; and let us not be summoned to admire, as acts of heroic virtue which put to shame our Christianity, what under this second view appears to be a mere resort of selfish prudence.

But, then, is it certain that this second view of the case is the correct view? Why, we have before acknowledged that documents are wanting for either view: any inference, for or against the Chinese, will be found too large for the premises. The materials do not justify a vote either of acquittal or of impeachment; but, as this is so, let us English have the benefit of this indistinctness in the proofs equally with the Chinese. So much, at the very least, is fair to ask, and something more; for, upon the face of this Chinese solicitude for the national virtue, some things appear suspicious. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, Nobody mounts in a moment to the excess of profligacy; and it is equally probable that *Nemo repente fuit sanctissimus*. This sudden leap into the anxieties of

parental care is a suspicious fact against the Chinese Government.

Then, again, is it, or can it be, true that in any country the labouring class should be seriously tainted by opium? Can any indulgence so costly as this have struck root so deeply as to have reached the subsoil of the general national industry? Can we shut our eyes to this gross dilemma? Using much opium, how can the poor labourer support the expense,—using little, how can he suffer in his energies or his animal spirits? In many districts of Hindostan, as well as of the Deccan, it is well known that the consumption of opium is enormous: but amongst what class? Does it ever palpably affect the public industry? The question would be found ludicrous. Our own working class finds a great providential check on its intemperance in the costliness of intoxicating liquors. Cheap as they seem, it is impossible for the working man (burdened with average claims) to use them to excess, unless with such intervals as redress the evil to the constitution. This stern benediction of Providence, this salutary operation of poverty, has made it impossible for one generation to shatter the health of the next. Now, for the opium-eater this counteracting provision presses much more severely. Wages are far lower in the opium countries; and the quantity of opium required in any case where it can have been abused is continually increasing, whereas the dose of alcohol continues pretty stationary for years.

These things incline a neutral spectator to suspect grievously some very earthly motives to be working below the manœuvres of the Celestial Commissioner, since it really appears to be impossible that the lower Chinese should much abuse the luxury of opium; and, as to the higher, what a chimerical undertaking to make war upon *their* habits of domestic indulgence! With these classes, and in such a point, no Government would have the folly to measure its strength. And, as to the classes connected with public industry, we repeat and maintain that it is impossible (for the reason explained) to suppose *them* seriously tainted; so that a delusion seems to lie at the very root of this Chinese representation.

But, apart from all that, we see two pinching dilemmas

even in this opium case—dilemmas that screw like a vice—which tell powerfully in favour of our Tory views: first, as criminating the present Whig administration beyond all hope of apology; secondly, as criminating the Chinese administration. The first clenches the argument moved by Sir James Graham on the criminal want of foresight and provision in our own Cabinet; and we are surprised that it could have been forgotten in the debate. The second goes far to justify our right of war against China.

We will take these dilemmas in the inverse order, putting forward the latter dilemma first.

I. When Lin seized the British opium, and in one day pillaged our British merchants to the extent of more than two millions sterling, by what means was it that Lin got "a hank" over so much alien property? The opium was freighted on board various ships; and these ships were lying at various distances in the waters of the Bocca Tigris. No considerable part of it was on shore or in the Canton factory. What is our inference from this? Why, that the opium was not in Lin's power. Indeed, we are sure of that by another argument; for Lin begs from Captain Elliot the interposition of his authority towards getting the opium transferred to Chinese custody—a thing which most assuredly he would not have done had he seen the slightest hopes of its coming into his possession by violence. Merely the despair of success in any attempt to seize it prevailed with him to proceed by this circuitous course. Captain Elliot, for reasons not fully explained, granted this request. Now, then, what we ask is that all who advocate the Chinese cause would be pleased to state the terms on which this deliberate transfer of British property was made over to Lin—what were the terms understood by the party surrendering, and by the party receiving, viz. Lin? That monosyllabic hero did, or he did *not*, make terms with Captain Elliot. Now, if you say he did not, you say a thing more severe, by twenty times, against the Whig Superintendent than any of us Tories, in or out of Parliament, has ever hinted at. What! a British agent, sent to protect British interests, giving up British property by wholesale—sacrificing millions of British pounds sterling—without an effort to obtain an equivalent, without a protest, without

a remonstrance! Why, a diplomatist acting for the most petty interests gives up nothing without a consideration,—nothing at all without a struggle at the first, without an equivalent at the last. *Quid pro quo* is the very meaning and essence of diplomacy. And observe that Captain Elliot does far more than *sanction* the surrender. It is not as though Chinese artillery had been ready to enforce a seizure, and Captain Elliot, for peace's sake, interfered to substitute a milder course. Nothing of the sort: but for him the opium would not and could not have passed into Chinese hands. In such circumstances—for of course he insisted for some equivalent—you cannot suppose the first horn of the dilemma—that he did not. That is too incredible. Suppose, therefore, the other horn of the dilemma. You *must* suppose it. Mere decency binds us to suppose that Captain Elliot, in compliance with the most flagrant demands of duty, *did* make terms. What *were* those terms? What *was* the equivalent? This we have a right to know, because hitherto (and, by Lin's account, the affair is now terminated) no equivalent at all, no terms of *any* kind, have been reported as offered by the Chinese or as accepted by the British. Sundry of the Chinese have, indeed, since that time made an awkward attempt at cutting sundry British throats, and have had their own cut instead,—a result for which we heartily grieve, as the poor victims were no willing parties to this outrage upon our rights. But this could hardly be the equivalent demanded by Elliot. And, as to any other, it is needless to inquire about it, since nothing of *any* kind has been offered to the British except outrages and insults. Here, then, is a short two-edged argument, which it will be difficult to parry:—Lin agreed to a stipulation for equivalents; in which case he must have broken it. Lin did *not* agree; in which case we have a heavier charge against the superintendent,—that is, the representative of our own Government,—than any which has yet been put forward.

II. But worse, far worse, as respects our own Government, is the second dilemma. It is this:—Those who had charge of the opium surrendered it on the most solemn official guarantee of indemnification. Now, in offering that guarantee, was Captain Elliot authorized by his Government?

or was he not authorized? Practically, there is no such indulgent alternative *now* open to the Government; because the time is now past in which that Government could claim the benefit of a disavowal. *Instantly* to have disavowed Captain Elliot was the sole course by which the Whig Government could retrieve their position and evade the responsibility created for them by their agent. When they first appointed him, they had delegated their responsibility to him; they had notified that delegation to all whom it might concern. It must be an extreme case, indeed, which can warrant a minister in disavowing his own agent, so deliberately selected, and much more when the distance is so vast. In no case can this be done unless where it can be demonstrated that the agent has flagrantly exceeded his powers. But, in cases of money guarantees, or the drawing of bills, it is hardly possible that an agent should do so: such cases are not mixed up with the refinements of politics about which the varieties of opinion are likely to arise. Always, and in all situations, an agent knows what are the limits of his powers as to so definite a subject as money. And, were it otherwise, what would become of the innumerable bills drawn upon the British Treasury by consuls and naval officers in ports of countries the most remote? Nobody would take such bills: no ship in our navy, no shipwrecked crew, could obtain aid under the worst circumstances, if a practice existed of disavowing authorized agents, or resisting bills when presented for payment. The Elliot guarantee, therefore, was hardly within the privilege of disavowal by Lord Melbourne's Government. They it was who sent the agent—who clothed him with authority—who called upon all men in the East to recognise him as representing themselves—who proclaimed aloud, "Behold the man whom the Queen delighteth to honour: what he does is as if done by ourselves: his words are our words: his seal is our seal!"

The argument, therefore, will stand thus:—Captain Elliot solemnly undertook to the British merchants, in order to gain a favourite point for Lin, that no fraction of the money at which the opium had been valued should finally be lost. On the faith of that undertaking the surrender was made quietly which else, confessedly, would not have been

made at all. Now, in making that perilous engagement—so startling by the amount of property concerned that no man could pretend to have acted inconsiderately—was Captain Elliot exceeding his powers or not? Did the Government disavow his act, even in thought, on first hearing it reported; or did they not? If they did—if privately they were shocked to find the enormity of responsible obligation which Elliot had pledged on their behalf—if they felt that he had created no right in the persons who held his engagements—why did they not instantly publish that fact? Mere honesty, as in a commercial transaction, requires this. If a man draws on you unwarrantably for an immense sum, you never think of replying, "I have not money enough to meet this demand." You say to the holders of the bills, and you say it indignantly, and you say it *instantly*—without taking time to *finesse*, or leaving time for the creditor to lose his remedy—"This man has no authority whatever to draw upon me. I neither am myself his debtor, nor do I hold the funds of any third party who is." But what was the answer of the English Government, when summoned to make good the engagements of their agent? Did they say boldly "We disavow this agent: we disown his debt: we desire that these bills may be noted and protested"? No: but, evasively, perfidiously, as speaking to ruined men, they reply:—"Oh, really, we have not funds to meet these bills; and, if we should go to Parliament for funds, we have a notion that there will be the deuce to pay for contracting so large a debt!" Like a riotous heir, they dare not show to their public guardians the wild havoc of funds which they have authorized.

The sole evasion of this argument would be if it could be alleged that the bills were bad bills,—that they were given without a consideration. But that can be maintained only by those who are misinformed as to the facts. Were it the case that Lin could have seized the opium, though in honour the Government would still be answerable for the acts of their agent, and though a contract *is* a contract, still it might have been said that the British merchants, after all, had been placed in no worse situation by the act of Captain Elliot. But, as the case really stands, the total loss—every shilling

of it—was a pure creation of Elliot's. The ships were not in the situation of an army having to stand the hazard of a battle before they could carry off the contested property ; in which case it might have been wise to pay some fine for escaping a struggle, however certain the issue. No : they had but to raise their anchors and spread their sails. A lunar month would have seen the opium safe in the waters of Bengal, from which it would have been landed to await the better market of the following year.

But, say some extravagant people, the Chinese had the right of seizure, though not the power to enforce that right ; and the inference which they would wish us to draw from that is that it was the duty of the British merchants to show respect for the laws and maritime rights of China. What ! at the cost of two and a half millions sterling ? Verily, the respect for China must be somewhat idolatrous which would express itself on this magnificent scale. But, waiving that, mark the reply :—Nobody doubts the right of China to seize contraband goods when they are landed, or in the course of landing ; because by that time the final destination of the goods is apparent. And our own Government at home—*but having power to sustain their claim*—go somewhat further ; they make prize at sea of cargoes which are self-demonstrated as contraband. But who in his senses ever held the monstrous doctrine that a smuggler is under some obligation of conscience to sail into an English port, and there deliver up his vessel as a victim to the majesty of the offended revenue laws ? The very most that China could in reason have asked was that the opium ships should sail away, and not hover on the coasts. Even this is a great deal more than China had a right to ask—conceding also throughout that China had not herself for years invited this contraband commerce, cherished it, nursed it, honoured it—because it is certain that a maritime kingdom without a revenue fleet has no more right to complain of smugglers in its defensive diplomacy than offensively it has to declare a port or a line of coast under blockade without *bona fide* efforts and means to enforce that blockade. Certainly not, it will be said ; and the English opium ships were acting under no recognised maritime law when they so foolishly surrendered their cargoes.

But it will be alleged in apology for that rash surrender that perhaps it might not be merely the Elliot indemnification which persuaded them to this act: that barely made it a safe act. What made it a politic act was probably the belief that for any less price they could not purchase back the general renewal of Chinese commerce. Ay, now we come to the truth! This was the equivalent, beyond a doubt, understood between Lin and Elliot as the condition upon which the surrender was to take effect. Well understood most assuredly it was; and, if it was not expressed, was not reduced to writing, the blame of that is to be divided (in such proportions as may hereafter be settled) between the confiding folly of our English dupe and the exquisite knavery of the Celestial Lin. *Non nostrum tantas componere lites.*

We have stated these two dilemmas more diffusely—and yet not diffusely, since nothing has been said twice over, but more, however, in detail than else might have been necessary—because a transaction of this kind, unless kept steadily before the eye for some time, is too easily forgotten, and no proper impression of its nature is retained. But the broad result from the whole is that Lin used Captain Elliot as an engine for cheating Englishmen. The roasting chestnuts could not be extracted from the fire: Lin knew that: he was well aware that he must have burned his own paws in attempting it; and, like the monkey in the fable, he wisely used Elliot as his cat's-paw. 2dly, That Lin also cheated the English out of that commerce the restoration of which he had in effect sold to them, and again through Elliot. And, 3dly, That the English Government has cheated the English merchants out of two and a half millions of pounds sterling —again, for the third time, through Elliot; and, in fact, were it a case at Bow Street against the swell mob, the English Government would have been found in rank collusion with Lin. Lin picks the left-hand pocket, first of opium, and secondly of trade: the Government then step in whilst the merchants are all gazing at Lin, and pick the other pocket of money: both speaking at first through Elliot, but finally speaking directly in their own persons.

Even this is not all. There is something still worse and more jesuitical in the conduct of our Home Government.

They proceed to decree reprisals against China. But why? Very fit it is that so arrogant a people should be brought to their senses; and notorious it is that in Eastern lands no appeal to the sense of justice will ever be made available which does not speak through their fears. We, therefore, are the last persons to say one word against this *ultima ratio*, if conducted on motives applying to the case. By all means thump them well: it is your only chance—it is the only logic which penetrates the fog of so conceited a people. But is that the explanation of war given by Government? No, no. They offer it as the only means in their power of keeping faith with the opium-dealers and not breaking with Elliot. "What do you want?" they say at the Treasury,—"Is it money? Well, we have none; but we can take a purse for you on the Queen's highway, and that we will soon do." Observe, therefore, you have them confessing to the debt. They do not pretend to deny *that*. Why, then, what dishonesty it was to say in the first instance to the bill-holders "We have no funds"! They had then, it seems, been authorizing engagements, knowing at the time that in respect of those engagements they were not solvent.

This is the first thing that meets us: viz. that, at all events, they had meditated fraud. But, when, after some months' importunity for payment, a Treasury attorney suggests this new fashion of paying just debts,—which is in effect to go and kick up a spree in the Oriental seas, and to fetch back the missing funds out of all the poor rogues whom they can find abroad,—note this above all things: Letters of marque and reprisals may be fair enough against European nations, because as much commercial shipping as they have afloat so much warlike shipping they have to protect it. The one is in regular proportion to the other; fair warning is given. We say, "Take care of yourselves; your war shipping ought to protect your commercial shipping; and, if it cannot, the result will be a fair expression that we have measured forces against each other, nation against nation; the result will be one of fair open fighting." Now, in the Chinese seas there are none *but* commercial ships. There are no fighting ships worth speaking of. Consequently no part of the loss will fall on the state. Our losses in opium will be made good by the

ruin of innumerable private traders. That cannot be satisfactory to any party; and quite as little can it satisfy our British notions of justice that the rascally Government, and that "sublime of rascals" Lin, will escape without a wound. Little teasings about the extremities of so great a power, and yet, in a warlike sense, so unmaritime a power, as China, will be mere flea-bites to the central government at Pekin,—not more than the arrows of Liliput in the toes of Gulliver, which he mistook for some tickling or the irritation of chilblains.

Are we then comparing our own naval power, the most awful concentration of power and the most variously applicable power which the earth has witnessed, to the efforts of Liliput? Not so, reader; but of what avail is any power under circumstances which forbid it to act? The power of gravitation is the greatest we know of; yet it is nothing at all if you would apply it to the sending up of rockets. The English navy might as reasonably throw bomb-shells into the crater of Vesuvius, by way of bidding it be quiet, or into the Kingdom of the Birds above us, as seek to make any deep impression upon such a vast callous hulk as the Chinese Empire. It is defended by its essential non-irritability, arising out of the intense non-development of its resources. Were it better developed, China would become an *organized* state, a *power* like Britain: at present it is an inorganic mass—something to be kicked, but which cannot kick again—having no commerce worth counting, no vast establishments of maritime industry, no arsenals, no shipbuilding towns, no Portsmouths, Deals, Deptfords, Woolwiches, Sunderlands, Newcastles, Liverpools, Bristols, Glasgows,—in short, no vital parts, no organs, no heart, no lungs. As well deliver your broadsides against the impassive air, or, in Prospero's words,

> "Stab the still closing waters
> With all-bemock'd-at wounds."[1]

Indeed, it is a more hopeful concern to make war upon the winds and the waters; for both are known to suffer great

[1] Quoted from memory, and incorrectly. The words (*Tempest*, iii. 3) are:—

> "May as well
> Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
> Kill the still-closing waters."—M.

changes during some time after the continued cannonading of a great sea-fight; whereas China is, like Russia, defensible, without effort of her men, by her own immeasurable extent, combined with the fact of having no vulnerable organs—no local concentrations of the national power in which a mortal wound can be planted. There lay the mistake of Napoleon in his desperate anabasis to Moscow. In the whole area of interminable Muscovy, which centuries could not effectually traverse with armies, there was but one weak or vulnerable place; and that was the heart of the Czar. But it was too deadly a stake to throw upon that single chance the fate of so vast an army, and the future *prestige* of the French military name. Moscow having perished,—which, after all, was a flea-bite even as regarded the *annual* income of the land, for it contained little more than gilt furniture and boxes of sweet-meats (see Segur),—all had perished that *could* perish for Russia; after which every loss must be a French loss. Even without the winter, the French army was a condemned body after that. *There* surely was a deadly miscalculation. And such a miscalculation is ours in meditating the retrieval of our losses by war upon this inert and most lubberly of masses.

But perhaps it will be said we shall not altogether depend on sea-captures. We shall seize the island of Formosa; may-be we shall seize Canton! But even in those places we shall find no such accumulations of government stores as would be found in any of our active and warlike European states. Some old fixtures in the shape of buildings, palaces, halls of justice, &c., will be the most that we can count upon as government property; or perhaps Lin, in his hurry of absconding, may leave his snuff-box behind, his opium-box, or his peacock's feather. But we can hardly hope to bring the Celestial fixtures to a Demerara "*vendue*." It is true there are the revenues. These we can divert, either in Canton or in Formosa, to our own exchequer. But, unless we adopt the French plan of instant requisitions (which, if at any time fair, would surely be far otherwise in a case where there is no shadow of a quarrel with the people, but only with the Government), we must stay for some years to gather in any considerable harvest; because the great source

of Canton wealth will be dried up by the inland embargo upon the tea provinces, and the Formosa prosperity depends much upon coasting commerce with the mainland of China, which will now be subject to all the hazards of a contraband trade. Besides, these two occupations will require a land force; and the very expenses of such occupations may very easily be such that we shall all think it a happy thing if the interrupted local revenues should satisfy them.

But, finally, in dismissing this opium part of the general question, we would wish to press upon the attention of any interested parties that they should not look at the several parts of the affair as insulated cases, but should review the entire series as a whole, in which the last stage is adapted to the first, in which the first movement contemplates the end. This war upon China may be *otherwise* useful: we ourselves believe it will, and for purposes which we are going to notice. But at present we are dealing with it as a measure adopted by our Government to meet certain difficulties created (with or without reason) by themselves, and defended upon specific grounds. It is those grounds we speak to; we argue *ad hominem*. The defence put forward for this war is that thus we shall recover the value of the surrendered opium. By whom surrendered? Not, as one might think, by some former thoughtless Tory administration; no, but by themselves, and a very few months ago. Was ever such a Penelope's policy, such weaving and unweaving, adopted by any rational Government? They (for of necessity their undisavowed agent is *they*) one fine day give up like lambs more than £2,000,000 worth of property; and on another fine day like tigers they say, "Let us fetch it back by war. We did a most drunken act last night: we gave up our watch and purse to a fellow because he had the impudence to ask it. This morning, being sober, let us 'pitch into' him and fetch it back."

Upon every principle of plain dealing, every British merchant who surrendered his opium will have a right to say —indemnified or not indemnified by a war, he will have the right to say—"Captain Elliot, as commissioner of the British Government, as an honourable Englishman, one of a nation that is generous and noble (be its faults otherwise what they

may) and that disdains all trickery, can you lay your hand upon your heart and look me in the face whilst you say that either I ought to have understood, or that you thought I understood, by that solemn guarantee to see me reimbursed, simply this remote, this contingent, this fractional chance from such a war as we can wage with China? Will you say that, for my children's bread, as a thing understood and recognised between us, I was to exchange a certain property, in absolute possession, for some aerial claims upon some distant fighting excursion against some place or places unknown, in a kingdom almost belonging to another planet?" The thing is too monstrous for evasion: it speaks for itself. No reimbursement can clear the honour of the parties guaranteeing: that is now impossible. But, were it not so, two home considerations remain:—1*st*, How many mercantile establishments, or their creditors, may have gone down whilst waiting? 2*d*, If the money principal of the war is to pay the merchants in the first place, and to leave the costs of the expeditions as a charge against the country, why not, by a simpler process, have created the charge, in the first place, as a direct indemnification to the merchants, and then afterwards go a-campaigning for glory and repayment? Unless the proceeds from the expeditions shall be found to cover both debts, what is this but to create a secondary debt for the purpose of covering a primary debt, and with the vast disadvantage of certain intermediate bloodshed, with a prodigious waste of energy, and by a process most absurdly lingering as well as childishly circuitous?

So much for the opium question; which, when probed, does not seem to colour the state of our foreign relations very favourably for the present Administration. But, as it may be thought that the general bearing of this review is unfavourable also to the entertainment of a Chinese War, we will now turn to that side of the question.

War, as a measure of finance, as a mere resource of a delinquent and failing exchequer, is certainly less likely to succeed with an empire like China, so compact, so continental, so remote—and, beyond all other disqualifying circumstances, so inorganic—than with any other in the known world. The French have an expression for a man who is

much mixed up in social relations—that he is *repandu dans le monde*, or, as Lord Bolingbroke once said of Pope, by translating that phrase, *scattered and diffused in society*. Now, this is the very description of our own English condition as a people; and, above all other facts, it proclaims our indomitable energy, and our courageous self-dependence. Of all nations that ever have been heard of, we are the most scattered and exposed. We are to be reached by a thousand wounds in thousands of outlying extremities; the very outposts of civilisation are held by Englishmen, everywhere maintaining a reserve of reliance upon the mighty mother in Europe—everywhere looking to her in the last extremities for aid, or for summary vengeance in the case of her aid coming too late; but all alike, in the ordinary state of things, relying upon themselves against all enemies, and thinking it sufficient matter of gratitude to England that she has sent them out with stout arms, with a reverence for laws, with constitutional energy, and, above all, with a pure religion. Such are we English people—such is the English condition. Now, what we are in the very supreme degree, that is China in the lowest. We are the least defended by massy concentration; she the most so. We have the colonial instinct in the strongest degree; China in the lowest. With us the impulses of expatriation are almost morbid in their activity; in China they are undoubtedly morbid in their torpor. At one time, and it may be so still, the Chinese Government absolutely refused to treat, on the cheapest terms, for the redemption of certain Chinese captives, or even to defray their return home—on the Roman plea that they had abjured their country. But how? Not upon the Roman principle that, having fled in battle, or having yielded to captivity, they had disgraced their sacred mother-country and ceased to be her children: no; but because, having exiled themselves in quest of bread, they had dared to think any other more hopeful than the Celestial soil. With such principles it is not to be supposed that Chinese colonies can ever prosper, or ever become other than a degraded limb of the Chinese state. It is vain to expect much energy in a direction which is habitually frowned upon by the Chinese authorities and institutions. And, accordingly, not now only,

but for a very long futurity, we must expect to see sailors, shipbuilders, colonists, foreign capitalists, merchants, &c., thriving only as those thrive who are a despised class of offcasts. There is not motion enough in the stagnant state of Chinese society to hope for any material change. And to China as it is—not China as it might be—we must adapt our future relations; which are annually becoming more important.

A war for money, a war for indemnities, cannot be a hopeful war against a lazy, torpid body, without colonies, ships, commerce, and consequently without any great maritime depots. A rich seaside, a golden coast,—that is what we need to make a naval war lucrative. But what then? We need war for other purposes than instant gain. And these purposes it is our next duty to press upon the attention.

All our misfortunes or disgraces at Canton have arisen out of one original vice in the foundation of our intercourse. This began under the unhappy baptism of two unequal contracting sponsors,—a great and most arrogant emperor on the one side, a narrow company of mercantile adventurers on the other. In Europe, governments treat with governments, merchants with merchants. All, therefore, goes rightly. But in Asia, until we also became a great Asiatic potentate, the case was constantly as between the Roman logician armed with a book and his imperial opponent backed by thirty legions. In China, for local reasons of shyness towards all foreigners, the case was worse than elsewhere. There was a simple counting-house and ledger on the one side; there was a great throne and its satellites on the other. Every cause of dispute and repulsion was called into action between the parties, mutual religious horror being superadded; and for a cement, for a link, for reciprocal attraction, there was but the one mean principle of reciprocal gain.

Here, however, we pause to notice one capital oversight in political economy. It has been said many scores of times, in derision of our English hold upon China, that in so vast a territory our tea demand, large as it seems, must be a *bagatelle*. Must it so? Now mark how three sentences shall put that down.

1. Our demand is not little in any sense: it is great

relatively, it is great absolutely. So poor are the majority of the Chinese that they never taste such a beverage as tea, more than Hungarian peasants drink tokay, or French peasants champagne. And it has been repeatedly computed that our English exportation is one clear moiety of the crop.

2. But, if it were barely a tenth instead of a half, nay a fiftieth, it would operate most powerfully on the Chinese funds, were it only for this reason, that the tea provinces are but a small part of China. Consequently, whatever loss follows any decay of English purchases falls (after allowing for the profits of carriers and the Canton establishments) not upon all China, in which case the vast subdivision might make it a trifle to each individual, but upon a few provinces enjoying a particular soil and climate; and even in those provinces, as much land is unfitted for the culture of tea, it falls exclusively upon one class of proprietors. Now, it is idle to say that an English demand annually for forty millions of pounds suddenly subtracted could be a trifle to any single body of men in any state upon earth. Gathered in its whole thunders upon one limited class of proprietors, so large a loss, and so sudden a loss, would be overwhelming.

3. This last rectification arises by simply substituting for all China the really small class amongst whom the loss must be divided. But there is another and a worse rectification which blows to atoms the notion that our custom is a matter of indifference to China. Very probably Lin thinks so, because Lin is not much read in Ricardo. But a second year's experience will tell another tale even to Lin. It is shameful that men preaching the doctrines of Ricardo should have overlooked their application to China. Suffice it in this place to say that, if, instead of forty million pounds, England called for only a few hundred thousands, even that small addition to the previous demand might force into culture some inferior soil which would necessarily give the regulating price for the whole; immediately after which a rent would take place on the penultimate quality of tea-ground, a double rent upon the ante-penultimate, a triple rent upon the pre-ante-penultimate, and so on through all the gradations upwards. By parity of process, on the withdrawal of this English stimulus, a corresponding retrocession

will take place on every quality of soil; every quality must sink in rent instantly; for the delay by means of written leases will only transfer the loss from proprietor to farmer; and the lower qualities, which have only been called into use because a smaller range could not furnish the total demand, will be entirely withdrawn in so far as that demand is contracted. So far from not feeling the loss of our English custom, myriads will be ruined by it out and out. Jails will be filled, suicides will multiply, taxes will be unpaid, opium-eating will prosper, and the full hailstorm of wrath will descend upon the bare skull of Lin, until his Tartar pigtail rises in affright and streams like a meteor to the troubled air. All the logic in this world will not get over these three rectifications of the notion that, because China is big, therefore an English demand for tea must be insignificant. The truth is, England is not to be valued as to riches upon any scale derived from her extent. If there are a hundred million families in China, of which ninety barely replace their own consumption, there is no wealth except upon the ten millions who do more. Wealth is the surplus arising after consumption is replaced. Now, it is certain that upon every British family, not being paupers, such a surplus arises. But upon the vast body of the Chinese, living on rivers, and eating the garbage rejected by the meanest of the comfortable classes, though not paupers, yet no surplus at all arises. No multiplication of such classes, in a non-military state, is any real increase of strength. Not every twenty-fifth man is a cipher in this respect to England; probably not every tenth man is anything else in China,—that is, if he does not lessen the national funds, he does not increase them.

From this digression upon our purely commercial relations to China, as affected by British custom, we recur to the subject of our social standing amongst the same people. Merchants are also men. Now, in the commercial conduct of the Chinese there is not so much to complain of. The institution of the Hong is, no doubt, tyrannical; certain usages, also, and prescriptions (local or national) of the Canton trade may be unjust, or may need revision as impolitic. But, in general, the Hong merchants are admitted

to be honest. It is in the social (not the commercial) treatment of our countrymen that wrongs and indignities have been offered to the British name. And the initial reason is what we have before stated: viz., that for two centuries our connexion has been maintained by unequal contracting parties. A sovereign who affects to make a footstool of the terraqueous globe, and to view all foreigners as barbarians, could not be approached with advantage by a body of manly Englishmen. In their character of merchants they were already contemptible in Oriental eyes; and the language of respectful homage, when coupled with the tone of self-respect, was viewed with indignation. Such a prince could be propitiated only by the Eastern style of servile prostration; and, were this style even steadily adopted, under the infinite caprice of absolute despots it would but the more certainly court the vilest occasional outrages. Some of our anti-national scribblers at home—as, of course, in vast capitals every variety of human nature will be developed—insisted upon it, that our English ambassador ought to have performed the *kotou*; that it was a mere form; and that the Pekin court usage was the law for those who had occasion to visit Pekin. Had Lord Amherst submitted to such a degradation, the next thing would have been a requisition from the English Factory of beautiful English women, according to a fixed description, as annual presents to the Emperor. It is painful to add that, according to the degradation which too naturally takes place in Canton councils, there have been times when such a condition would have been favourably received; and the sole demur would have been raised on the possibility of trepanning any fit succession of their fair compatriots. We know what we are saying. We must all hope that our modern merchants are far too lofty in principle and feeling for compliances so abject. But we are speaking of the general tendencies which take place in such eastern mercantile bodies, when so far removed from the salutary control of English opinion. Our object is to state the evil influences which are operating and long have operated at all our Oriental settlements where the British society is not numerous enough to hold a "potential voice" of moral control. It cannot be disguised that the interests and honour of England

sometimes require to be supported against the British merchants as well as against the despotic sovereign of China. The evil, we have already said, began in the unnatural position, perfectly ruinous to the growth of all high-toned honour, between contracting parties so disproportionately assorted, who could not approach each other, and who, differing in religion, in the modes of their civilisation, and in language, not less than they did in rank, had really no one common principle of appeal in their standards of morality. To these original defects of position was added the total neglect of every successive Government at home. Our furious party disputes in England, so unspeakably valuable in sustaining the vigilance and sincerity of our political interests, have yet this one collateral disadvantage—that they leave no leisure or care for remote colonial questions. This very natural indifference was sustained by the enormous distance—virtually double for the last generation. A voyage of fifteen thousand miles and back made it impossible, in the old state of our Oriental navigation, to receive an answer to a letter of inquiry, at the very earliest, in less than twelve calendar months. The old calculation of an Idumean prince, when threatened by a Jewish rival with an allied force from Rome,—viz. that, according to all human chances, before three such enemies could have combined a hostile rencontre, either the Jewish threatener, or his Roman ally, or the object of their hostilities, one or all, must naturally have perished, and the combination fallen through either by failure in the means, or by the extinction of the purpose,—this mode of argument applied with triple force to all schemes for connecting Eastern affairs with Parliamentary politics. And thus it happened that for just 150 years our Eastern settlements were all alike neglected. The distance, the obscurity of the interests, the claims, or the intrigues, together with the local peculiarities of thing, person, name, usage—all united to separate us from these splendid theatres of English enterprise as totally as if they had belonged to the planet Jupiter. At length came Lord Clive's magnificent career; another empire was created for England; this empire expanded rapidly; vast fortunes were brought home from India. Much of this money, nay, even the money of native Indian princes, was

applied to the support of a Parliamentary influence. Charles Fox grew ambitious of legislating for India. A far greater man, but in this instance a petty one, Edmund Burke, grew interested in the Indian Government by his personal hatreds. The light of inquiry began to unveil the importance of these settlements; the English Government would no longer permit such mighty interests to be regulated by merchants; an overruling participation in the power was demanded; a domestic board of control was established; and finally, by many further changes, of which not the least has been the gradual reduction of the Bengal voyage from six months to three, and the organization of overland routes from Bombay in still shorter space of time, the great Indian Colonies have long been placed under the close supervision of English domestic councils.

But that case was a splendid and a natural exception. There it was no longer a commerce, no longer a provincial factory, but a vast empire which was concerned,—an empire that in many parts had resumed the throne and place of the Moguls, the only sovereigns in the Mahometan line who have ever approached to a general sovereignty over India. The great circumstances accounted for the great change. But elsewhere things continued as they had been. At Canton, especially, no symptom of an improved *surveillance* has been manifested. The greater distance, the lesser value at stake, explain this neglect for the present. But steam, in conjunction with railway, is rapidly annihilating the first; and circumstances which we are now to indicate will so vary the last that a great revolution must now be looked for. We shall be compelled to change our system, or ruin is at hand for English interests in China. The nature of the changes to be expected we shall briefly state.

Up to the year 1785 it is not worth while to trace the little oscillations of our Canton history. It is merely the history of a counting-house, except for the interest attached to national indignities. Little real variation could take place in our relations with the Chinese court when all trembled before a power that by one word could annihilate their prosperity, unless when some lion-hearted sailor, such as Lord (then Commodore) Anson, touched at Macao for the

sake of repairs or refreshments. This gallant race of men, having no alien interests of a money nature to mislead the simplicity of their English feeling, treated the insolence of the Chinese authorities with the disdain it merited; and Lord Anson, in particular, on finding a puny opposition prepared to his passage, smashed their "crockery ware" (as he irreverently styled their forts at the Bocca) in such a summary style with the guns of his old storm-shaken ship the *Centurion* that all the tails in Canton stood on end with horror. Frightened as the British factory was at this explosion of naval spirit, they could not hide from themselves that it succeeded for the moment, and left a useful impression behind it for a pretty long period. It was, in fact, the results from this demonstration of Anson's that subsequently suggested the two embassies of the Lords Macartney and Amherst. But, previously to the era even of Lord Macartney's mission, an affair of the year 1785 had put into everlasting characters of shame, had inscribed deeply upon a poor murdered victim's gravestone, what is the capacity for evil, how infinite the possible degradation, under a venal spirit of money-making, when not counteracted and overruled by the public opinion of an honourable Christian community. The case, a memorable one for our English instruction, was this:—Either in firing a salute of honour, or on some festal occasion, a ball from one of the great guns on board an English Indiaman unfortunately killed a Chinese. Never in the history of human affairs was there a more absolute accident as respected the man who fired the gun. The man who loaded it was never discovered. But this wicked nation, who are so thoroughly demoralized as to perceive no moral difference between the purest case of misfortune terminating in a man's death and the vilest murder of premeditating malice, demanded (according to their practice) all the men to be given up who had in any way been parties to the loading, the priming, or the firing of the gun. The English factory, whose very cowardice had taken a lesson in the policy of making some resistance to monstrous demands, kicked a little at this summons. But the Chinese, being so thoroughly in the wrong, were of course thoroughly in earnest. The usual circle of remonstrances was run through

by the factory; the usual insolent retorts came from the Lins of 1785; the usual steps were taken through the Hong for "closing the trade"; and then — upon that magical *sesame* — all scruples of honour, justice, Christian feeling, gave way at once; wide open flew English doors to the vile Chinese murderers; and, to the everlasting shame of poor dishonoured England, the innocent man, who had acted in obedience to absolute orders from his captain, was given up to these Canton devils, in order that they, under colour of avenging an imaginary murder, might perpetrate as real and foul a murder as human annals record. The man who had fired the gun was professionally the gunner of the vessel; and to our feeling it adds to the inhuman baseness of the surrender that he was an elderly Portuguese, who had for many years sought by preference the service of the British flag. When the wretches came to seek him, he was on board his ship. The boat being ready, he was called to take his place in her. Well he knew whither he was going, and what would be his fate. The officer was present under whose orders he had acted; yet he uttered not a murmur. He took his place modestly at a distance from the officers; and, when called to take a more honourable seat by their side, again he obeyed the order. One of the captains, pitying the man's case, and admiring his meekness, humility, and fortitude, uttered some words of consolation; and other captains, adding lies to their perfidy and their cowardice, assured him that not a hair of his head should be touched. But the poor Portuguese knew better: he understood the case; he knew the brutal stupidity of the Chinese; and he read his fate in the obstinacy of their pursuit. Still he murmured not; only at those delusive assurances, which added mockery to murder, he shook his head with a mournful significancy. The sequel is soon told. This humble servant of the British flag was solemnly delivered up to his assassins. Some of the better Chinese were themselves startled at the approaching tragedy; for, let it be observed, there was no deviation from the statement here made, even in credulous Canton. The Chinese version of the story differed in no iota from the English. Murmurs began to creep through that timid, servile city. The man's deportment, so humble and submissive,

conciliated some pity even from the fools who thought him a criminal. It was found expedient to despatch a courier to Pekin for further orders. In due course, the fatal mandate returned for the execution to proceed ; and this poor injured man suffered on a Chinese gallows by hanging for having fulfilled his duty on the deck of a British ship. Baseness and faint-heartedness so complicated, we willingly believe, cannot often have been repeated by British authorities even in a factory. We would even hope that the case must be unique. But it is proper that we should know what are the atrocities which, under the spirit of gain, even free-born Britons can commit, and which, under their accursed system of law, the Chinese can exact.

These precedents, it will be said, belong to a past age. Certainly, as regards the British share in the disgrace ; but not as regards the Chinese share in the terror. The same scenes are eternally impending. The Chinese laws do not change. It is the very expression of their improgressive state that they cannot. Centuries make no reforms in a land open to no light. That same monstrous principle upon which a poor dependant of England was then given up to an ignominious death—the principle that in a certain event inevitable misfortune and malice aforethought are equally criminal, punishable equally by the death of a dog—this principle will never be abandoned. This principle has, since the year 1785, again and again brought us into terrific embarrassments ; and it is idle to suppose that in a seaport, the resort of sailors from the highest-spirited nation upon the earth, and liable to perpetual insults from Chinese vagabonds, any vigilance can ever close or seal up this opening to occasional manslaughters. We do not mention as a separate evil the liability of our people to be confounded with the Americans: from the identity of their naval costume, this must continually happen: but amongst Chinese idolaters we view the Americans as one with ourselves. They are Christians ; they have our British blood in their veins ; and they have inherited from ourselves, as children of enlightened liberty, the same intolerance of wrong. It would be a petty clannish form of nationality to separate our cause from theirs.

But now mark:—As yet, or at least until the last few years, this horrible Chinese degeneration of moral distinctions has operated only upon a known, distinct and concentrated surface, upon a body of men under the eye, and partially reined up tightly by the hand, of cautious superiors. Had any other been the case, long before this the very stones in England would have mutinied for vengeance—such would have been the judicial atrocities committed by the Chinese. At present all things are changing in the aspect of English colonization and of our Asiatic commerce. The mere expansion of our Indian Empire, and the widening circle of our Asiatic relations, would gradually multiply our shipping, our social necessities, and our points of contact with foreigners in all Eastern seas. But, apart from India, the following important changes have recently begun to open:—

1*st*, The colonial importance of New South Wales is now annually strengthening, so much as to send off sub-dependencies to other parts of the same great continent. The insular colonies of Van Diemen's Land will add another nucleus in the same region; which already is connecting itself, by numerous threads, with important settlements in every part of the Eastern Ocean.

2*dly*, The infant colony of New Zealand will soon, of itself, form another and a separate nucleus in the same region of that ocean. This colony has been treated with contradictory harshness by Lord John Russell,—now drawing back from the most reasonable interposition of Government, now volunteering the most hostile; this day refusing the slightest expression of maternal grace from England, next day placing England towards her own suppliant children in the attitude of a malignant stepmother. But, for all that, New Zealand is destined to a giant's career. It is a youthful Hercules that will throttle the snakes about its cradle. The climate, not too relaxing, the soil, the waters, the interconnexion between the noblest children of civilisation, and by very much the noblest race of savages in the world—these great advantages, combined with two others—(the first being that a large proportion of capitalists will be concerned in this colonial edifice and the second that convicts will be excluded)—compose a body of inauguration for this enterprise

which wears a promise hardly within the compass of disappointment. The long infancy of all other colonies will be spared to this: 1*st*, in consequence of the power and light which are now directed upon the general subject of colonization from the centres of European civilisation; 2*dly*, in consequence of the peculiar local endowments; and, *lastly*, in consequence of the magical revolution in the arts of locomotion.

3*dly*, The missionary efforts from Christian England are now annually expanding their means, and organizing their forces. Were it merely through the growing knowledge of Eastern languages, this religious interest must go on at a pace liable to sudden accelerations of speed. It is in the nature of such undertakings to kindle as they advance, and as the separate centres of radiation begin to link on to each other, gradually interknitting as a chain of posts in active intercommunication.

All these concurring causes will soon multiply our Oriental shipping by twenty-fold. In fact, fresh emporia, such as Singapore, have been rising of late years. Ceylon has been rising rapidly in importance. Our increasing intercourse with the Red Sea (now strengthened by military stations) will further abbreviate the intercourse between Europe and the Indian Ocean. These causes, taken by themselves, and apart from the fact that the missionaries have been applying themselves with peculiar energy to the vast unguarded sea-coast of China, will avail to carry into Chinese jurisdiction a score of British ships for one that has had occasion to face that danger. Occasional shipwrecks, or calls under stress of weather, will increase in the same proportion. And of this we may be assured,—that opportunities for retaliation in a twenty-fold proportion will henceforwards offer to this ignoble people in every case where their monstrous laws may happen to be infringed.

It is a subject of just alarm that not only will the occasions for revenge be multiplied, but the chances of provoking revenge by offending those unnatural laws will even outrun our increased scale of intercourse. For it must never be forgotten that the opening of the trade to China—were there no other change in operation—has by itself utterly deranged the old local authority of any

superintendents whom the new condition of the commerce will endure. Hitherto the enterprising parties (the final controllers) have been cautious and intelligent capitalists; now they will be desperate adventurers. The trade, as it now stands, has succeeded to an inheritance of some ancient forms; but it has inherited no part of the ancient obedience. The obedience paid to Captain Elliot was, in all its circumstances, as different from that which once corresponded to the demands of China as the new condition of the China seas will be from those of the eighteenth century. This obedience heretofore was compulsory; now it is prudential, and (in the literal sense of that word) precarious, for it depended upon the entreaties of Captain Elliot. Heretofore it was instant; now it followed after long deliberation. Heretofore it was unconditional; now it took the shape of a capitulation. So much obedience was sold for so much indemnification. And most undoubtedly even this form of submission would have been refused, had the quality of the indemnification been known, or its distance suspected. In future, every man will govern himself according to his separate views of Chinese policy, or his own facilities for evading it. But, amongst these facilities, the most tempting will be the unprotected state of the Chinese coast as regards the coercion of smuggling. With the inefficacy of Chinese administration will grow the cruelty of Chinese revenge, in order that vengeance may redress the weakness of foresight, and barbarous punishments make up for defective precautions. This people, who are bestial enough to think the will and the intention no necessary element in the moral quality of an act, are also savage enough to punish vicariously. A smuggler will be caught and impaled within sight of his ship: his comrades, by way of furious revenge, will land, will burn a dozen or two of villages, and massacre the flying inhabitants. These particular criminals will probably escape. But the ship that goes next on shore in China will meet the full storm of Chinese vengeance. And, if some colonial ship freighted with immigrants, or some packet with passengers, should be driven out of her course, and touch at a Chinese port, as sure as we live some horrid record will convulse us all with the intelligence that our brave countrymen, our

gentle countrywomen and their innocent children, have been subjected to the torture by this accursed state.

No: it is vain to dissemble. Even without the irritations of contraband trade, and without the extension of our Eastern intercourse now opening before us, it is too certain that the humiliation and the national crime of 1785 will revolve upon us. Many times we have been on the brink of the same tragedy. And, knowing those facts, it is scarcely to be forgiven that our Government should not long ago have taken steps in a most decided way to place our relations with this immoral state upon a footing of European security. Things have at last taken a turn which, *on other grounds*, has induced our Government to meditate an armed negotiation with China. Now, therefore, it will be most important to combine this ancient and lasting purpose of security with the accidental purpose of the moment, and, whilst healing a present wound of our own infliction (for the indemnity we are seeking corresponds to a surrender volunteered by ourselves), to obtain a lasting guarantee, once and for ever, against far worse wounds to character, as well as property, which have continually impended over our Canton connexion.

Let us now consider in what way this great object can be compassed, and how it may be possible to extract from an ill-advised rupture not merely a satisfaction for the momentary grievance, but such concessions in regard to our permanent perils as may reconcile us all to the rashness of Captain Elliot, and may turn the opium loss (were *that* even past retrieval) into a mere pepper-corn rent for the very amplest conditions of commercial privilege.

What we want with Oriental powers like China, incapable of a true civilisation, semi-refined in manners and mechanic arts, but incurably savage in the moral sense, is a full explanation of our meaning under an adequate demonstration of our power. We have never obtained either the one or the other. Our two embassies were faithfully executed, but erroneously planned.[1] To pause at the outset upon what may be thought a trifle,—but it is really no trifle in dealing with Oriental princes,—even the presents in those embassies

[1] The Embassies meant are (1) that of Lord Macartney to China in 1792, (2) that of Lord Amherst in 1816.—M.

were not childishly, so much as ruinously, selected. Certain departments of public business have immemorially been conducted as jobs in Great Britain: for instance, the building of palaces, and the regulation of national presents. The first, instead of being confided to a national superintendence, has constantly settled upon the individual caprice of the existing prince; which caprice taking every variety of direction, it has naturally followed that more money has been spent in merely undoing and pulling down walls than availed in France to build the Louvre, the Tuileries, and Versailles, and with this final result, — that, excepting Windsor, we have no palace worthy of the nation. The same hole-and-corner influence has mismanaged the department of presents. For no reason upon earth, beyond an old precedent, thousand-guinea diamond-boxes were at one time given to a variety of people on every occasion of signing a treaty; and, in Mr. Canning's brief administration, when that minister was questioned about them, it actually came out that no person was officially responsible for the boxes being worth anything approaching to the price paid by the nation. In another case, and a very important one—viz. the Algerine presents—we have the evidence of a most respectable consul, Mr. Broughton, who made large personal sacrifices for the British honour, that blunders the most childish were committed—blunders interpreted as insults. Had an old frigate, or even a corvette, of which so many were going to decay "in ordinary," been sent to the Dey, the present would have been received thankfully as a royal one: instead of which an assortment of *bijouterie* was offered by which the Dey thought himself mocked. The diamond-box concern had interfered as usual. A musical snuff-box, valued *to the nation* at five hundred guineas, was scornfully tossed by the Dey to his cook; and the only article which he thought worthy of himself was a brace of finely finished pistols, which probably had not cost above fifty guineas. Thus highly does the nation pay to found a lasting sense of injury in the minds of foreign princes.

As respected China the matter was worse. Amongst the presents assorted for the Celestial Emperor was actually a complex apparatus (suited to the bedchamber of an invalid)

which cannot be mentioned with decorum. Oriental princes will not believe that the sovereign who is nominally the presenter of such offerings has not a personal cognisance of the affront. In their own establishments every trifle of this nature is duly reported and discussed, as one means of relieving the dire monotony which besieges the sensual lives of the East. And, besides, *not* to have had cognisance of what concerned a brother potentate is already an affront.

That preliminary being first of all settled,—which requires great tact in the case of China, from the jealousy with which they regard our superiority in the mechanic arts and their entire incapacity for the liberal arts,—a project is suggested by our present exigencies which has slightly been entertained in former times. It is now certain that we must have some sort of military expedition against China. It is also certain that we can never have full explanations exchanged, or the basis of any treaty laid, without a solemn diplomatic congress between the two nations. What if the two appeals were combined? Embassies have failed in the East partly because, speaking from no apparent station of power, and appealing to no previous knowledge of our European rank, they could not command the requisite attention and respect. On the other hand, a warlike invasion is too openly an expression of coercion to found a settlement that will last. But what if the feelings of an arrogant state were so far consulted as to allow her some colourable varnish for wounded vanity? What if, instead of a negotiating army, we were to send an armed negotiator?—instead of an army with an ambassador in its rear, an ambassador followed by an army for his train? Such retinues are not unknown in many Eastern lands. A column of 14,000 men, with a suitable train of artillery, it is understood to be the opinion of military men, would easily march to Pekin, if landed at the nearest point. One person, indeed, assures us that we underrate the Chinese Tartar troops. An experienced native, it seems, of Nepaul had told him "that the Chinese scimitar cuts deeply." Now, if this officer confined his remark *literally* to the swords (*and not using the word as a general symbol for martial power*), there is no doubt, and it is surprising, that the Oriental weapons of steel are generally much

superior to our own. In the suite of the French General Gardane, sent ambassador by Napoleon to the court of Teheran, there were many military men who reported that the best Damascus blades were better than the very best Toledos. But, as these could only be purchased from Turkish enemies, the Shah had patronised two native manufactories, at Ispahan and in Chorasan, which were in *their* turn as much superior to the Syrian arms as those to the Spanish. One officer put the rival qualities to a test which was decisive; and M. Jancoigne (who afterwards published a French report on the Persian armies) says expressly—"The swords they use, much superior to ours in temper, make wide and deep wounds, which are generally mortal." The advantage belongs to all Oriental armies which import Persian sabres. But what of that? It still remains true of all Oriental armies that, even as to weapons, they are badly armed,—badly as respects the class and selection of the arms, whatever may be their quality as manufactures. The Persian armies have been beaten into some useful reforms by the Russians, and trained into others by Sir H. Bethune. The armies of India have been gradually improved by the example of the English. With these exceptions, no Eastern armies can so much as face European troops, where all arms of the service are complete, in almost any disproportion. A few brave mountain clans do not amount to a serious exception. One universal error in the composition of Eastern armies is the vast preponderance of the cavalry. The Persian cavalry, taking the quality of men, horses, and arms conjointly, thirty years ago, was the most splendid in Asia. Yet an agent of Napoleon's reported thus on the question of their serviceableness—"This brilliant cavalry cannot fight in battle array"; and then, after describing their excellent qualities as individual horsemen or acting as partisans "for turning the flanks of an army and as skirmishers," this Frenchman concludes thus:—"But the perfection of European tactics would not permit the *élite* even of the Persian cavalry to support the impetuosity of heavy dragoons, French or English: they are unequal to the regular shock of our cavalry of the line, and they are unequal to the task of breaking our infantry." Yet this cavalry, we

repeat, was, by unanimous consent, at the head of all Asiatic cavalry. As to the infantry, until recently in Persia and in Hindostan, it is everywhere a rabble of tumultuary levies in Asiatic armies.

Upon many people's minds it will rest as an unpleasant augury, what Sir Robert Peel said of our engaging in a war with three hundred and fifty millions of men. We think Sir Robert must have smiled when he used that argument. One of Shakspere's clowns, hearing of a man having suffered or having threatened a million of stripes, says, "A million of stripes may come to a great matter." And certainly three hundred and fifty millions of cudgelings "would come to a great matter," which would not improve our position, though it might strengthen the demand for opium. But, seriously, of all nations the Chinese is the most sedentary, and the least available for a locomotive war—such as *we* can always make it. The fourth part of their three hundred and fifty millions,—which in a nation wholly barbarous ought to express the number of males disposable for war,—would be too many for the purpose by a thousandfold, if they could be applied to the service, or, being applied, were of the martial quality required. But the improgressive and imperfect civilisation of this nation is precisely of that kind which most effectually prevents the abstraction of men from their daily industry. Nations cannot starve in order to fight; and the position of China, exposed for some generations to no potent enemy on her frontiers, is precisely such as to prevent her nominal army from being, in a true military sense, seasoned to war, or, in military phrase, "*aguerrie.*" An armed police is the utmost, from mere defect of enemies, that any Chinese army can long have been. And, were it even otherwise,—had the Chinese a large army (like our Indian establishment) continually exercised in field duties and in sharp fighting by a large family of ambitious neighbours,—still the great questions would recur:—1. Have they a good INFANTRY? 2. Presuming all the advantages of experience and seasoning in the field, are the men efficiently ARMED? 3. Have they the magical—almost the spiritual—power of DISCIPLINE to bind the individuals into unity? 4.

Have they an engineering establishment? Have they an ARTILLERY?

A quarterly journal of eminence in our land absolutely attempts to startle the country, as regards this last question, by pointing attention to the awful fact that the Chinese had thrown a twelve-pound ball into the mast of the *Volage* or the *Hyacinthe*! Wonderful!—and the poor mast has to undergo an operation in lithotomy before it can be pronounced out of danger! Why, Persia herself, whose whole field artillery consisted of certain dromedaries with a swivel mounted on the hump (*zembourek*s they were called),—which swivel being once fired, to the imminent hazard of the cannonier and his neighbour, the regular manœuvre was for the dromedary to wheel to the right about, and gallop off for a day's march to the rear, in order to insure the concern against capture,—even Persia had some capital cannon in her arsenals. And how acquired? They had been left behind by the Portuguese when they evacuated the island of Ormus. And most other Asiatic powers have come into an odd assortment of Christian artillery and other old iron, as derelicts of us Europeans. Why, then, should it astonish us that China, by robbery or purchase, or in the way of *jetsam* and *flotsam*, should come into possession of a Christian hulk or so with its heavy guns? This argues nothing for her native skill in engineering. One discharge of a rocket brigade, should our expedition make a *hourrah* upon any great city, will be a sufficient reply to all such alarmists.

It is in no other way than as an armed body that an English embassy can ever prevail at Pekin. It is in no other character than as an ambassadorial body that an English army can fail to leave behind a very lasting impression of irritation at Pekin. Either form of approach taken separately would thwart our views: the purely martial form would terminate in hostility; the purely diplomatic would terminate in smoke. But, if the two could be dexterously blended, if the one could be so used as to masque the other, from the twofold engine we might expect a great and a permanent result. Eastern princes, when they receive alimony as suppliants from others at a distance, call it before their own

subjects tribute which they have levied. And, when they really pay tribute, they call it alimony which they have granted. To a certain extent we may wink at such evasions in China. But we must not any longer allow our ambassadors to be called *tribute-bearers*, as were Lords Macartney and Amherst. We must not any longer allow ourselves to be called *barbarians*. It is doubtful, indeed, as to this last term, what is the exact value of the Chinese word so rendered. In the use of the Greek word *Barbaroi*, besides the four stages through which it is traced by Gibbon (chap. li. vol. ix., footnote pp. 463-4), it is certain that in each separate stage the word admitted of some modifications, which mitigated the insult, and caused it to be sometimes self-assumed as a mere name of distinction, equivalent to *alien* or *non-Grecian*. Some such misunderstanding may operate here. But misunderstandings, one and all, we must have cleared up. They are perilous with two sorts of nations—with insolent nations, and with dishonest nations. And the very first rule in dealing with such a nation is—*Better to be cheated than to be insulted.*

The first thing is to look out for really skilful, but in any case really honest, interpreters. Want of skill may be remedied. One or two circumlocutions, or varying repetitions, will always make the meaning clear, if any doubt arises upon a separate word: and generally *things*, substantial *things*, are too much interwoven with the points in dispute to allow any large range for mistake. But there is no guarding against the perfidy of a native Chinese whose cowardice suggests to him some evasion of a strong English idea. We must have a letter first of all, full and circumstantial, written to the Emperor; and, because it is said that he feels it a degradation to have been addressed of late by a Viceroy (the Governor-General of India), this letter must speak directly from her Majesty, the Queen that now is, to his Imperial Majesty. This will be also the better course for another important reason. It will justify a frank language; it will prevent the language of kindness and respectful conciliation from seeming adulatory; it will prevent the language of plain-dealing from seeming insolent. A very great aid would be rendered to the cause if a short sketch could be sent with

this letter describing the great leading points in our social polity: showing the value which we also set upon human life (which otherwise the stupid Chinese fancy peculiar to themselves); but showing also that we value other things still more highly, such as equity, human rights and duties as measured by intention, &c., and stating the nature of a representative government,—how far it limits the powers of a sovereign, but in what a high degree it provides for the honour and dignity and usefulness of the sovereign. Such a sketch would prepare the Emperor to understand in future that special requests which he might make of our Queen, as tests of her sincerity, are liable to refusal from the nature of popular rights, without any failure in respect or in sincerity of good-will.

The Chinese understand by this time,—which formerly they did not,—something of the truth in relation to our civil grandeur. This they have learned indirectly, and by a sort of logical *sorites*. Our Indian Empire, which they see and tremble at, is an exponent to their understandings of that England which they cannot see. To know that this mighty colonial possession is but a remote dependency on England; to know that it is so little essential to the splendour of our English crown as never to have been visited by any of the royal family; to know also that the whole vast line of communication between India and England has always been kept open by our ships, and consequently (let French emissaries traduce us as much as they will) that, by a practical test continually applied, we must always have been "too many" for our European enemies through a long line of thirteen thousand miles: all this must convey a gorgeous impression of British power to the minds of the Pekin counsellors. What we now want is to connect this power with our interests in Canton. Contrasting so enormous a power with the mean submissions and the precarious tenure of our Chinese factory, what else can the Emperor naturally conclude than that we (like himself) throw off from parental care those who, for the sake of gain, have consented to expatriate themselves into corners where they hold no one privilege,—not so much as air, as water, as fire,—but upon insolent sufferance and capricious indulgence?

This must be set to rights. An explanation must be given, difficult to devise, of our long inattention to these Chinese rights. We must also speak plainly on the terms of equality which we mean to hold in negotiating. This is not quite unprecedented in the East. In Ferishta's *Hindostan*, as abridged by Colonel Dow, will be seen a case where a King of Persia was so offended at the arrogant style of a great Mogul Sovereign that he insisted on explanations; which accordingly were given to this effect:—that, if he used vain-glorious titles, they were meant only for his own subjects, not at all in disparagement of his brother princes. Those are weak people who think such points of titular honour, of rank, of precedency, to be trifles anywhere. Cromwell did not think them such: he most wisely refused to treat in French, though otherwise a trifle, because it would be used as an argument that we British had submitted to take a secondary place and to receive a sort of law from our enemies. The first Cæsars did not think them such, who cashiered magistrates for using the Greek language on the tribunal. But in Asia all external forms are more important by many degrees. In Europe the prevalent good sense, and the diffusion of truth as to all possible relations of power, &c., give a perpetual limitation to the gasconades of French proclamations, French bulletins, &c., which makes nugatory their false pretensions. But in all Asiatic despotisms no truth is current. Ignorance that is total, credulity that is beyond European conception, combine to support all delusions which are not put down with a strong hand by us who are the most certain to suffer from them.

Among the presents (which to all Eastern princes, but especially to such as only play at making war, ought chiefly to be articles of warlike use) none can be so well adapted to dazzle the Chinese as a train of our field artillery, with its entire establishment of horses, &c. This, after doing its appropriate service to the ambassador's "retinue" to and from the point of debarkation, might be left as a present with the Emperor. As to mere philosophical instruments, how could these dazzle a people incapable of using them? There lay the error of Napoleon, who made Monge exhibit chemical experiments before the Mamelukes and the Arab

Sheiks. Not having the very elements of science so as to comprehend more than that there had been a flash, or an effervescence, or an explosion, the solemn blockheads naturally said—"Ay, this is very well; but can he do what our magicians can do? Can he make us jump into Abyssinia and back again in an hour?"

But, by whatever presents and explanatory letters we court the personal favour of the Emperor, the strength of our impression will rest upon our visible demonstration of power contrasted with our extreme forbearance in using it. That *must* make a favourable impression. And it is obvious that we are now arrived at a crisis in which some powerful impression is indispensable, in order not only to make the further progress which is challenged by our position in Asia, but to continue our hold on the progress which is made already,—not only for those objects even, but to meet the certain danger to our fellow-subjects from casual collisions with the Chinese laws. It is obvious enough that the Chinese commerce, if it were not ours already, ought to be procured by treaty, — considering the clamorous instincts which propel us in our great Asiatic career. It is obvious that this Chinese commerce, having long been ours, *will* be pursued now at whatever hazard, and that it is the duty of our Government to make that intercourse secure and honourable which it has long been out of their power to prevent. Lastly, it is obvious that, even if this commerce were extinguished by the violence of the Chinese, we should still need a treaty and a previous demonstration of our power, in order to protect our ships, with their increasing crews and passengers, from casual collisions with a cruel nation.

These arguments for an armed interference apply to any period of that vast system on which our Asiatic interests have been for some years expanding. But they apply at this moment beyond others for a separate reason: viz. on account of two injurious acts on the part of the Commissioner Lin, which have suddenly created a crisis: the first of these acts being the seizure of our opium (since a peaceable surrender under a virtual condition not fulfilled *is* a seizure); the second of these acts being the violent, summary, and (as Lin says) everlasting exclusion of the British name from

China. There were at any rate, and already, three general arguments for an interposition of our Government, pointing to the future; there is now a fourth argument, pointing to the past,—the reprisals called for against special and recent outrages. This last reason we have treated as itself furnishing strong matter against our own Government; but that does not acquit the Chinese Government. It is only in collusion with the Chinese Commissioner that our own Government has been wrong. To seek indemnities, where we ourselves created the necessity for those indemnities by submitting to the wrong, criminates the Government under whose impulse and misrepresentation we *did* submit to that wrong; but it does not acquit Lin, under whose breach of faith that submission has turned out to be an illusory act. Lin is guilty, and our own Government in a measure the accomplice of Lin. Yet, self-created as is our present necessity for indemnities, by pursuing that object in connexion with the other great objects indicated by the constant state of our danger from China, the Government will have its only chance of effacing past folly. We may forgive the absurdity and the fraud by which our merchants were decoyed into a supererogatory surrender of two birds in the hand by way of obtaining an uncertain reversion upon one bird in the bush. This and much besides we may forgive, and even rejoice in our own losses, as well as the blunders of our Government, if they should turn out to be the happy occasion of forcing a stream of light upon our Chinese position, and winning something more than a momentary indemnification for the British factory: winning honour for the name of Britain, winning a secure settlement planted in law and self-respect for our establishments in China, for ever taking away from British merchants all temptations to co-operate in legal murder, for ever guaranteeing our own brothers and sisters from liability to torture.

We have taken no notice of one feature in our Chinese relations which threatens us beyond China. We have been alarmed recently on the matter of Khiva. There is a monomania in this country as regards the Emperor of Russia! Because the Poles were conspirators, he must be a tyrant; and every man is suspected of aiming at a snuff-box through

the Russian ambassador who speaks a word of truth on behalf of his Russian Majesty! All that *we* shall say therefore is that the expedition to Khiva can hardly have any relation to the British movement upon Cabul. It was planned and talked of two good years before we crossed the Indus. The Khan of Khiva is the common nuisance of central Asia,—equally offensive to Russia as a disturber of her commerce in its natural channels, and a common Algerine pirate as regards her peaceful subjects on the Caspian. As regards India, if Russia could venture to assault with mere war an empire founded on both the war and the diplomacy of eighty years, how could she take an effectual departure from the Jaxartes, when she cannot reach it without the sacrifice of despair? not to mention that Russia cannot spare troops for an Indian campaign,—has not a battalion that is acclimatized,—cannot wish for an empire so distant as to demand a *new centre of administration*. Now, on the other hand, if China could become more warlike, the peril which we vainly look for on the Western Himalaya will seriously reach us from the Eastern.

We have taken no notice of a feature in the domestic circumstances of China which may happen to favour us. A secret and revolutionary society of vast ramifications, sometimes called the Society of the Triad, diffused through every province of maritime China, and having for its object to overthrow the existing Tartar dynasty and government, has been noticed by English travellers of late years. This may happen to co-operate with our purposes. But we rely upon no obscure features, whether for hope or for fear. We rely upon the condition of China—full of insolence, full of error, needing to be enlightened, and open to our attacks on every side. A popular Review has pronounced recently an apotheosis of China,—finding out that she is distinguished for her skill in the arts (but obscure *mechanic* arts), and that she was so when our ancestors lived in the forests of Germany. True; and no fact could better have measured the difference between us. The Review takes a retrospect of 1500 years. All the world sees how we have used that interval. We British have traversed the whole distance from savage life to the summit of civilisation. China, starting with such advantages,

has yet to learn even the elements of law and justice, without counting on doubtful advantages. We rely upon this known and attested state of Chinese society; which needs a diplomatic interference to make it endurable. We rely upon our past position at Canton; which was always full of temptations to partnership in murder. We rely upon our injuries; which are recent. We rely upon our honour, trampled under foot. We rely upon our interests; which, alike for commerce and for person, are now finally at stake.

POSTSCRIPT

ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S VIEWS

On the 11th of May this article went to press. And on the 15th day of May, the Lords' debate being then circulated through Edinburgh, it first became known to us that between our views on this remarkable question and those of the Duke of Wellington as now brought forward by party collision, there were some pointed concidences. Any man in the world may be proud of a coincidence, in a matter so complex, with the illustrious Duke. And the business of this Postscript is accordingly :—

First of all, To establish and claim the benefit of that coincidence : to show that it *was* such ; and that our agreements with the Duke are not consequent upon any communication that we *could* have had with the noble Duke's opinions. The statement of dates, as given above, shows satisfactorily that our speculations upon this great Oriental crisis—however closely approaching to the Duke's—must have had a separate and independent origin. Indirectly, also, we are proud to establish our claims in this way, as having fairly appreciated the probable course of Tory doctrines upon so elaborate a question, and of Tory policy, at a time when neither one nor the other had been circumstantially developed,—when it was not yet fully known where the Tory blame and praise would settle as to the past, nor in what precise channel the Tory policy would travel as to the future.

Secondly, To explain any case, however subordinate, in which we appear to have *differed* from the Duke, and in

which, according to the extent of our differences, the presumption is that we must be wrong.

Thirdly, Without reference to any claim or any explanation on our own account, it is a purpose of this Postscript to tell the general reader, who cares not for the person saying, but simply for the thing said, how far we have found reason to modify any opinion previously delivered after the benefit we acknowledge to have received from this discussion before so enlightened a senate as the House of Lords, and, more particularly, whether we have any fresh views to offer after the affair has been brought under the review of the most sagacious and the most experienced amongst modern statesmen.

Amidst the sharp musketry of a Parliamentary debate it is the general feeling that the Duke of Wellington's opinions or suggestions tell like cannon-shot. Whatsoever falls from him is received by the country as having an oracular value. And in this present instance of the China debate his authority has told so effectually as to have crushed by anticipation a second debate pending contingently in the House of Commons. Notice of a motion on this subject has been expressly withdrawn, upon the ground of the powerful impression made by the Duke of Wellington. It becomes, therefore, the more important that we should draw a glance over the points established by His Grace, as they accord so entirely with our own previous view, and strengthen so greatly the opinions, and the grounds of those opinions, which we had already expressed in print.

The whole field of the questions concerned divides into two great sections—the past, and the future: the *past*, in relation to the criminality which has brought on the crisis—how that criminality is to be distributed amongst the several parties to the transaction; the *future*, in relation to the policy which must now be applied to the successful unravelling of this crisis. What is past undoubtedly cannot be recalled: but it is not the less important to understand it thoroughly, both for the purpose of framing measures to prevent its recurrence, and because our whole policy, even where it is and must be of a warlike character, will undoubtedly need to be shaped very differently accordingly as it contemplates a case of mixed aggressions, partly British, partly Chinese, or

a case of horrible outrage (in the way we have maintained, and in the way it now appears that the Duke of Wellington maintains) exclusively Chinese, and utterly unprovoked.

The parties liable to inculpation, as having participated in the proceedings at some stage or other, are three :—the Chinese Government, the British Opium-dealers, and our own Domestic Administration. Let us pass them in rapid review, and weigh the distribution of blame amongst these three parties as awarded by the illustrious Duke :—

I. *The Chinese Government.*—Here the Duke's statements are not only, as we described them to be generally, like cannon-shot in their effect, but are like such shot in its course and mode of progress as described in Schiller's *Wallenstein*—"shattering *what* it reaches, and shattering that it *may* reach." Not only does he shatter the object of his attack—the immoral government of China ; but, in his road to that object, he goes right through the centre of all who have in this country undertaken the apology of that government. Had the Chinese even stood upon any fair ground of right in the first stages of the case, they would have forfeited that advantage in the last : "for," says the Duke, "in all the "fifty years of my own experience as a servant of my country "—no, nor in any part of my reading—have I met with such "another case of outrage as that authorized by the rulers of "China to our accredited agent." And, if some people object —"Oh ! but the Chinese would not recognise Captain Elliot as an accredited agent, they would not receive a British official representative"—in that case so much the worse ; because then Captain Elliot had the rights of a private individual, and there was no more plea open to the Chinese Government for making *him* responsible than any obscure sailor taken at random.

So much for the *last* stages of the Chinese conduct ; and here the Duke does but strengthen an impression which is open to us all. But, as to the *first* stages, by reference to sources of information more special and personal, he cuts the ground from below the feet of the Chinese Government in a way peculiar to himself. *We* could but suspect ; for we had no documents. The Duke proves : he had ample documents. In papers furnished to the Lords he had seen, in a Committee of the Lords he had heard, direct evidence—proof not to be

gainsaid or shaken—*that the acting administration of China*, those persons, one and all, whom we aliens are required to consider and to treat as the responsible government of the land, *had through a series of years encouraged the importation of opium*. There flutters to the winds a whole library of polemic pamphlets. After this, is it anything to us whether in such a case, and many another case, the Emperor is or is not kept in the dark by the mandarins? We are bound to know the Emperor's pleasure through those whom he deputes to us as his representatives. We can know it in no other way. The internal abuses of their Government are for their own consciences. To us they are nothing. And there, at one blow from the mace of the iron Duke, lies in splinters upon the floor almost every pro-Chinese pleading which has taken up the ground of morality.

II. *The British Opium-Dealers.*—Upon this head the Duke is overwhelming. Their acquittal, indeed, is involved in the fact which has been just stated on the Duke's authority with regard to the Chinese Administration. If that body encouraged importation, in respect of *them* the importers cannot be wrongdoers. There might be room for some wrong in relation to our British Government; because, if they had happened to forbid the opium traffic, wisely or foolishly, then it might have been a fair plea at home—"Look for no British aid if China should injure you in respect to an interest which *we* have discountenanced." So much room, and no more, there might have been for wrong on the side of the opium merchants. There *might* have been; but *was* there? Hear the all-shattering Duke:—

First he declares that, so far from even looking gloomily upon this opium commerce, Parliament had cherished it, suggested its extension, and deliberately examined the means at their disposal for promoting its success, as a favoured resource both of finance and of trade. The Duke reminds the House that he himself, with other patriotic peers, had been parties to a committee of which one main business was to recommend and introduce (by way of substitution for the privileges lost to the East India Company on throwing open their trade) some modified form of a monopoly with regard to opium.

Secondly,—if this should be thought to shift the blame from the merchants to the British Parliament,—in order, to make it any duty of our legislators that they should interfere to stop the opium traffic, first of all we must have such a measure made out to be a possibility. Now, the Duke puts down the notion *ex abundanti*. For, at a time when certain intolerable treaties with native princes had armed us with a machinery towards this result, such as we never *shall* have again and never *ought* to have had, even then we could not succeed in operating upon the trade, except after the following fashion:—Our Indian Government proclaimed restrictions; our merchants, native as well as British, evaded them. Our Government made another move in the game, evading the evasions. Our merchants, wide-awake, counter-evaded the evasions of their own evasions. And thus the sport proceeded, the two parties doubling upon each other, and dodging like an old experienced hare against a greyhound, until at last, upon a necessity arising for the Government to abolish the treaties, we were obliged to whip off the dogs, and the *game* party of merchants had it all their own way. Lord Ellenborough, whose former experience at the Board of Control made his evidence irresistible on this point, confirmed all that the Duke had said; with circumstantial illustrations of this vain race with the merchants, and showing that, even for that ineffectual trial of strength, our Indian Government enjoyed some momentary advantages which it must never count upon for the future. We have seen the best of our facilities for such a conflict with private interest. Even then it was a hopeless conflict: *a fortiori* it will be so hereafter. Impossibilities are no subjects for legislation. By civil law, "*nemo tenetur facere impossibilia.*"

Thirdly,—But, possible or not in a practical and executive sense, if it is our *duty* to restrain any given social nuisance, we must not plead our impotence in bar of complaints against us; and, in default of our own restraints, we must not complain if others suffering by the nuisance take that remedy into their own hands which we profess to have found too difficult for ours. Other checks failing, let us not complain of those for redressing the evil who suffer by the annoyance! Certainly not. Nor *do* we complain. Nor is

there anything to that effect involved in any one British act, or in any one argument that has been built upon it. We quarrel with no nation for enforcing her rights of domestic policy, so long as she keeps herself within the methods of international justice. But, with respect to China, we make two demurs. We refuse to hear of any people raising their separate municipal law into a code of international law: it is not merely insolence, but it is contradictory folly, to suppose that, in a dispute between two independent parties, one of the parties is to constitute himself umpire for both. This demur we make in the first place. And, secondly, we say that, apart from her savage *modes* of redressing civil wrongs, China has, in this instance, forfeited her claim to *any* redress from her long collusion with the wrongdoers whom now in caprice she accuses; and because not only she participated through *every* class of her population in the opium traffic,—which with us rested on the support of those only who were naturally, inevitably, *without bribes*, the agents of such a traffic,—but also because she was the original tempter, inviter, hirer, clamorous suborner, of that intercourse which now she denounces. Roguery, like other tastes, has its fashions. Chinese roguery and court intrigue are now, it seems, blowing from some fresh point of the compass. Be it so. We argue not against any nation's caprices. But we refuse to hear of our merchants and our sailors being made the victims to such caprices, this year inviting the man whom next year they crucify.

That duty, therefore, which so many are urging against us, as binding our faith and tying our hands in the collision with China, the Duke of Wellington disowns as being a pure chimera under the circumstances of the case. But, on the other hand, says the Duke, whilst these men argue for an obligation of conscience which cannot be sustained, observe the real and solemn obligations, some notorious, some implied in treaties, which these disputants are goading us to trample under foot. That duty of superintendence applied to opium, which is merely fanciful as regards China under the circumstances created by herself, we really *do* owe, and shall for many years owe, to native powers of Hindostan. We came under such obligations by contracts, by cessions in our

favour, by diplomatic acts, long since locked up into the public diplomacy of India. We cannot disturb those arrangements without a sympathetic violence running through the whole tenure, guarantees, compensations of all Indian chanceries. We were long ago pledged to the protection of many vested interests rooted in the poppy-growing districts. If we should co-operate with China in vainly attempting to exclude Indian opium from the vast unprotected coasts of China, we undertake the following series of follies: we lend ourselves to a caprice of a hostile government, to a caprice levelled at our own power; we undertake to do for China what she is laughably impotent to do for herself; we take upon ourselves the expense of an act so purely hostile to ourselves,—which expense would also soon recall China to her senses; and, lastly, as if such a course of follies were not complete without an appendix of spoliation, we purchase the means of this aid to our enemy by the sacrifice of debts, duties, contracts, guarantees to the closest of our neighbours, and, amongst our Indian allies, to some of the oldest and most hopeful. The Duke of Wellington, we must remember, is at home in the affairs of India. And this particular suggestion, as to the rights and interests of provinces likely to be affected by any compromises with China, belongs entirely to his Grace. Until this vein of interests had been exposed, it was supposed that a policy of concession to China would simply pledge us to a maniacal course, whereas the Duke has shown that it would pledge us also to perfidy, to a general infraction of treaties, and to a convulsion of industry and political economy through many channels in which they are now prosperously flowing.

Such is the circuit of the Duke's logic. Travelling round the circle of parties concerned, when he hears it said of the Chinese "They have received an injury amounting to a cause of war," "By no means," he replies: "they courted what they complain of; I have proof that they did." When he hears it said of the merchants "Their trade must be stopped," he replies "I defy you to stop it: the thing has been tried, and was laid aside as impossible." When it is retorted "Well, if it is an inveterate abuse, at least it *is* an abuse," the Duke rejoins "No abuse at all: Parliament

recognised an old right, created a new one, in the opium-growers." "But, at least, justice to China requires that the right should be forborne in that instance." "On the contrary," the Duke again instructs us, "justice to India requires that in that instance, above all others, the right should be protected and favoured." Thus pertinaciously does this champion of truth and scourge of false pretensions ride round the ring, and sustain the assault against all comers who would make a breach through the barriers of equity or civil policy.

But, after all these parties are disposed of, there still remains

III. *Our Domestic Administration.*—Now, in what degree the Duke of Wellington condemns their policy, in its want of foresight, may be gathered from his special complaints, both now and formerly, of the twofold defects at Canton,—defect of naval force, defect of naval judicatories,—and, more generally, from his complaint that far too great an *onus* was thrown upon the responsibilities of Captain Elliot,—too much, in fact, for any one man unrelieved by a council to support. His objections, indeed, to the Ministry come forward indirectly in the errors which he exposes and the cautions which he suggests. But the reasons why the Duke makes no pointed attack on Lord Melbourne's government are, first of all, the general principles which govern this great servant of the state in all movements: viz. his anxiety for ever to look round the wide horizon for some national benefit, rather than into a local corner for some party triumph; and, secondly, because upon this particular question of China the present Ministry are not so much opposed to the Tories as to a fantastic party of moral sentimentalists, who, by force of investing the Chinese with feelings unintelligible to Pagans (substituting at the same time a romance for the facts of the case), have terminated in forcing upon the public eye a false position of the whole interest at stake,—a position in which all the relations of person are inverted, in which things are confounded, and our duties (otherwise so clear) are utterly perplexed. It is this anti-national party who, on these questions of Opium and China, form the true antagonist pole to the Ministry. As to us Tories, we are

here opposed to the party in office only in so far as they have conceded to the Chinese. Where they have met this arrogant people with an English resistance, we praise them, honour them, support them. And exactly upon that mixed principle of judgment it has been that the Duke, seeing the strong primary demand that he should support them, has less diligently sought out those secondary cases in which it would have been necessary for him to blame or to condemn them.

Thus far with regard to the *past*, and the general distribution of blame which that review must prompt. As to the *future*, and the particular courses of Oriental policy which any speculation pointed in that direction must suggest for comparison, it will be remarked, as a singularity in so great a soldier when facing a question so purely martial, that the Duke of Wellington declines to offer any opinion whatever on the possible varieties of warfare, on the modes of combining the land and sea forces, on the local opportunities for applying them with effect, on the best general chances of success, or the permanent object to be kept in view. But let us not misinterpret this high-principled reserve. Some persons have drawn the inference so as to load the Duke of Wellington with the responsibility of having doubted whether a warlike course were, in our circumstances, an advisable course. Nothing of the sort. Not war, but this war; not a warlike policy as generally indicated by our situation, but that kind of policy as governed by our present disposable means, and moving under some particular plan of which the very outline is yet unknown and the scale is yet unassigned: *that* it is which the Duke drew back from appreciating. Knowing the immense weight which must follow any opinion from himself upon a matter so professionally falling within his right of judgment, he forbore to prejudge a scheme of war as to which Europe was hanging on his lips. But, as to war generally, that the Duke does not encourage doubts of the necessity to support our pacific relation at all times by showy demonstrations of our readiness for fighting is evident from the constant recurrence in his own Chinese state-papers of warlike suggestions. It is almost comic to observe what stress he lays, in sketching the line of argument to be employed by British negotiators with China, upon "a stout frigate" within hail.

In one point only we are reminded, whilst closing, of a difference between the Duke of Wellington's views and those which we had previously expressed. As this point respects an individual officer, it is fit that we should do him justice by the whole vast preponderance which belongs to the Duke of Wellington's praise over any man's censure. We had blamed Captain Elliot: the Duke praises him, with a fervour that must constitute Captain Elliot's proudest recollection through life. But the truth is, we speak of different things. We spoke of Captain Elliot as identified with his principals, and as representing *their* line of policy. The Duke speaks of him as a separate individual, acting, in a moment of danger, according to a true British sense of duty upon sudden emergencies for which he could have received no instructions from England. In his firm refusals to give up Mr. Dent, and afterwards the six sailors demanded by Lin, Captain Elliot's conduct was worthy of his country. And the Duke of Wellington, who is always right, reminds us, by his fervent commendation, of our own error in having neglected to place those acts in that light of exemplary merit which belongs to them.

And here we cannot help saying a word or two of one of the few men in any period who have lived to see their own consecration in human affections, and have had a foretaste of their own immortality on earth. Let us briefly notice the Duke of Wellington's present position amongst us,—which is remarkable, and almost unique.

Until within these few years this great man had been adequately appreciated according to the means which the nation then possessed for framing a judgment of his merits. We measured him by his acts. Europe had seen him as a soldier; had seen him as an ambassador — no ceremonial ambassador, but, in a general congress of nations still rocking with the agitations of convulsions without a parallel, as a mediatorial ambassador for adjudicating the rights of the world: finally, Europe had seen him as a prime minister of England. In the first character, as the leader of "the faithful armies" which, under whatever name, did in reality sustain the interests of human nature and the cause of civilisation upon earth, it would be idle

to speak of him. In the two last characters it was the general feeling of England that the Duke of Wellington had exemplified "the majesty of plain dealing" upon a scale never before witnessed, and in functions to which such a spirit of dealing was hardly supposed applicable. Thus far we all did him right. But we also did him a great wrong; and it was inevitable that we should do so. It was a wrong which he bore cheerfully, and with the submission which he felt to be one of his duties as a public servant in a free country. But it must have been bitter and trying to his secret sense of justice, seeing that subsequent revelations have exposed to view a peculiar and preternatural strength, a compass of power absolutely without precedent, in that very organ of his character to which our popular error ascribed an elementary weakness.

Nobody can look back for a space of six or eight years but must remember as a general notion prevailing against the Duke of Wellington,—a taunt often urged by our political opponents, often silently conceded by ourselves,—that, either from habits of long usage or from original vice of temperament, he was too rigid in his political opinions,—in his demeanour too peremptory, too uncivic; that with the highest virtues of the military character he combined some of its worst disqualifications for political life; that his notions tended to impress too martial a character of discipline upon the public service; that even his virtues of a civic order were alloyed with this spirit, — his directness and plain-dealing being but another aspect of that peremptory spirit which finds its proper place in a camp; and that, finally, as to the substantial merits of national wants or grievances, apart from the mode and manner of his administration, not less by temper than by his modes of experience, the Duke was incapacitated for estimating the spirit of his age, and stood aloof from all popular sympathies.

Thus stood public opinion when a memorable act of retribution was rendered to the Duke's merits, and a monument raised to his reputation such as will co-exist with our language, in the series of his Despatches &c. published by Colonel Gurwood. The effect was profound. The Duke of Wellington had long been raised as far beyond the benefits as he is beyond

the need of any trivial enthusiasm derived from momentary sources or vulgar arts; and this book was fitted to engage the attention of none but the highly cultivated. The reverence of the land for the Duke's character, the gratitude of the land for the Duke's services, scarcely seemed open to increase. But undoubtedly a depth of tone and a solemnity approaching to awe were impressed henceforth upon the feelings with which all thoughtful men regarded the Duke of Wellington as an *intellectual* being. Now first it was understood what quality of intellect had been engaged in our service, moving amongst what multiplied embarrassments, thwarted by what conflicts even in friendly quarters, winning its way by what flexibility of address, watching all obstacles by what large compass of talents, and compensating every disadvantage for the public service by what willing sacrifices of selfish feeling. Were it not for the singleness of purpose, for the perfect integrity, for the absolute self-dedication and the sublime simplicity, we should say—Here is a Machiavelian subtlety of understanding! With an apostolical grandeur of purpose there is here combined the address of a finished intriguer; and, for a service of nations upon the grandest scale, we see displayed a restless and a versatile spirit of submission to circumstances and to characters, which, according to all the experience of this world, belongs naturally to modes of selfishness the most intense. The wisdom of long-suffering; the policy of allowance in matters of practice; the spirit of indulgence to errors that were redeemable; the transcendent power to draw into unity of effect elements the most heterogeneous and tempers the most incompatible; in short, that spirit of civic accommodation to the times in which we had supposed him to have been most wanting, and that spirit of regard to the bold national temperament of the armies he led which was held most irreconcilable with martial discipline:—precisely these were the qualities which the Gurwood correspondence has exposed as the foremost of the Duke's endowments,—in any case the very rarest endowments, and in this case, amongst an army so high-spirited, the most operative for the final success. In short, to sum up the truth by the sharpest antithesis, instead of ruling in his civic administration by means of military maxims, the Duke

of Wellington applied to military measures and to the conduct of armies that spirit of civic policy which, in times less critical by far, had not been attempted by generals of nations the most democratic.

Such is the retributory service, late but perfect, rendered to the Duke's character. The shades of evening are now stealing over his life ; and for him also that night is coming in which no man can work. But as yet no abatement is visible in his energies of public duty. Tenderness, as towards a ward of the nation, is now beginning to mingle with our veneration. And, in the course of nature, the anxieties of a mighty people will soon be suspended on his health, as they have long been suspended on his majestic wisdom.

Meantime there is a kind of duty—upon every question of politics to which the Duke of Wellington has been constructively a party—of looking towards him as the centre upon which our public counsels revolve. But in Asiatic questions he has a closer interest, and a sort of property by various tenures. Through his elder brother, as a brilliant administrator of our British Empire in India, and through his own memorable share in raising that empire, he has obtained a distinct cognisance of Indian rights which makes him their natural guardian. And of this Opium Dispute he has himself demonstrated that in its rebound it is more truly a question for our Indian friends than for our Chinese antagonists. To the Duke, therefore, at any rate, we look in this emergency, as one which lies originally within his field. And it is with the view of exhibiting the man as matched against the crisis, of equalising the authority with the occasion, that we have digressed into this act of critical justice to the Duke's merits. But, if that course would have been a matter of propriety whilst merely looking with a general political deference to the Duke's authority, much more it is become such after the Duke's comprehensive examination of the case, and after the effect of that examination has been put on record by so public a test as instantly followed : some persons having silently, some avowedly, withdrawn from the further prosecution of a question which, in this stage at least, had been laid to rest by his Grace's exposition of its merits.

SECESSION FROM THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

[The following paper appeared originally in *Blackwood* for February 1844, and has never heretofore been reprinted in this country, though it is included in the American Collective Edition of De Quincey's Writings. See remarks in Editor's Preface.——For readers out of Scotland a few words of preliminary explanation may be necessary respecting the causes and circumstances of that event of 1843 which is the subject of the article. Within Scotland itself it is familiarly known by the name of THE DISRUPTION; and it is certainly the most serious event by far in the recent history of the Scottish nation.—Through the last century and the earlier part of the present there had been a struggle between what was called the "Evangelical" party among the Scottish clergy, which was also the party of popular leanings, and what was called the "Moderate" party, who were of more Tory politics, and professed a more cool theology. The struggle having at last resulted in the numerical ascendency of the "Evangelical" party, and strength having been added at any rate to the popular sympathies of that party by the recent Reform Movement in state-politics and its triumph in the Reform Bill of 1832, the General Assembly or Supreme Court of the Scottish Church, at its meeting in May 1834, passed an Act modifying in a popular direction the traditional system of patronage in Church-livings. By this Act, called "The Veto Act," it was regulated that, when any parish-living became vacant, and the people of the parish, as represented by a majority of the male heads of families, objected to the person presented by the patron, then that refusal should *ipso facto*, even if there were no reasons assigned, be a sufficient warrant to the presbytery of the district for rejecting the presentee. Two or three vacancies having soon occurred in which the legality of this Act was challenged both by patron and presentee, and the Civil Courts having been appealed to and having pronounced the Veto Act illegal, Scotland was greatly agitated for a while by what, in this stage, was called *The Non-Intrusion Controversy*,—the matter in dispute being the right of congregations to resist the "intrusion" of unacceptable ministers upon them by the patrons. As the controversy proceeded, however,—

successive General Assemblies still standing by the Veto Act as the law of the Church, and the Civil Courts still treating it as contrary to the law of the land,—the mere Non-Intrusion question became merged in the more general question of the *Spiritual Independence of the Church Judicatories.* Were not the enactments of the Church of supreme authority in matters purely spiritual; and so, in any case where the Civil Courts might decide in favour of a presentee rejected under the Veto Act, would not the proper course be to let that presentee have all the temporalities of the benefice, since so the State willed it,—the manse, the glebe, the stipend,—but at the same time to recognise the right of the Church to withhold from him the spiritual pastorship of the parish? In conflict after conflict, this theory of a possible severance, in any case, between the spiritualities and the temporalities in a parochial charge in the Established Church was scouted by the Civil Courts as unconstitutional; and, the war between the Church Courts and the Civil Courts becoming more and more aggravated by the measures taken on both sides to enforce the views maintained,—the Church Courts inflicting spiritual censures on individual presbyters who disobeyed the Church law, and the Civil Courts retaliating by threats of pains and penalties on individual Non-Intrusionist clergymen for defiances of judicial decrees that had been pronounced,—Scotland from end to end was in convulsion. Efforts had from time to time been made,—notably by a bill of Lord Aberdeen in 1840,—to bring about a settlement by legislative interference; but, all such efforts having failed, there seemed no possible solution but by a secession from the Church of as many of the Non-Intrusionist clergy and their adherents among the people as were still irreconcilable. As, on the part of the clergy, this involved the sacrifice of their manses, glebes, and stipends, with all the worldly status that had belonged to them as ministers of an Established and Endowed Church, and the casting of themselves and families at once upon the hazards of a future livelihood by means yet unforeseen and uncertain, there were considerable doubts as to the proportion of the clergy that would go to this extreme. To as late as the beginning of 1843 there were still doubts on the subject, even in Scotland. As Sir Robert Peel and a Conservative Government were then in office, and the break-up of one of the two Established Churches of Great Britain was hardly the kind of event that a Conservative Government could be supposed to contemplate with satisfaction as happening during its own lease of power, it might have been expected that even at this last moment some new effort would have been made to avert the catastrophe. It is supposed now that there must have been misinformation at head-quarters, to the effect that only a dozen or so of the more resolute leaders among the Non-Intrusionist clergy would go out, and that then the Church would be at peace. At all events the catastrophe was *not* averted. On the 18th of May 1843 there was a memorable sight in the streets of Edinburgh. On that day, the annual General Assembly of the Scottish Church having met as usual in one of the City churches, and Dr. David Welsh, the moderator or president of the Assembly, having read, in presence of

Her Majesty's Lord High Commissioner, a prepared protest, in which he declared that he and those who adhered to him could no longer belong to the Established Church, and having then, arm in arm with Dr. Chalmers, and followed by a long line of others, left the building and emerged into the adjacent street, the waiting crowds in that street, and in other streets for more than half a mile, witnessed the procession of seceding clergy (474 in number when the tale was complete) on their way to the hall where, with their adhering lay-elders, they were to hold a General Assembly of their own, and found what has been since known as THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—Such was the famous SCOTTISH DISRUPTION of 1843. Why should De Quincey have concerned himself with it so zealously? In the first place, his politics being strongly anti-democratic, and the Veto Act having therefore been an offence to him from the first, he had watched the proceedings of its authors and supporters with no good will; in the second place, though a Church of England man himself, he extended his favourable regards in a secondary way to the Church of Scotland, as, if not so good as the Church of England, yet meritorious enough to be the corresponding established institution in North Britain, and was wroth, therefore, with those who had disturbed its routine and brought about its rupture; and, in the third place, he was a writer in *Blackwood*, and on the outlook for subjects. Hence, or somehow else, it had happened that when, nine months after the great Secession of May 1843, *Blackwood* came out with a conclusive article on the subject, that article was not by any eminent Scottish lawyer or cleric, or by any other Scottish contributor whatever, but by the little English alien whom chance had domiciled reclusely so long among the Edinburgh folk.—The article, though ill-organised and rambling, is of striking ingenuity in some parts, and was avowedly written for the instruction of English readers on a Scottish subject the very nomenclature of which must have been outlandish to them. For Scottish readers of the present day, it walks over what are still *ignes suppositi*; and, while it is on one side that there will naturally be most complaint, I am not sure but there will be agreement on both sides that De Quincey had meddled with a subject for which he lacked the qualification of native knowledge and native instincts, and so did not get down to the depths and roots of the business. With that, however, we have nothing to do. The paper is De Quincey's, and must be reproduced just as he wrote it.—M.]

A GREAT Revolution has taken place in Scotland. A greater has been threatened. Nor is that danger even yet certainly gone by. Upon the accidents of such events as may arise for the next five years, whether fitted or not fitted to revive discussions in which many of the Non-Seceders went in various degrees along with the Seceders, depends the final (and, in a strict sense, the very awful) question, What is to

be the fate of the Scottish Church? Lord Aberdeen's Act is well qualified to tranquillize the agitations of that body, and at an earlier stage, if not intercepted by Lord Melbourne, might have prevented them in part. But Lord Aberdeen has no power to stifle a conflagration once thoroughly kindled. That must depend in a great degree upon the favourable aspect of events yet in the rear.

Meantime these great disturbances are not understood in England, and chiefly from the differences between the two nations as to the language of their several Churches and Law Courts. The process of ordination and induction is totally different under the different ecclesiastical administrations of the two kingdoms. And the Church Courts of Scotland do not exist in England. We write, therefore, with an express view to the better information of England proper. And, with this purpose, we shall lead the discussion through four capital questions:—

I. *What* is it that has been done by the moving party?
II. *How* was it done? By what agencies and influence?
III. What were the *immediate results* of these acts?
IV. What are the *remote results* yet to be apprehended?

I. First, then, WHAT *is it that has been done?*

Up to the month of May in 1834 the fathers and brothers of the "Kirk" were in harmony as great as humanity can hope to see. Since May 1834 the Church has been a fierce crater of volcanic agencies, throwing out of her bosom one-third of her children; and these children are no sooner born into their earthly atmosphere than they turn, with unnatural passions, to the destruction of their brethren. What *can* be the grounds upon which an *acharnement* so deadly has arisen?

It will read to the ears of a stranger almost as an experiment upon his credulity if we tell the simple truth. Being incredible, however, it is not the less true,—and, being monstrous, it will yet be recorded in history,—that the Scottish Church has split into mortal feuds upon two points absolutely without interest to the nation: first, upon a demand for creating clergymen by a new process; secondly, upon a demand for Papal latitude of jurisdiction. Even the

order of succession in these things is not without meaning. Had the second demand stood first, it would have seemed possible that the two demands might have grown up independently, and so far conscientiously. But, according to the realities of the case, this is *not* possible: the second demand grew *out* of the first. The interest of the Seceders, as locked up in their earliest requisition, was that which prompted their second. Almost everybody was contented with the existing mode of creating the pastoral relation. Search through Christendom, lengthways and breadthways, there was not a public usage, an institution, an economy, which more profoundly slept in the sunshine of divine favour or of civil prosperity than the peculiar mode authorised and practised in Scotland of appointing to every parish its several pastor. Here and there an ultra-Presbyterian spirit might prompt a murmur against it. But the wise and intelligent approved; and those who had the appropriate—that is, the religious—interest confessed that it was practically successful. From whom, then, came the attempt to change? Why, from those only who had an alien interest, an indirect interest, an interest of ambition in its subversion. As matters stood in the spring of 1834, the patron of each benefice, acting under the severest restraints, — restraints which (if the Church Courts did their duty) left no room or possibility for an unfit man to creep in, — nominated the incumbent. In a spiritual sense, the Church had all power. By refusing, first of all, to "*license*" unqualified persons,—secondly, by refusing to "*admit*" out of these licensed persons such as might have become warped from the proper standard of pastoral fitness,—the Church had a negative voice, all-potential in the creation of clergymen: the Church could exclude whom she pleased. But this contented her not. Simply to shut out was an ungracious office, though mighty for the interests of orthodoxy through the land. The children of this world who became the agitators of the Church clamoured for something more. They desired for the Church that she should become a lady patroness: that she should give as well as take away; that she should wield a sceptre courted for its bounties, and not merely feared for its austerities. Yet how should this be accomplished?

Openly to translate upon the Church the present power of patrons, — *that* were too revolutionary, *that* would have exposed its own object. For the present, therefore, let this device prevail: Let the power nominally be transferred to congregations; let this be done upon the plea that each congregation understands best what mode of ministrations tends to its own edification. There lies the semblance of a Christian plea. The congregation, it is said, has become anxious for itself; the Church has become anxious for the congregation. And then, if the translation should be effected, the Church has already devised a means for appropriating the power which she has unsettled; for she limits this power to the communicants at the sacramental table. Now, in Scotland, though not in England, the character of communicants is notoriously created or suspended by the clergyman of each parish,—so that, by the briefest of circuits, the Church causes the power to revolve into her own hands.

That was the first change,—a change full of Jacobinism, and for which to be published was to be denounced. It was necessary, therefore, to place this Jacobin change upon a basis privileged from attack. How should *that* be done? The object was to create a new clerical power,—to shift the election of clergymen from the lay hands in which law and usage had lodged it, and, under a plausible mask of making the election popular, circuitously to make it ecclesiastical. Yet, if the existing patrons of church benefices should see themselves suddenly denuded of their rights, and within a year or two should see these rights settling determinately into the hands of the clergy, the fraud, the fraudulent purpose, and the fraudulent machinery, would have stood out in gross proportions too palpably revealed. In this dilemma the reverend agitators devised a second scheme. It was a scheme bearing triple harvests; for, at one and the same time, it furnished the motive which gave a constructive coherency and meaning to the original purpose, it threw a solemn shadow over the rank worldliness of that purpose, and it opened a diffusive tendency towards other purposes of the same nature as yet undeveloped. The device was this :—

In Scotland, as in England, the total process by which a

parish clergyman is created subdivides itself into several successive acts. The initial act belongs to the patron of the benefice. He must "*present*": that is, he notifies the fact of his having conferred the benefice upon A B to a public body which officially takes cognizance of this act; and that body is, not the particular parish concerned, but the presbytery of the district in which the parish is seated. Thus far the steps, merely legal, of the proceedings, were too definite to be easily disturbed. These steps are sustained by Lord Aberdeen as realities, and even by the Non-Intrusionists were tolerated as formalities. But at this point commence other steps not so rigorously defined by law or usage, nor so absolutely within one uniform interpretation of their value. In practice they had long sunk into forms. But ancient forms easily lend themselves to a revivification by meanings and applications, new or old, under the galvanism of democratic forces. The disturbers of the Church, passing by the act of "presentation" as an obstacle too formidable to be separately attacked on its own account, made their stand upon one of the two acts which lie next in succession. It is the regular routine that the presbytery, having been warned of the patron's appointment, and having "received" (in technical language) the presentee —that is, having formally recognised him in that character —next appoint a day on which he is to preach before the congregation. This sermon, together with the prayers by which it is accompanied, constitutes the probationary act according to some views, but according to the general theory simply the inaugural act, by which the new pastor places himself officially before his future parishioners. Decorum and the sense of proportion seem to require that to every commencement of a very weighty relation, imposing new duties, there should be a corresponding and ceremonial entrance. The new pastor, until this public introduction, could not be legitimately assumed for known to the parishioners. And accordingly at this point it was — viz. subsequently to his authentic publication, as we may call it —that, in the case of any grievous scandal known to the parish as outstanding against him, arose the proper opportunity furnished by the Church for lodging the accusation and for investigating it before the church court. In default,

however, of any grave objection to the presentee, he was next summoned by the presbytery to what really *was* a probationary act at their bar, — viz. an examination of his theological sufficiency. But in this it could not be expected that he should fail, because he must previously have satisfied the requisitions of the Church in his original examination for a licence to preach. Once dismissed with credit from this bar, he was now beyond all further probation whatsoever; in technical phrase, he was entitled to "admission." Such were the steps, according to their orderly succession, by which a man consummated the pastoral tie with any particular parish. And all of these steps subsequent to the "*reception*" and inaugural preaching were now summarily characterised by the revolutionists as "spiritual," for the sake of sequestering them into their own hands. As to the initiatory act of presentation, *that* might be secular, and to be dealt with by a secular law. But the rest were acts which belonged not to a kingdom of this world. "These,"—with a new-born scrupulosity never heard of until the Revolution of 1834 clamoured for new casuistries,—"these," said the agitators, "we cannot consent any longer to leave in their state of collapse as mere inert or ceremonial forms. They must be revivified. By all means let the patron present as heretofore. But the acts of 'examination' and 'admission,' *together with the power of altogether refusing to enter upon either* under a protest against the candidate from a clear majority of the parishioners— these are acts falling within the spiritual jurisdiction of the Church. And these powers we must, for the future, see exercised according to spiritual views."

Here, then, suddenly emerged a perfect ratification for their own previous revolutionary doctrine upon the creation of parish clergymen. This new scruple was, in relation to former scruples, a perfect linch-pin for locking their machinery into cohesion. For vainly would they have sought to defeat the patron's right of presenting, unless through this sudden pause and interdict imposed upon the *latter* acts in the process of induction, under the pretext that these were acts competent only to a spiritual jurisdiction. This plea, by its tendency, rounded and secured all that they had yet advanced in the way of claim. But, at the same time, though indis-

pensable negatively, positively it stretched so much further than any necessity or interest inherent in their present innovations that not improbably they faltered and shrank back at first from the immeasurable field of consequences upon which it opened. They would willingly have accepted less. But, unfortunately, it sometimes happens that, to gain as much as is needful in one direction, you must take a great deal more than you wish for in another. Any principle which *could* carry them over the immediate difficulty would, by a mere necessity, carry them incalculably beyond it. For, if every act bearing in any one direction a spiritual aspect, showing at any angle a relation to spiritual things, is therefore to be held spiritual in a sense excluding the interference of the civil power, there falls to the ground at once the whole fabric of civil authority in any independent form. Accordingly, we are satisfied that the claim to a spiritual jurisdiction in collision with the claims of the state would not probably have offered itself to the ambition of the agitators otherwise than as a measure ancillary to their earlier pretension of appointing virtually all parish clergymen. The one claim was found to be the integration or *sine qua non* complement of the other. In order to sustain the power of appointment in their own courts, it was necessary that they should defeat the patron's power; and, in order to defeat the patron's power, ranging itself (as sooner or later it would) under the law of the land, it was necessary that they should decline that struggle by attempting to take the question out of all secular jurisdictions whatever.

In this way grew up that twofold revolution which has been convulsing the Scottish Church since 1834: first, the audacious attempt to disturb the settled mode of appointing the parish clergy through a silent robbery perpetrated on the crown and great landed aristocracy; secondly, and in prosecution of that primary purpose, the far more frantic attempt to renew in a practical shape the old disputes so often agitating the forum of Christendom as to the bounds of civil and spiritual power.

In our rehearsal of the stages through which the process of induction ordinarily travels we have purposely omitted one possible interlude or parenthesis in the series,—not as

wishing to conceal it, but for the very opposite reason. It is right to withdraw from a *representative* account of any transaction such varieties of the routine as occur but seldom: in this way they are more pointedly exposed. Now, having made that explanation, we go on to inform the southern reader that an old traditionary usage has prevailed in Scotland, but not systematically or uniformly, of sending to the presentee, through the presbytery, what is designated a "*call*," subscribed by members of the parish congregation. This call is simply an invitation to the office of their pastor. It arose in the disorders of the seventeenth century; but in practice it is generally admitted to have sunk into a mere formality throughout the eighteenth century; and the very position which it holds in the succession of steps, not usually coming forward until *after* the presentation has been notified (supposing that it comes forward at all), compels us to regard it in that light. Apparently it bears the same relation to the patron's act as the Address of the two Houses to the Speech from the Throne: it is rather a courteous echo to the personal compliment involved in the presentation than capable of being regarded as any *original* act of invitation. And yet, in defiance of that notorious fact, some people go so far as to assert that a call is not good unless where it is subscribed by a clear majority of the congregation. This is amusing. We have already explained that, except as a liberal courtesy, the very idea of a call destined to be inoperative is and must be moonshine. Yet between two moonshines some people, it seems, can tell which is the denser. We have all heard of Barmecide banquets, where, out of tureens filled to the brim with nothing, the fortunate guest was helped to vast messes of — air. For a hungry guest to take this tantalisation in good part was the sure way to win the esteem of the noble Barmecide. But the Barmecide himself would hardly approve of a duel turning upon a comparison between two of his tureens,—question being which had been the fuller, or of two nihilities which had been seasoned the more judiciously. Yet this, in effect, is the reasoning of those who say that a call signed by fifty-one persons out of a hundred is more valid than another signed only by twenty-six or by nobody, it being

in the meantime fully understood that neither is valid in the least possible degree. But, if the "*call*" was a Barmecide call, there was another act open to the congregation which was not so.

For the English reader must now understand that, over and above the passive and less invidious mode of discountenancing or forbearing to countenance a presentee by withdrawing from the direct "call" upon him, usage has sanctioned another and stronger sort of protest,—one which takes the shape of distinct and clamorous *objections*. We are speaking of the routine in this place according to the course which it *did* travel or *could* travel under that law and that practice which furnished the pleas for complaint. Now, it was upon these "objections," as may well be supposed, that the main battle arose. Simply to want the "call," being a mere *zero*, could not much lay hold upon public feeling. It was a case not fitted for effect. You cannot bring a blank privation strongly before the public eye. The "call" did not take place last week; well, perhaps it will take place next week. Or, again, if it should never take place, perhaps it may be religious carelessness on the part of the parish. Many parishes notoriously feel no interest in their pastor, except as a quiet member of their community. Consequently, in two or three cases that might occur, there was nothing to excite the public: the parish had either agreed with the patron, or had not noticeably dissented. But in the third case of positive "objections," which (in order to justify themselves as not frivolous and vexatious) were urged with peculiar emphasis, the attention of all men was arrested. Newspapers reverberated the fact; sympathetic groans arose; the patron was an oppressor; the parish was under persecution: and the poor clergyman, whose case was the most to be pitied, as being in a measure *endowed* with a lasting fund of dislike, had the mortification to find, over and above this resistance from within, that he bore the name of "intruder" from without. He was supposed by the fiction of the case to be in league with his patron for the persecution of a godly parish, whilst in reality the godly parish was persecuting *him* and hallooing the world *ab extra* to join in the hunt.

In such cases of pretended objections to men who have not been tried, we need scarcely tell the reader that usually they are mere cabals and worldly intrigues. It is next to impossible that any parish or congregation should sincerely agree in their opinion of a clergyman. What one man likes in such cases another man detests. Mr. A., with an ardent nature and something of a histrionic turn, doats upon a fine rhetorical display. Mr. B., with more simplicity of taste, pronounces this little better than theatrical ostentation. Mr. C. requires a good deal of critical scholarship. Mr. D. quarrels with this as unsuitable to a rustic congregation. Mrs. X., who is "under concern" for sin, demands a searching and (as she expresses it) a "faithful" style of dealing with consciences. Mrs. Y., an aristocratic lady, who cannot bear to be mixed up in any common charge together with low people, abominates such words as "sin," and wills that the parson should confine his "observations" to the "shocking demoralisation of the lower orders."

Now, having stated the practice of Scottish induction as it was formerly sustained in its first stage by law, in its second stage by usage, let us finish that part of the subject by reporting the *existing* practice as regulated in all its stages by law. What law? The law as laid down in Lord Aberdeen's late Act of Parliament. This statement should, historically speaking, have found itself under our *third* head, as being one amongst the consequences immediately following the final rupture. But it is better placed at this point, because it closes the whole review of that topic, and because it reflects light upon the former practice, — the practice which led to the whole mutinous tumult: every alteration forcing more keenly upon the reader's attention what had been the previous custom, and in what respect it was held by any man to be a grievance.

This Act, then, of Lord Aberdeen's, removes all *legal* effect from the "*call.*" Common sense required *that.* For what was to be done with patronage? Was it to be sustained, or was it not? If not, then why quarrel with the Non-Intrusionists? Why suffer a schism to take place in the Church? Give legal effect to the "call," and the original cause of quarrel is gone. For, with respect to the opponents

of the Non-Intrusionists, *they* would bow to the law. On the other hand, if patronage *is* to be sustained, then why allow of any lingering or doubtful force to what must often operate as a conflicting claim? A "call" which carries with it any legal force annihilates patronage. Patronage would thus be exercised only on sufferance. Do we mean, then, that a "call" should sink into a pure fiction of ceremony, like the English *congé-d'elire* addressed to a dean and chapter, calling on them to elect a bishop, when all the world knows that already the see has been filled by a nomination from the crown? Not at all. A *moral* weight will still attach to the "call," though no legal coercion; and,—what is chiefly important,—all those *doubts* will be removed by express legislation which could not but arise between a practice pointing sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another,—between legal decisions upholding one view whilst something very like legal prescription was occasionally pleaded for the other. Behold the evil of written laws not rigorously in harmony with that sort of customary law founded upon vague tradition or irregular practice! And here, by the way, arises the place for explaining to the reader that irreconcilable dispute amongst Parliamentary lawyers as to the question whether Lord Aberdeen's bill were *enactory*,—that is, created a new law,—or *declaratory*,—that is, simply expounded an old one. If enactory, then why did the House of Lords give judgment against those who allowed weight to the "call"? That might need altering; *that* might be highly inexpedient; but, if it required a new law to make it illegal, how could those parties be held in the wrong previously to the new act of legislation? On the other hand, if declaratory, then show us any old law which made the "call" illegal. The fact is that no man can decide whether the act established a new law or merely expounded an old one. And the reason why he cannot is this:—The practice, the usage, which often is the law, had grown up variously during the troubles of the seventeenth century. In many places political reasons had dictated that the elders should nominate the incumbent. But the ancient practice had authorised patronage: by the Act of Queen Anne (10th chap.) it was even formally restored; and yet

the patron in known instances was said to have waived his right in deference to the "call." But why? Did he do so in courteous compliance with the parish, as a party whose *reasonable* wishes ought, for the sake of all parties, to meet with attention? Or did he do so in humble submission to the parish, as having by their majorities a legal right to the presentation? There lay the question. The presumptions from antiquity were all against the call. The more modern practice had occasionally been *for* it. Now, we all know how many colourable claims of right are created by prescription. What was the exact force of the "call" no man could say. In like manner, the exact character and limit of allowable objections had been ill-defined in practice, and rested more on a vague tradition than on any settled rule. This also made it hard to say whether Lord Aberdeen's Act were enactory or declaratory,—a predicament, however, which equally affects all statutes *for removing doubts*.

The "call," then, we consider as no longer recognised by law. But did Lord Aberdeen by that change establish the right of the patron as an unconditional right? By no means. He made it strictly a conditional right. The presentee is *now* a candidate, and no more. He has the most important vote in his favour, it is true; but that vote may still be set aside, though still only with the effect of compelling the patron to a new choice. "*Calls*" are no longer doubtful in their meaning; but "*objections*" have a fair field laid open to them. All reasonable objections are to be weighed. But who is to judge whether they *are* reasonable? The presbytery of the district. And now pursue the action of the law, and see how little ground it leaves upon which to hang a complaint. Everybody's rights are secured. Whatever be the event, first of all the presentee cannot complain if he is rejected only for proved insufficiency. He is put on his trial as to these points only: 1. Is he orthodox? 2. Is he of good moral reputation? 3. Is he sufficiently learned? And note this (which in fact Sir James Graham remarked in his official letter to the Assembly): strictly speaking, he ought not to be under challenge as respects the third point, for it is your own fault, the fault of your own licensing courts (the presbyteries), if he is not

qualified so far. You should not have created him a licentiate, should not have given him a licence to preach, as must have been done in an earlier stage of his progress, if he were not learned enough. Once learned, a man is learned for life. As to the other points, he may change, and *therefore* it is that an examination is requisite. But how can *he* complain if he is found by an impartial court of venerable men objectionable on any score? If it were possible, however, that he should be wronged, he has his appeal. Secondly, how can the patron complain? *His* case is the same as his presentee's case; his injuries the same; his relief the same. Besides, if *his* man is rejected, it is not the parish man that takes his place. No; but a second man of his own choice: and, if again he chooses amiss, who is to blame for *that*? Thirdly, can the congregation complain? They have a *general* interest in their spiritual guide. But, as to the preference for oratory, for loud or musical voice, for peculiar views in religion—these things are special: they interest but an exceedingly small minority in any parish; and, what is worse, that which pleases one is often offensive to another. There are cases in which a parish would reject a man for being a married man: some of the parish have unmarried daughters. But this case clearly belongs to the small minority; and we have little doubt that, where the objections lay "for cause not shown," it was often for *this* cause. Fourthly, can the Church complain? Her interest is represented, 1, not by the presentee, 2, not by the patron, 3, not by the congregation, but, 4, by the presbytery. And, whatever the presbytery say, *that* is supported. Speaking either for the patron, for the presentee, for the congregation, or for themselves as conservators of the Church, that court is heard; what more would they have? And thus in turn every interest is protected. Now, the point to be remarked is that each party in turn has a separate influence. But on any other plan, giving to one party out of the four an absolute or unconditional power—no matter which of the four it be—all the rest have none at all. Lord Aberdeen has reconciled the rights of patrons for the first time with those of all other parties interested. Nobody has more than a conditional power. Everybody has *that*. And the patron, as

necessity requires if property is to be protected, has in all circumstances the revisionary power.

II. *Secondly,* How *were these things done?* By what means were the hands of any party strengthened so as to find this revolution possible?

We seek not to refine; but all moral power issues out of moral forces. And it may be well, therefore, rapidly to sketch the history of Religion,—which is the greatest of moral forces,—as it sank and rose in this Island through the last two hundred years.

It is well known that the two great Revolutions of the Seventeenth Century—that in 1649, accomplished by the Parliament armies (including its reaction in 1660), and, secondly, that in 1688-9—did much to unsettle the religious tone of public morals. Historians and satirists ascribe a large effect in this change to the personal influence of Charles II and the foreign character of his Court. We do not share in their views; and one eminent proof that they are wrong lies in the following fact—viz. that the sublimest act of self-sacrifice which the world has ever seen arose precisely in the most triumphant season of Charles's career, a time when the reaction of hatred had not yet neutralized the sunny joyousness of his Restoration. Surely the reader cannot be at a loss to know what we mean,—the renunciation in one hour, on St. Bartholomew's Day in 1662, of two thousand benefices by the nonconforming clergymen of England. In the same year occurred a similar renunciation of three hundred and sixty benefices in Scotland. These great sacrifices, whether called for or not, argue a great strength in the religious principle at that era. Yet the decay of external religion towards the close of that century is proved incontestably. We ourselves are inclined to charge this upon two causes: first, that the times were controversial, and usually it happens that, where too much energy is carried into the controversies or intellectual part of religion, a very diminished fervour attends the culture of its moral and practical part. This was perhaps one reason; for the dispute with the Papal Church, partly perhaps with a secret reference to the rumoured apostasy of the royal family, was

pursued more eagerly in the latter half of the seventeenth than even in any section of the sixteenth century. But, doubtless, the main reason was the revolutionary character of the times. Morality is at all periods fearfully shaken by intestine wars, and by instability in a government. The actual duration of war in England was not indeed longer than three and a half years: viz. from Edgehill Fight in the autumn of 1642 to the defeat of the king's last force under Sir Jacob Astley at Stow-in-the-walds in the spring of 1646. Any other fighting in that century belonged to mere insulated and discontinuous war. But the insecurity of every government between 1638 and 1702 kept the popular mind in a state of fermentation. Accordingly, Queen Anne's reign might be said to open upon an irreligious people. The condition of things was further strengthened by the unavoidable interweaving at that time of Politics with Religion. They could not keep separate; and the favour shown even by religious people to such partisan zealots as Dr. Sacheverell evidenced, and at the same time promoted, the public irreligion. This was the period in which the clergy thought too little of their duties, but too much of their professional rights; and, if we may credit the indirect report of the contemporary literature, all apostolic or missionary zeal for the extension of religion was in those days a thing unknown. It may seem unaccountable to many that the same state of things should have spread in those days to Scotland; but this is no more than the analogies of all experience entitled us to expect. Thus we know that the instincts of religious reformation ripened everywhere at the same period of the sixteenth century from one end of Europe to the other; although between most of the European kingdoms there was nothing like so much intercourse as between England and Scotland in the eighteenth century. In both countries a cold and lifeless state of public religion prevailed up to the American and French Revolutions. These great events gave a shock everywhere to the meditative, and consequently to the religious, impulses of men. And in the meantime an irregular channel had been already opened to these impulses by the two founders of Methodism. A century has now passed since Wesley and Whitefield organized a more spiritual

machinery of preaching than could then be found in England for the benefit of the poor and labouring classes. These Methodist institutions prospered, as they were sure of doing amongst the poor and the neglected at any time, much more when contrasted with the deep slumbers of the Established Church. And another ground of prosperity soon arose out of the now expanding manufacturing system. Vast multitudes of men grew up under that system humble enough by the quality of their education to accept with thankfulness the ministrations of Methodism, and rich enough to react upon that beneficent institution by continued endowments in money. Gradually, even the Church herself, that mighty establishment under the cold shade of which Methodism had grown up as a neglected weed, began to acknowledge the power of an extending Methodistic influence which originally she had haughtily despised. First, she murmured; then she grew anxious or fearful; and, finally, she began to find herself invaded or modified from within by influences springing up from Methodism. This last effect became more conspicuously evident after the French Revolution. The Church of Scotland, which as a whole had exhibited, with much unobtrusive piety, the same outward torpor as the Church of England during the eighteenth century, betrayed a corresponding resuscitation about the same time. At the opening of this present century both of these National Churches began to show a marked rekindling of religious fervour. In what extent this change in the Scottish Church had been due, mediately or immediately, to Methodism we do not pretend to calculate; that is, we do not pretend to settle the proportions. But *mediately* the Scottish Church must have been affected, because she was greatly affected by her intercourse with the English Church (as, *e.g.*, in Bible Societies, Missionary Societies, &c.); and the English Church had been previously affected by Methodism. *Immediately* she must also have been affected by Methodism, because Whitefield had been invited to preach in Scotland, and *did* preach in Scotland. But, whatever may have been the cause of this awakening from slumber in the two Established Churches of this island, the fact is so little to be denied that, in both its aspects, it is acknowledged by those most interested in denying it. The two Churches slept the

sleep of torpor through the eighteenth century: so much of the fact is acknowledged by their own members. The two Churches awoke, as from a trance, in or just before the dawning of the nineteenth century: this second half of the fact is acknowledged by their opponents. The Wesleyan Methodists, that formidable power in England and Wales, who once reviled the Establishment as the dormitory of spiritual drones, have for many years hailed a very large section in that establishment—viz. the section technically known by the name of the Evangelical Clergy—as brothers after their own hearts, and corresponding to their own strictest model of a spiritual clergy. That section again,—the Evangelical section in the English Church,—as men more highly educated, took a direct interest in the Scottish Clergy, upon general principles of liberal interest in all that could affect religion, beyond what could be expected from the Methodists. And in this way grew up a considerable action and reaction between the two classical Churches of the British soil.

Such was the varying condition, when sketched in outline, of the Scottish and English Churches. Two centuries ago, and for half a century beyond that, we find both Churches in a state of trial, of turbulent agitation, and of sacrifices for conscience, which involved every fifth or sixth beneficiary. Then came a century of languor, and the carelessness which belongs to settled prosperity. And, finally, for both has arisen a half-century of new light, new zeal, and, spiritually speaking, of new prosperity. This deduction it was necessary to bring down, in order to explain the new power which arose to the Scottish Church during the last generation of, suppose, thirty years.

When two powerful establishments, each separately fitted to the genius and needs of its several people, are pulling together powerfully towards one great spiritual object, vast must be the results. Our ancestors would have stood aghast, as at some fabulous legend or some mighty miracle, could they have heard of the scale on which our modern contributions proceed for the purposes of missions to barbarous nations, of circulating the Scriptures (whether through the Bible Society, *i.e.* the National Society, or Provincial Societies), of translating the Scriptures into languages scarcely

known by name to scholars, of converting Jews, of organizing and propagating education. Towards these great objects the Scottish clergy had worked with energy, and with little disturbance to their unanimity. Confidence was universally felt in their piety and in their discretion. This confidence even reached the supreme rulers of the state. Very much through ecclesiastical influence, new plans for extending the religious power of the Scottish Church, and indirectly of extending their secular power, were countenanced by the government. Jealousy had been disarmed by the upright conduct of the Scottish Clergy, and their remarkable freedom hitherto from all taint of ambition. It was felt, besides, that the temper of the Scottish nation was radically indisposed to all intriguing, or modes of temporal ascendency, in ecclesiastical bodies. The nation, therefore, was in some degree held as a guarantee for the discretion of their clergy. And hence it arose that much less caution was applied to the first encroachment of the Non-Intrusionists than would have been applied under circumstances of more apparent doubt. Hence it arose that a confidence from the Scottish nation was extended to this clergy which too certainly has been abused.

In the years 1824-5, Parliament had passed acts "for building additional places of worship in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland." These acts may be looked upon as one section in that general extension of religious machinery which the British people, by their government and their legislature, have for many years been promoting. Not, as is ordinarily said, that the weight of this duty had grown upon them simply through their own treacherous neglect of it during the latter half of the eighteenth century ; but that no reasonable attention to that duty *could* have kept pace with the scale upon which the claims of a new manufacturing population had increased. In mere equity we must admit—not that the British nation had fallen behind its duties (though naturally it might have done so under the religious torpor prevalent at the original era of manufacturing extension), but that the duties had outstripped all human power of overtaking them. The efforts, however, have been prodigious in this direction for many years. Amongst those applied to Scotland, it had been settled by Parliament that forty-two

new churches should be raised in the Highlands, with an endowment from the government of £120 annually for each incumbent. There were besides more than two hundred chapels of ease to be founded; and towards this scheme the Scottish public subscribed largely. The money was intrusted to the clergy. *That* was right; but mark what followed. It had been expressly provided by Parliament that any district or circumjacent territory allotted to such parliamentary churches as the range within which the incumbent was to exercise his spiritual ministration should *not* be separate parishes for any civil or legal effects. Here surely the intentions and directions of the legislature were plain enough and decisive enough.

How did the Scottish clergy obey them? They erected all these jurisdictions into *bona fide* "parishes," enjoying the plenary rights (as to Church government) of the other parishes, and distinguished from them in a merely nominal way as parishes *quoad sacra*. There were added at once to the presbyteries, which are the organs of the Church power, two hundred and three clerical persons for the chapels of ease and forty-two for the Highland churches—making a total of two hundred and forty-five new members. By the constitution of the Scottish Church, an equal number of lay elders (called ruling elders) accompany the clerical elders. Consequently four hundred and ninety new members were introduced at once into that particular class of courts (presbyteries) which form the electoral bodies in relation to the highest court of General Assembly. The effect of this change, made in the very teeth of the law, was twofold. First, it threw into many separate presbyteries a considerable accession of voters—*all owing their appointments to the General Assembly.* This would at once give a large bias favourable to their party views in every election for members to serve in the Assembly. Even upon an Assembly numerically limited this innovation would have told most abusively. But the Assembly was *not* limited; and therefore the whole effect was, at the same moment, greatly to extend the electors and the elected.

Here, then, was the machinery by which the faction worked. They drew that power from Scotland rekindled into a temper of religious anxiety which they never could

have drawn from Scotland lying torpid as she had lain through the eighteenth century. The new machinery (created by Parliament in order to meet the wishes of the Scottish nation), the money of that nation, the awakened zeal of that nation: all these were employed honourably in one sense,—that is, not turned aside into private channels for purposes of individuals,—but factiously in the result, as being for the benefit of a faction; honourably as regarded the open *mode* of applying such influence,—a mode which did not shrink from exposure,—but most dishonourably in so far as privileges which had been conceded altogether for a spiritual object were abusively transferred to the furtherance of a temporal intrigue. Such were the methods by which the newborn ambition of the clergy moved; and that ambition had become active simply because it had suddenly seemed to become practicable. The presbyteries, as being the effectual electoral bodies, are really the mainsprings of the ecclesiastical administration. To govern *them* was in effect to govern the Church. A new scheme for extending religion had opened a new avenue to this control over the presbyteries. That opening was notoriously unlawful. But not the less the Church faction precipitated themselves ardently upon it; and, but for the faithfulness of the civil courts, they would never have been dislodged from what they had so suddenly acquired. Such was the extraordinary leap taken by the Scottish clergy into a power of which, hitherto, they had never enjoyed a fraction. It was a movement *per saltum*, beyond all that history has recorded. At cock-crow they had no power at all; when the sun went down, they had gained (if they could have held) a papal supremacy. And a thing not less memorably strange is that even yet the ambitious leaders were not disturbed; what they had gained was viewed by the public as a collateral gain, indirectly adhering to a higher object, but forming no part at all of what the clergy had sought. It required the scrutiny of law courts to unmask and decompose their true object. The obstinacy of the defence betrayed the real *animus* of the attempt. It was an attempt which, in connexion with the *Veto* Act (supposing that to have prospered), would have laid the whole power of the Church at their feet. What the law

had distributed amongst three powers,—patron, parish, and presbyter,—would have been concentrated in themselves. The *quoad sacra* parishes would have riveted their majorities in the presbyteries; and the presbyteries, under the real action of the *Veto*, would have appointed nearly every incumbent in Scotland. And this is the answer to the question, when treated merely in outline—*How were these things done?* The religion of the times had created new machineries for propagating a new religious influence. These fell into the hands of the clergy; and the temptation to abuse these advantages led them into revolution.

III. Having now stated WHAT was done, as well as HOW it was done, let us estimate the CONSEQUENCES of these acts: under this present or *third* section reviewing the immediate consequences which have taken effect already, and under the next section anticipating the more remote consequences yet to be expected.

In the spring of 1834, as we have sufficiently explained, the General Assembly ventured on the fatal attempt to revolutionize the Church, and (as a preliminary towards *that*) on the attempt to revolutionize the property of patronage. There lay the extravagance of the attempt: its short-sightedness, if they did not see its civil tendencies; its audacity, if they *did*. It was one revolution marching to its object through another; it was a vote which, if at all sustained, must entail a long inheritance of contests with the whole civil polity of Scotland.

"Heu quantum fati parva tabella vehit!"

It might seem to strangers a trivial thing that an obscure court, like the presbytery, should proceed in the business of induction by one routine rather than by another; but was it a trivial thing that the power of appointing clergymen should lapse into this perilous dilemma,—either that it should be intercepted by the Scottish clerical order, and thus that a lordly hierarchy should be suddenly created, disposing of incomes which in the aggregate approach to half a million annually, or, on the other hand, that this dangerous power, if defeated as a clerical power, should settle

into a tenure exquisitely democratic? Was *that* trivial? Doubtless, the Scottish ecclesiastical revenues are not equal, nor nearly equal, to the English. Still it is true that Scotland, supposing all her benefices equalized, gives a larger *average* to each incumbent than England of the year 1830. England in that year gave an average of £299 to each beneficiary; Scotland gave an average of £303. That body, therefore, which wields patronage in Scotland wields a greater relative power than the corresponding body in England. Now, this body in Scotland must finally have been the *clerus*; but, supposing the patronage to have settled nominally where the Veto Act had placed it, then it would have settled into the keeping of a fierce democracy. Mr. Forsyth has justly remarked that in such a case the hired ploughmen of a parish, mercenary hands that quit their engagements at Martinmas, and *can* have no filial interest in the parish, would generally succeed in electing the clergyman. That man would be elected generally who had canvassed the parish with the arts and means of an electioneering candidate; or else the struggle would lie between the property and the Jacobinism of the district.

In respect to Jacobinism, the condition of Scotland is much altered from what it was. Pauperism and great towns have worked "strange defeatures" in Scottish society. A vast capital has arisen in the west, on a level with the first-rate capitals of the Continent—with Vienna or with Naples; far superior in size to Madrid, to Lisbon, to Berlin; more than equal to Rome and Milan, or again to Munich and Dresden, taken by couples; and in this point beyond comparison with any one of these capitals,—that, whilst *they* are connected by slight ties with the circumjacent country, Glasgow keeps open a communication with the whole land. Vast laboratories of encouragement to manual skill, too often dissociated from consideration of character; armies of mechanics, gloomy and restless, having no interfusion amongst their endless files of any gradations corresponding to a system of controlling officers: these spectacles, which are permanently offered by the *castra stativa* of combined mechanics in Glasgow and its dependencies (Paisley, Greenock, &c.), supported by similar districts, and by turbulent collieries

in other parts of that kingdom, make Scotland, when now developing her strength, no longer the safe and docile arena for popular movements which once she was, with a people that were scattered and habits that were pastoral. And, at this moment, so fearfully increased is the overbearance of democratic impulses in Scotland that perhaps in no European nation—hardly excepting France—has it become more important to hang weights and retarding forces upon popular movements amongst the labouring classes.

This being so, we have never been able to understand the apparent apathy with which the landed body met the first promulgation of the *Veto* Act in May 1834. Of this apathy two insufficient explanations suggest themselves:—1st, It seemed a matter of delicacy to confront the General Assembly upon a field which they had clamorously challenged for their own. The question at issue was tempestuously published to Scotland as a question exclusively spiritual. And by whom was it thus published? The Southern reader must here not be careless of dates. *At present*—viz. in 1844—those who fulminate such views of spiritual jurisdiction are simply dissenters, and those who vehemently withstand them are the Church, armed with the powers of the Church. Such are the relations between the parties in 1844. But in 1834 the revolutionary party were not only *in* the Church, but (being the majority) they came forward *as* the Church. The new doctrines presented themselves at first not as those of a faction, but of the Scottish Kirk assembled in her highest court. The *prestige* of that advantage has vanished since then; for this faction, after first of all falling into a minority, afterwards ceased to be any part or section of the Church. But in that year 1834 such a *prestige* did really operate; and this must be received as one of the reasons which partially explain the torpor of the landed body. No one liked to move *first*, even amongst those who meant to move. But another reason we find in the conscientious scruples of many landholders, who hesitated to move at all upon a question then insufficiently discussed, and in which their own interest was by so many degrees the largest.

These reasons, however, though sufficient for suspense, seem hardly sufficient for not having solemnly protested against

the *Veto* Act immediately upon its passing the Assembly. Whatever doubts a few persons might harbour upon the expediency of such an act, evidently it was contrary to the law of the land. The General Assembly could have no power to abrogate a law passed by the three estates of the realm. But probably it was the deep sense of that truth which reined up the national resistance. Sure of a speedy collision between some patron and the infringers of his right, other parties stood back for the present, to watch the form which such a collision might assume.

In that same year of 1834, not many months after the passing of the Assembly's Act, came on the first case of collision; and some time subsequently a second. These two cases, Auchterarder and Marnoch, commenced in the very same steps, but immediately afterwards diverged as widely as was possible. In both cases the rights of the patron and of the presentee were challenged peremptorily,—that is to say, in both cases parishioners objected to the presentee without reason shown. The conduct of the people was the same in one case as in the other; that of the two presbyteries travelled upon lines diametrically opposite. The first case was that of *Auchterarder*. The parish and presbytery concerned both belonged to Auchterarder; and there the presbytery obeyed the new law of the Assembly: they rejected the presentee, refusing to take him on trial of his qualifications. And why? We cannot too often repeat—simply because a majority of a rustic congregation had rejected him, without attempting to show reason for his rejection. The Auchterarder presbytery, for *their* part in this affair, were prosecuted in the Court of Session by the injured parties—Lord Kinnoul, the patron, and Mr. Young, the presentee. Twice, upon a different form of action, the Court of Session gave judgment against the presbytery; twice the case went up by appeal to the Lords; twice the Lords affirmed the judgment of the court below. In the other case, of *Marnoch*, the presbytery of Strathbogie took precisely the opposite course. So far from abetting the unjust congregation of rustics, they rebelled against the new law of the Assembly, and declared, by seven of their number against three, that they were ready to proceed with the

trial of the presentee, and to induct him (if found qualified) into the benefice. Upon this the General Assembly suspended the seven members of presbytery. By that mode of proceeding the Assembly fancied that they should be able to elude the intentions of the presbytery,—it being supposed that, whilst suspended, the presbytery had no power to ordain, and that without ordination there was no possibility of giving induction. But here the Assembly had miscalculated. Suspension would indeed have had the effects ascribed to it; but in the meantime the suspension, as being originally illegal, was found to be void; and the presentee, on that ground, obtained a decree from the Court of Session ordaining the presbytery of Strathbogie to proceed with the settlement. Three of the ten members composing this presbytery resisted; and they were found liable in expenses. The other seven completed the settlement in the usual form. Here was plain rebellion, and rebellion triumphant! If this were allowed, all was gone! What should the Assembly do for the vindication of their authority? Upon deliberation, they deposed the contumacious presbytery from their functions as clergymen, and declared their churches vacant. But this sentence was found to be a *brutum fulmen*. The crime was no crime, the punishment turned out no punishment; and a minority even in this very Assembly declared publicly that they would not consent to regard this sentence as any sentence at all, but would act in all respects as if no such sentence had been carried by vote. *Within* their own high Court of Assembly it is, however, difficult to see how this refusal to recognise a sentence voted by a majority could be valid. Outside, the civil courts came into play; but within the Assembly surely its own laws and votes prevailed. However, this distinction could bring little comfort to the Assembly at present; for the illegality of the deposal was now past all dispute; and the attempt to punish, or even ruin, a number of professional brethren for not enforcing a bylaw when the bylaw itself had been found irreconcilable to the law of the land greatly displeased the public, as vindictive, oppressive, and useless to the purposes of the Assembly.

Nothing was gained except the putting on record an im-

placability that was *confessedly* impotent. This was the very lunacy of malice. Mortifying it might certainly seem for the members of a supreme court like the General Assembly to be baffled by those of a subordinate court; but still, since each party must be regarded as representing far larger interests than any personal to themselves,—trying, on either side, not the energies of their separate wits, but the available resources of law in one of its obscurer chapters,—there really seemed no more room for humiliation to the one party, or for triumph to the other, than there is amongst reasonable men in the result from a game, where the game is one exclusively of chance.

From this period it is probable that the faction of Non-Intrusionists resolved upon abandoning the Church. It was the one sole resource left for sustaining their own importance to men who were now sinking fast in public estimation. At the latter end of 1842 they summoned a convocation in Edinburgh. The discussions were private; but it was generally understood that at this time they concerted a plan for going out from the Church in the event of their failing to alarm the Government by the notification of this design. We do not pretend to any knowledge of secrets. What is known to everybody is that on the annual meeting of the General Assembly in May 1843 the great body of the Non-Intrusionists moved out in procession. The sort of theatrical interest which gathered round the Seceders for a few hurried days in May was of a kind which should naturally have made wise men both ashamed and disgusted. It was the merest effervescence from that state of excitement which is nursed by novelty, by expectation, by the vague anticipation of a "scene," possibly of a quarrel, together with the natural interest in *seeing* men whose names had been long before the public in books and periodical journals.

The first measure of the Seceders was to form themselves into a pseudo General Assembly. When there are two suns visible, or two moons, the real one and its duplicate, we call the mock sun a *parhelios*, and the mock moon a *paraselene*. On that principle, we must call this mock Assembly a *para-synodos*. Rarely, indeed, can we applaud the Seceders in the fabrication of names. They distinguish as *quoad sacra*

parishes those which were peculiarly *quoad politica* parishes; for in that view only they had been interesting to the Non-Intrusionists. Again, they style themselves *The Free Church*, by way of taunting the other side with being a servile Church. But how are they any Church at all? By the courtesies of Europe, and according to usage, a Church means a religious incorporation, protected and privileged by the State. Those who are not so privileged are usually content with the title of Separatists, Dissenters, or Nonconformists. No wise man will see either good sense or dignity in assuming titles not appropriate. The very position and aspect towards the Church (legally so called) which has been assumed by the Non-Intrusionists,—viz. the position of protesters against that body, not merely as bearing, amongst other features, a certain relation to the State, but specifically *because* they bear that relation,—makes it incongruous, and even absurd, for these Dissenters to denominate themselves a "Church." But there is another objection to this denomination. The "Free Church" have no peculiar and separate Confession of Faith. Nobody knows what are their *credenda* —what they hold indispensable for fellow-membership, either as to faith in mysteries or in moral doctrines. Now, if they reply—"Oh! as to that, we adopt for our faith all that ever we *did* profess when members of the Scottish Kirk"—then in effect they are hardly so much as a dissenting body, except in some elliptic sense. There is a grievous *hiatus* in their own title-deeds and archives; they supply it by referring people to the muniment chest of the Kirk. Would it not be a scandal to a Protestant Church if she should say to communicants—"We have no sacramental vessels, or even ritual; but you may borrow both from Papal Rome"? Not only, however, is the Kirk to *lend* her Confession, &c.; but even then a plain rustic will not be able to guess how many parts in his Confession are, or may be, affected by the "reformation" of the Non-Intrusionists. "Surely," he will think, "if this reformation were so vast that it drove them out of the National Church, absolutely exploded them, then it follows that it must have intervened and *indirectly* modified innumerable questions: a difference that was punctually limited to this one or these two clauses could not be such a difference

as justified a rupture. Besides, if they have altered this one or these two clauses, or have altered their interpretation, how is any man to know (except from a distinct Confession of Faith) that they have not even *directly* altered much more? Notoriety through newspapers is surely no ground to stand upon in religion." And now it appears that the unlettered rustic needs two guides: one to show him exactly how much they have altered, whether two points or two hundred, as well as *which* two or two hundred; another to teach him how far these original changes may have carried with them secondary changes as consequences into other parts of the Christian system. One of the known changes,—viz. the doctrine of popular election as the proper qualification for parish clergymen,—possibly is not fitted to expand itself or ramify, except by analogy. But the other change, the infinity which has been suddenly turned off like a jet of gas, or like the rushing of wind through the tubes of an organ, upon the doctrine and application of *spirituality* seems fitted for derivative effects that are innumerable. Consequently, we say of the Non-Intrusionists not only that they are no Church, but that they are not even any separate body of Dissenters, until they have published a "Confession" or a *revised* edition of the Scottish Confession.

IV. Lastly, we have to sum and to appreciate the *ultimate* consequences of these things. Let us pursue them to the end of the vista.—First in order stands the dreadful shock to the National Church Establishment; and that is twofold: it is a shock from without, acting through opinion, and a shock from within, acting through the contagion of example. Each case is separately perfect. Through the opinion of men standing *outside* of the Church, the Church herself suffers wrong in her authority. Through the contagion of sympathy stealing over men *inside* of the Church, peril arises of other shocks in a second series, which would so exhaust the Church by reiterated convulsions as to leave her virtually dismembered and shattered for all her great national functions.

As to that evil which acts through opinion, it acts by a machinery,—viz. the press and social centralisation in great cities,—which in these days is perfect. Right or wrong, jus-

tified or *not* justified by the acts of the majority, it is certain that every public body—how much more, then, a body charged with the responsibility of upholding the truth in its standard !—suffers dreadfully in the world's opinion by any feud, schism, or shadow of change among its members. This is what the New Testament, a code of philosophy fertile in new ideas, first introduced under the name of *scandal*,—that is, any occasion of serious offence ministered to the weak or to the sceptical by differences irreconcilable in the acts or the opinions of those whom they are bound to regard as spiritual authorities. Now, here in Scotland is a feud past all arbitration ; here is a schism no longer theoretic, neither beginning nor ending in mere speculation ; here is a change of doctrine, *on one side or the other*, which throws a sad umbrage of doubt and perplexity over the pastoral relation of the Church to every parish in Scotland. Less confidence there must always be henceforward in great religious incorporations. Was there any such incorporation reputed to be more internally harmonious than the Scottish Church? None has been so tempestuously agitated. Was any Church more deeply pledged to the spirit of meekness? None has split asunder so irreconcilably. As to the grounds of quarrel, could any questions or speculations be found so little fitted for a popular interference? Yet no breach of unity has ever propagated itself by steps so sudden and irrevocable. One short decennium has comprehended within its circuit the beginning and the end of this unparalleled hurricane. In 1834, the first light augury of mischief skirted the horizon —a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. In 1843, the evil had "travelled on from birth to birth." Already it had failed in what may be called one conspiracy ; already it had entered upon a second—viz. to rear up an *Anti-Kirk*, or spurious establishment, which should twist itself with snake-like folds about the legal establishment ; surmount it as a Roman *vinea* surmounted the fortifications which it beleaguered ; and which, under whatsoever practical issue for the contest, should at any rate overlook, molest, and insult the true Church for ever. Even this brief period of development would have been briefer had not the law-courts interposed many delays. Demurs of law-process imposed checks

upon the uncharitable haste of the *odium theologicum*; and, though in a question of schism it would be a *petitio principii* for a neutral censor to assume that either party had been originally in error, yet it is within our competence to say that the Seceders it was whose bigotry carried the dispute to that sad issue of a final separation. The Establishment would have been well content to stop short of that consummation; and temperaments might have been found, compromises both safe and honourable, had the minority built less of their reversionary hopes upon the policy of a fanciful martyrdom. Martyrs they insisted upon becoming: and, that they *might* be martyrs, it was necessary for them to secede. That Europe thinks at present with less reverence of Protestant institutions than it did ten years ago is due to one of these institutions in particular—viz. to the Scottish Kirk, and specifically to the minority in that body. They it was who spurned all mutual toleration, all brotherly indulgence from either side to what it regarded as error in the other. Consequently upon *their* consciences lies the responsibility of having weakened the pillars of the Reformed Churches throughout Christendom.

Had those abuses been really such which the Seceders denounced,—were it possible that a primary law of pure Christianity had been set aside for generations,—how came it that evils so gross had stirred no whispers of reproach before 1834? How came it that no aurora of early light, no prelusive murmurs of scrupulosity even from themselves, had run before this wild levanter of change? Heretofore or now there must have been huge error, on their own showing. Heretofore they must have been traitorously below their duty, or now mutinously beyond it.

Such conclusions are irresistible; and upon any path, seceding or not seceding, they menace the worldly credit of ecclesiastical bodies. That evil is now past remedy. As for the other evil,—that which acts upon Church establishments, not through simple failure in the guarantees of public opinion, but through their own internal vices of composition,—here undeniably we see a chasm traversing the Scottish Church from the very gates to the centre. And unhappily the same chasm which marks a division of the Church in-

ternally is a link connecting it externally with the Seceders. For how stands the case? Did the Scottish Kirk, at the late crisis, divide broadly into two mutually excluding sections? Was there one of these bisections which said *Yes* whilst the other responded *No*? Was the affirmative and negative shared between them as between the black chessmen and the white? Not so; and unhappily not so. The two extremes there were, but these shaded off into each other. Many were the *nuances*; multiplied the combinations. Here stood a section that had voted for all the changes, with two or three exceptions; there stood another that went the *whole* length as to this change, but no part of the way as to that; between these sections arose others that had voted arbitrarily, or *eclectically*,—that is, by no law generally recognised. And behind this eclectic school were grouped others who had voted for all novelties up to a certain day, but after *that* had refused to go further with a movement party whose tendencies they had begun to distrust. In this last case, therefore, the divisional line fell upon no principle, but upon the accident of having, at that particular moment, first seen grounds of conscientious alarm. The principles upon which men had divided were various, and these various principles were variously combined. But, on the other hand, those who have gone out were the men who approved totally, not partially—unconditionally, not within limits—up to the end, and not to a given day. Consequently those who stayed in comprehended all the shades and degrees which the men of violence excluded. The Seceders were unanimous to a man, and of necessity; for he who approves the last act, the extreme act, which is naturally the most violent act, *a fortiori* approves all lesser acts. But the Establishment, by parity of reason, retained upon its rolls all the degrees, all the modifications, all who had exercised a wise discretion,—who, in so great a cause, had thought it a point of religion to be cautious,—whose casuistry had moved in the harness of peace, and who had preferred an interest of conscience to a triumph of partisanship. We honour them for that policy; but we cannot hide from ourselves that the very principle which makes such a policy honourable at the moment makes it dangerous in reversion. For he who avows that, upon public motives,

he once resisted a temptation to schism makes known by that avowal that he still harbours in his mind the germ of such a temptation ; and to that scruple which once he resisted hereafter he may see reason for yielding. The principles of schism, which for the moment were suppressed, are still latent in the Church. It is urged that, in quest of unity, many of these men *succeeded* in resisting the instincts of dissension at the moment of crisis. True : but this might be because they presumed on winning from their own party equal concessions by means less violent than schism ; or because they attached less weight to the principle concerned than they may see cause for attaching upon future considerations ; or because they would not allow themselves to sanction the cause of the late Secession by going out in company with men whose principles they adopted only in part, or whose manner of supporting those principles they abhorred. Universally it is evident that little stress is to be laid on a negative act. Simply to have declined going out with the Seceders proves nothing, for it is equivocal. It is an act which may cover indifferently a marked hostility to the Secession party, or an absolute friendliness, but a friendliness not quite equal to so extreme a test. And, again, this negative act may be equivocal in a different way. The friendliness may not only have existed, but may have existed in sufficient strength for any test whatever. Not the principles of the Seceders, but their Jacobinical mode of asserting them, may have proved the true nerve of the repulsion to many.

What is it that we wish the English reader to collect from these distinctions ? Simply that the danger is not yet gone past. The earthquake, says a great poet, when speaking of the general tendency in all dangers to come round by successive and reiterated shocks—

"The earthquake is not satisfied at once."

All dangers which lie deeply seated are recurrent dangers ; they intermit only as the revolving lamps of a lighthouse are periodically eclipsed. The General Assembly of 1843, when closing her gates upon the Seceders, shut *in*, perhaps, more of the infected than at the time she succeeded in

shutting *out*. As respected the opinion of the world outside, it seemed advisable to shut out the least number possible; for in proportion to the number of the Seceders was the danger that they should carry with them an authentic impression in their favour. On the other hand, as respected a greater danger (the danger from internal contagion), it seemed advisable that the Church should have shut out (if she could) very many of those who, for the present, adhered to her. The broader the separation, and the more absolute, between the Church and the Secession, so much the less anxiety there would have survived lest the rent should spread. That the anxiety in this respect is not visionary the reader may satisfy himself by looking over a remarkable pamphlet, which professes by its title to separate the *wheat from the chaff*.[1] By the "wheat," in the view of this writer, is meant the aggregate of those who persevered in their recusant policy up to the practical result of secession. All who stopped short of that consummation (on whatever plea), are the "chaff." The writer is something of an incendiary, or something of a fanatic; but he is consistent with regard to his own principles, and so elaborately careful in his details as to extort admiration of his energy and of his patience in research. But the reason for which we notice this pamphlet is with a view to the proof of that large intestine mischief which still lingers behind in the vitals of the Scottish Establishment. No proof, in a question of that nature, *can* be so showy and *ostensive* to a stranger as that which is supplied by this vindictive pamphlet. For every past vote recording a scruple is the pledge of a scruple still existing, though for the moment suppressed. Since the Secession nearly four hundred and fifty new men may have entered the Church. This supplementary body has probably diluted the strength of the revolutionary principles. But they also may, perhaps, have partaken to some extent in the contagion of these principles. True, there is this guarantee for caution on the part of these new men,—that as yet they are pledged to nothing, and that, seeing experimentally how

[1] This, I think, was a pamphlet cataloguing all who had ranked as Non-Intrusionists, and specifying those who had shrunk back at last.—M.

fearfully many of their older brethren are now likely to be fettered by the past, they have every possible motive for reserve in committing themselves, either by their votes or by their pens. In *their* situation there is a special inducement to prudence, because there is a prospect that for *them* prudence is in time to be effectual. But for many of the older men prudence comes too late. They are already fettered. And what we are now pointing out to the attention of our readers is that by the past, by the absolute votes of the past, too sorrowfully it is made evident that the Scottish Church is deeply tainted with the principles of the Secession. These germs of evil and of revolution, speaking of them in a *personal* sense, cannot be purged off entirely until one generation shall have passed away. But, speaking of them as *principles* capable of vegetation, these germs may or may not expand into whole forests of evil, according to the accidents of coming events, whether fitted to tranquillize our billowy aspects of society, or, on the other hand, largely to fertilize the many occasions of agitation which political fermentations are too sure to throw off. Let this chance turn out as it may, we repeat, for the information of Southerns, that the Church, by shutting off the persons of particular agitators, has not shut off the principles of agitation, and that the *cordon sanitaire*, supposing the spontaneous exile of the Non-Intrusionists to be regarded in that light, was not drawn about the Church until the disease had spread widely *within* the lines.

Past votes may not absolutely pledge a man to a future course of action; warned in time, such a man may stand neutral in practice; but thus far they poison the fountains of wholesome unanimity—that, if a man can evade the necessity of squaring particular *actions* to his past opinions, at least he must find himself tempted to square his opinions themselves, or his counsels, to such past opinions as he may too notoriously have placed on record by his votes.

But, if such are the continual dangers from reactions in the Establishment so long as men survive in that Establishment who feel upbraided by past votes, and so long as enemies survive who will not suffer these upbraidings to slumber—dangers which much mutual forbearance and charity can

alone disarm—on the other hand how much profounder is the inconsistency to which the Free Church is doomed? They have rent the unity of that Church to which they had pledged their faith—but on what plea? On the plea that in cases purely spiritual they could not in conscience submit to the award of the secular magistrate. Yet how merely impracticable is this principle as an abiding principle of action! Churches,—that is, the charge of particular congregations,—will be with *them* (as with other religious communities) the means of livelihood. Grounds innumerable will arise for excluding or attempting to exclude each other from these official stations. No possible form regulating the business of ordination, or of induction, can anticipate the infinite objections which may arise. But no man interested in such a case will submit to a judge appointed by insufficient authority. Daily bread for his family is what few men will resign without a struggle. And that struggle will of necessity come for final adjudication to the law courts of the land, whose interference in any question affecting a spiritual interest the Free Church has for ever pledged herself to refuse. But in the case supposed she will not have the power to refuse it. She will be cited before the tribunals, and can elude that citation in no way but by surrendering the point in litigation; and, if she should adopt the notion that it is better for her to do *that* than to acknowledge a sufficient authority in the court by pleading at its bar, upon this principle, once made public, she will soon be stripped of everything, and will cease to be a Church at all. She cannot continue to be a depository of any faith, or a champion of any doctrines, if she lose the means of defending her own incorporations. But how can she maintain the defenders of her rights, or the dispensers of her truths, if she refuses, upon immutable principle, to call in the aid of the magistrate on behalf of rights which, under any aspect, regard spiritual relations? Attempting to maintain these rights by private arbitration within a forum of her own, she will soon find such arbitration not binding at all upon the party who conceives himself aggrieved. The issue will be as in Mr. O'Connell's courts, where the parties played at going to law. From the moment when they ceased to play, and no longer "made believe" to be disputing, the award of

the judge became as entire a mockery as any stage mimicry of such a transaction.

This should be the natural catastrophe of the case ; and the probable evasion of that destructive consummation to which she is carried by her principles will be that, as soon as her feelings of rancour shall have cooled down, these principles will silently drop out of use, and the very reason will be suffered to perish for which she ever became a dissenting body. With this, however, we, that stand outside, are noways concerned. But an evil in which we *are* concerned is the headlong tendency of the Free Church, and of all Churches adulterating with her principle, to an issue not merely dangerous in a political sense, but ruinous in an anti-social sense. The artifice of the Free Church lies in pleading a spiritual relation of any case whatever, whether of doing or suffering, whether positive or negative, as a reason for taking it out of all civil control. Now, we may illustrate the peril of this artifice by a reality at this time impending over society in Ireland. Dr. Higgins, titular bishop of Ardagh, has undertaken, upon this very plea of a spiritual power not amenable to civil control, a sort of warfare with Government upon the question of their power to suspend or defeat the O'Connell agitation. For, says he, if Government should succeed in thus intercepting the direct power of haranguing mobs in open assemblies, then will I harangue them, and cause them to be harangued, in the same spirit, upon the same topics, from the altar or the pulpit. An immediate extension of this principle would be that every disaffected clergyman in the three kingdoms would lecture his congregation upon the duty of paying no taxes. This he would denominate passive resistance ; and resistance to bad government would become, in his language, the most sacred of duties. In any argument with such a man, he would be found immediately falling back upon the principle of the Free Church ; he would insist upon it as a spiritual right, as a case entirely between his conscience and God, whether he should press to an extremity any and every doctrine, though tending to the instant disorganisation of society. To lecture against war, and against taxes as directly supporting war, would wear a most colourable air of truth amongst all weak-

minded persons. And these would soon appear to have been but the first elements of confusion under the improved views of spiritual rights. The doctrines of the *Levellers* in Cromwell's time, of the *Anabaptists* in Luther's time, would exalt themselves upon the ruins of society, if governments were weak enough to recognise these spiritual claims in the feeblest of their initial advances. If it were possible to suppose such chimeras prevailing, the natural redress would soon be seen to lie through secret tribunals, like those of the dreadful *Fehmgericht* in the Middle Ages. It would be absurd, however, seriously to pursue these anti-social chimeras through their consequences. Stern remedies would summarily crush so monstrous an evil. Our purpose is answered when the necessity of such insupportable consequences is shown to link itself with that distinction upon which the Free Church has laid the foundations of its own establishment. Once for all, there is no act or function belonging to an officer of a Church which is not spiritual by one of its two Janus faces. And every examination of the case convinces us more and more that the Seceders took up the old papal distinction as to acts spiritual or not spiritual, not under any delusion less or more, but under a simple necessity of finding some evasion or other which should meet and embody the whole rancour of the moment.

But beyond any other evil consequence prepared by the Free Church is the appalling spirit of Jacobinism which accompanies their whole conduct, and which latterly has avowed itself in their words. The case began Jacobinically, for it began in attacks upon the rights of property. But, since the defeat of this faction by the law-courts, language seems to fail them for the expression of their hatred and affected scorn towards the leading nobility of Scotland. Yet why? The case lies in the narrowest compass. The Duke of Sutherland, and other great landholders, had refused sites for their new churches. Upon this occurred a strong fact, and strong in both directions: first, for the Seceders; secondly, upon better information, *against* them. The *Record* newspaper, a religious journal, ably and conscientiously conducted, took part with the Secession, and very energetically; for they denounced the noble duke's refusal of land as an act

of "persecution"; and upon this principle—that, in a county where his grace was pretty nearly the sole landed proprietor, to refuse land (assuming that a fair price had been tendered for it) was in effect to show such intolerance as might easily tend to the suppression of truth. Intolerance, however, is not persecution; and, if it were, the casuistry of the question is open still to much discussion. But this is not necessary; for the ground is altogether shifted when the duke's reason for refusing the land comes to be stated. He had refused it, not unconditionally, not, in the spirit of non-intrusion courts, "*without reason shown*," but on this unanswerable argument —that the whole efforts of the new Church were pointed (and professedly pointed) to the one object of destroying the Establishment and "sweeping it from the land." Could any guardian of public interests, under so wicked a threat, hesitate as to the line of his duty? By granting the land to parties uttering such menaces, the Duke of Sutherland would have made himself an accomplice in the unchristian conspiracy. Meantime, next after this fact, it is the strongest defence which we can offer for the duke that in a day or two after this charge of "persecution" the *Record* was forced to attack the Seceders in terms which indirectly defended the duke. And this not in any spirit of levity, but under mere conscientious constraint. For no journal has entered so powerfully or so eloquently into the defence of the general principle involved in the Secession (although questioning its expediency) as this particular *Record*. Consequently, any word of condemnation from so earnest a friend comes against the Seceders with triple emphasis. And this is shown in the tone of the expostulations addressed to the *Record* by some of the Secession leaders. It spares us, indeed, all necessity of quoting the vile language uttered by members of the Free Church Assembly if we say that the *neutral* witnesses of such unchristian outrages have murmured, remonstrated, protested in every direction, and that Dr. Macfarlane, who has since corresponded with the Duke of Sutherland upon the whole case —viz. upon the petition for land as affected by the shocking menaces of the Seceders—has in no other way been able to evade the double mischief of undertaking a defence for the indefensible and at the same time of losing the land irre-

trievably than by affecting an unconsciousness of language used by his party little suited to his own sacred calling or to the noble simplicities of Christianity. Certainly it is unhappy for the Seceders that the only disavowal of the most fiendish sentiments heard in our days has come from an individual not authorised or at all commissioned by his party —from an individual not showing any readiness to face the whole charges, disingenuously dissembling the worst of them, and finally offering his very feeble disclaimer, which equivocates between a denial and a palliation, not until *after* he found himself in the position of a petitioner for favours.

Specifically the great evil of our days is the abiding temptation, in every direction, to popular discontent, to agitation, and to systematic sedition. Now, we say it with sorrow that from no other incendiaries have we heard sentiments so wild, fierce, or maliciously democratic, as from the leaders of the Secession. It was the Reform Bill of 1832, and the accompanying agitation, which first suggested the *Veto* agitation of 1834, and prescribed its tone. From all classes of our population in turn there have come forward individuals to disgrace themselves by volunteering their aid to the chief conspirators of the age. We have earls, we have marquesses, coming forward as Corn-League agents; we have magistrates by scores angling for popularity as Repealers. But these have been private parties, insulated, disconnected, disowned. When we hear of Christianity prostituted to the service of Jacobinism, of divinity becoming the handmaid to insurrection, and of clergymen in masses offering themselves as promoters of anarchy, we go back in thought to that ominous organisation of irreligion which gave its most fearful aspects to the French Revolution.

Other evils are in the rear, as likely to arise out of the *funds* provided for the new Seceders, were the distribution of those funds confessedly unobjectionable, but more immediately under the present murmurs against that distribution. There are two funds: one subscribed expressly for the building of churches; the other limited to the "sustentation" of incumbents. And the complaint is that this latter fund has been invaded for purposes connected with the first. The reader can easily see the motive to this injustice: it is a

motive of ambition. Far more display of power is made by the annunciation to the world of six hundred churches built than of any difference this way or that in the comfort and decorous condition of the clergy. This last is a domestic feature of the case, not fitted for public effect. But the number of the churches will resound through Europe. Meantime, *at present*, the allowance to the great body of Seceding clergy averages but £80 a year ; and the allegation is that, but for the improper interference with the fund on the motive stated, it *would* have averaged £150 a year. If anywhere a town parish has raised a much larger provision for its pastor, even *that* has now become a part of the general grievance. For it is said that all such special contributions ought to have been thrown into one general fund liable to one general principle of distribution. Yet, again, will even this fund, partially as it seems to have been divided, continue to be available ? Much of it lies in annual subscriptions. Now, in the next generation of subscribers a son will possibly not adopt the views of his father ; but assuredly he will not adopt his father's zeal. Here, however (though this is not probable), there may arise some compensatory cases of subscribers altogether new. But another question is pressing for decision, which menaces a frightful shock to the schismatical Church. Female agency has been hitherto all-potent in promoting the subscriptions ; and a demand has been made in consequence that women shall be allowed to vote in the Church courts. Grant this demand,—for it cannot be evaded,—and what becomes of the model for Church government as handed down from John Knox and Calvin ? Refuse it, and what becomes of the future subscriptions ?

But these are evils, it may be said, only for the Seceders. Not so. We are all interested in the respectability of the national teachers, whatever be their denomination : we are all interested in the maintenance of a high standard for theological education. These objects are likely to suffer at any rate. But it is even a worse result which we may count on from the changes that a practical approximation is thus already made to what is technically known as Voluntaryism.

The " *United Secession*,"—that is, the old collective body

of Scottish Dissenters, who, having no regular provision, are carried into this voluntary system, — already exult that this consummation of the case cannot be far off. Indeed, so far as the Seceders are dependent upon *annual* subscriptions, and coupling that relation to the public with the great doctrine of these Seceders that congregations are universally to appoint their own pastors, we do not see how such an issue is open to evasion. The leaders of the new Secession all protest against Voluntaryism; but to that complexion of things they travel rapidly by the mere mechanic action of their dependent (or semi-dependent) situation, combined with one of their two characteristic principles.

The same United Secession journal openly anticipates another and more diffusive result from this great movement —viz. the general disruption of Church Establishments. We trust that this anticipation will be signally defeated. And yet there is one view of the case which saddens us when we turn our eyes in that direction. Among the reasonings and expostulations of the Schismatic Church, one that struck us as the most eminently hypocritical, and ludicrously so, was this :—"You ought," said they, when addressing the Government, and exposing the error of the law proceedings, "to have stripped us of the temporalities arising from the Church, stipend, glebe, parsonage, but not of the spiritual functions. We had no right to the emoluments of our stations when the law-courts had decided against us, but we *had* a right to the laborious duties of the stations." No gravity could refuse to smile at this complaint—verbally so much in the spirit of primitive Christianity, yet in its tendency so insidious. For could it be possible that a competitor introduced by the law, and leaving the duties of the pastoral office to the old incumbent, but pocketing the salary, should not be hooted on the public roads by many who might otherwise have taken no part in the feud? This specious claim was a sure and brief way to secure the hatefulness of their successors. Now, we cannot conceal from ourselves that something like this invidious condition of things might be realised under two further revolutions. We have said that a second schism in the Scottish Church is not impossible.

It is also but too possible that Puseyism may yet rend the English Establishment by a similar convulsion. But in such contingencies we should see a very large proportion of the spiritual teachers in both nations actually parading to the public eye, and rehearsing something very like the treacherous proposal of the late Seceders—viz. the spectacle of one party performing much of the difficult duties and another party enjoying the main emoluments. This would be a most unfair mode of recommending Voluntaryism. Falling in with the infirmities of many in these days, such a spectacle would give probably a fatal bias to that system in our popular and Parliamentary counsels. This would move the sorrow of the Seceders themselves; for they have protested against the theory of all Voluntaries with a vehemence which that party even complain of as excessive. Their leaders have many times avowed that any system which should leave to men in general the estimate of their own religious wants as a pecuniary interest would be fatal to the Christian tone of our national morals. Checked and overawed by the example of an Establishment, the Voluntaries themselves are far more fervent in their Christian exertions than they could be when liberated from that contrast. The religious spirit of both England and Scotland under such a change would droop for generations; and in that one evil,—let us hope, the remotest and least probable of the many evils threatened by the late schism,—these nations would have reason by comparison almost to forget the rest.

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS[1]

THE most remarkable instance of a combined movement in society which History perhaps will be summoned to notice is that which in our own days has applied itself to the abatement of intemperance. Naturally, or by any *direct* process, the machinery set in motion would seem irrelevant to the object. If one hundred men unite to elevate the standard of temperance, they can do this with effect only by improvements in their own separate cases: each individual, for such an effort of self-conquest, can draw upon no resources but his own. One member in a combination of one hundred, when running a race, can hope for no co-operation from his ninety-nine associates; and yet, by a secondary action, such combinations are found eminently successful. Having obtained from every confederate a pledge, in some shape or other, that he will give them his support, thenceforwards they bring the passions of shame and self-esteem to bear upon each member's personal perseverance. Not only they keep alive and continually refresh in his thoughts the general purpose, which else might fade; but they also point the action of public contempt and of self-contempt at any defaulter much more potently, and with more acknowledged right to do so, when they use this influence under a licence, volunteered, and signed and sealed by the man's own hand. They first conciliate his countenance through his intellectual perceptions of what is right; and next they sustain it through his con-

[1] Appeared originally in *Tait's Magazine* for October 1845: reprinted by De Quincey in 1859 in vol. xii of his Collected Writings. —M.

science (the strongest of his internal forces), and even through the weakest of his human sensibilities. That revolution, therefore, which no combination of men can further by abating the original impulse of temptations they often accomplish happily by maturing the secondary energies of resistance.

Already in their earliest stage these temperance movements had obtained, both at home and abroad, a *national* range of grandeur. More than ten years ago,[1] when M. de Tocqueville was resident in the United States, the principal American society counted two hundred and seventy thousand members; and in one single state (Pennsylvania) the annual diminution in the use of spirits had very soon reached half a million of gallons. Now, a machinery must be so far good which accomplishes in that large extent its difficult purpose, —the means are meritorious for so much as they effect. Even to strengthen a feeble resolution by the aid of other infirmities, such as shame or the very servility and cowardice of deference to public opinion, becomes prudent and laudable in the service of so great an interest. Nay, sometimes to make public profession of self-distrust by assuming the coercion of public pledges—even as we see in one large section of the Christian Church men voluntarily assuming the yoke of strict sequestration, and young women sometimes, with full knowledge and absolute good faith, wooing the severest conventual restraints—may become an expression of frank courage, or even of noble principle, not fearing the shame of confessing the whole vast powers of sensual temptation, when from such a confession any new or indirect aid can apparently be drawn towards a victorious resistance. Yet still, so far as it is possible, every man sighs for a still higher victory over himself, a victory not tainted by bribes, and won from no impulses but those inspired by his own higher nature and his own mysterious force of will—powers that in no creature are fully developed.

This being so, it is well that from time to time every man should throw out any hints that have occurred to his experience,—suggesting such as may be new, refreshing such as may be old,—towards the encouragement or the informa-

[1] This was written in 1845.

tion of persons engaged in so great a struggle. My own experience had never travelled in that course which could much instruct me in the miseries from wine, or in the resources for struggling with it. I had repeatedly been obliged, indeed, to lay it aside altogether; but in this I never found room for more than seven or ten days' struggle: excesses I had never practised in the use of wine; simply the habit of using it at all, and the collateral habits formed by excessive use of opium, had produced any difficulty at resigning it even on an hour's notice. From opium I derive my right of offering hints at all upon the subjects of abstinence in other forms. But the modes of suffering from the evil, and the separate modes of suffering from the effort of self-conquest, together with errors of judgment incident to such states of transitional torment, are nearly all allied,—practically analogous as regards the remedies, even if characteristically distinguished to the inner consciousness. I make no scruple, therefore, of speaking as from a station of high experience, and of most watchful attention which never remitted even under sufferings that were at times absolutely frantic.

I. The first hint which I offer is one that has been often suggested more or less doubtfully: viz. the diminution of the particular liquor used by the introduction into each glass of some inert substance, ascertained in bulk, and equally increasing in amount from day to day. But this plan has often been intercepted by an accident: shot, or sometimes bullets, were the substances nearest at hand: an objection arose from too scrupulous a caution of chemistry as to the action upon lead of the vinous acid. Yet all objection of this kind might be removed at once by using beads in a case where small decrements were wanted, and the marbles of schoolboys if it were thought advisable to use larger. Once for all, however, in cases deeply rooted, no advances ought ever to be made but by small stages; for the effect, which is insensible at first, by the tenth, twelfth, or fifteenth day generally accumulates unendurably under any bolder deductions. I must not stop to illustrate this point; but certain it is that by an error of this nature at the outset, most natural to human impatience under exquisite suffering, too generally the trial is abruptly brought to an end through the crisis of a passionate relapse.

II. Another object, and one to which the gladiator matched in single duel with intemperance must direct a religious vigilance, is the *digestibility* of his food. It must be digestible, not only by its original qualities, but also by its culinary preparation. In this last point we are all of us Manicheans; all of us yield a cordial assent to that Manichean proverb which refers the meats and the cooks of this world to two opposite fountains of light and of darkness. Oromasdes it is, or the good principle, that sends the food; Ahrimanes, or the evil principle, that everywhere sends the cooks. Man has been repeatedly described, or even defined, as, by differential privilege of his nature, "a cooking animal." Brutes, it is said, have faces; man only has a countenance: brutes are as well able to eat as man; man only is able to cook what he eats. Such are the romances of self-flattery. I, on the contrary, maintain that many thousands of years have not availed, in this point, to raise our race generally to the level of ingenious savages. The natives of the Society and the Friendly Isles, or of New Zealand, and other favoured spots, had, and still have, an *art* of cookery, though very limited in its range; the French [1] have an art, and a real art, and very much more extensive; but we English are about upon a level (as regards this science) with the ape, to whom an instinct whispers that chestnuts may be roasted, or with the aboriginal Chinese of Charles Lamb's story, to whom the experience of many centuries had revealed thus much—viz. that a dish very much beyond the raw flesh of their ancestors might be had by burning down the family mansion and thus roasting the pigsty. Rudest of barbarous devices is English cookery, and not much in advance of this primitive Chinese step—a fact which it would not be worth while to lament were it not for the sake of the poor trembling deserter from the banners of intoxication, who is thus, and by no other cause, so often thrown back beneath the yoke which he had abjured. Past counting are the victims of alcohol that, having by vast efforts emancipated themselves for a season,

[1] But judge not, reader, of French skill by the attempts of fourth-rate artists; and understand me to speak with respect of this skill, not as it is the tool of luxury, but as it is the handmaid of health.

are violently forced into relapsing by the nervous irritations of demoniac cookery. Unhappily for *them*, the horrors of indigestion are relieved for the moment, however ultimately strengthened, by strong liquors: the relief is immediate, and cannot fail to be perceived; but the aggravation, being removed to a distance, is not always referred to its proper cause. This is the capital rock and stumbling-block in the path of him who is hurrying back to the camps of temperance; and many a reader is likely to misapprehend the case through the habit he has acquired of supposing indigestion to lurk chiefly amongst *luxurious* dishes; but, on the contrary, it is amongst the plainest, simplest, and commonest dishes that such misery lurks in England. Let us glance at three articles of diet, beyond all comparison of most ordinary occurrence—viz. potatoes, bread, and butchers' meat. The art of preparing potatoes for *human* use is utterly unknown, except in certain provinces of our empire and amongst certain sections of the labouring class. In our great cities,—London, Edinburgh, &c.,—the sort of things which you see offered at table under the name and reputation of potatoes are such that, if you could suppose the company to be composed of Centaurs and Lapithæ, or any other quarrelsome people, it would become necessary for the police to interfere. The potato of cities is a very dangerous missile, and, if thrown with an accurate aim by an angry hand, will fracture any known skull. In volume and consistency it is very like a paving stone; only that, I should say, the paving stone had the advantage in point of tenderness; and upon this horrid basis, which youthful ostriches would repent of swallowing, the trembling, palpitating invalid, fresh from the scourging of alcohol, is requested to build the superstructure of his dinner. The proverb says that three flittings are as bad as a fire; and on that model I conceive that three potatoes, as they are found at the majority of British dinner tables, would be equal, in principle of ruin, to two glasses of vitriol. The same savage ignorance appears, and only not so often, in the bread of this island. Myriads of families eat it in that early state of sponge which bread assumes during the process of baking; but less than sixty hours will not fit this dangerous article of human diet to be eaten; and those who are

acquainted with the works of Parmentier, of Count Rumford, or other learned investigators of bread and of the baker's art, must be aware that this quality of sponginess (though quite equal to the ruin of the digestive organs) is but one in a legion of vices to which the article is liable. A German of much research wrote a book on the conceivable faults in a pair of shoes, which he found to be about six hundred and sixty-six,—many of them, as he observed, requiring a very delicate process of study to find out; whereas the possible faults in bread, which are not less in number, being also, I conceive, about equal to the number of the beast, require no study at all for the detection — they publish themselves through all varieties of misery. But the perfection of barbarism, as regards our island cookery, is reserved for animal food; and the two poles of Oromasdes and Ahrimanes are nowhere so conspicuously exhibited. Our insular sheep, for instance, are so far superior to any which the Continent produces that the present Prussian minister at our court is in the habit of questioning a man's right to talk of mutton as anything beyond a great idea, unless he can prove a residence in Great Britain. One sole case he cites of a dinner on the Elbe where a particular leg of mutton really struck him as rivalling any which he had known in England. The mystery seemed inexplicable; but, upon inquiry, it turned out to be an importation from Leith. Yet this incomparable article, to produce which the skill of the feeder must co-operate with the peculiar bounty of Nature, calls forth the most dangerous refinements of barbarism in its cookery. A Frenchman requires, as the primary qualification of flesh meat, that it should be tender. We English universally, but especially the Scots, treat that quality with indifference or with bare toleration. What *we*, what *nous autres les barbares*, require is that it should be fresh,—that is, recently killed (in which state it cannot be digestible except by a crocodile, or perhaps here and there a leopard); and we present it at table in a transition state of leather, demanding the teeth of a tiger to rend it in pieces, and the stomach of a tiger to digest it.

With these habits amongst our countrymen, exemplified daily in the articles of widest use, it is evident that the sufferer from intemperance has a harder quarantine in this

island to support, during the effort of restoration, than he could have anywhere else in Christendom. In Persia, and perhaps there only on this terraqueous planet, matters are even worse ; for, whilst we English neglect the machinery of digestion, as a matter entitled to little consideration, the people of Teheran seem unaware that there *is* any such machinery. So, at least, one might presume from cases on record, and especially from the reckless folly, under severe illness, of the three Persian princes who lately visited this country. I take their case from the report of their official *mehmander*, Mr. Fraser.[1] With us, the excess of ignorance upon this subject betrays itself oftenest in that vainglorious answer made by the people who at any time are admonished of the sufferings which they are preparing for themselves by these outrages upon the most delicate of human organs. They, for *their* parts, "know not if they *have* a stomach ; they know not what it is that dyspepsy means" ; forgetting that, in thus vaunting their *strength* of stomach, they are at the same time proclaiming its coarseness, and showing themselves unaware that precisely those whom such coarseness of organisation reprieves from immediate and seasonable reaction of suffering are the favourite subjects of that heavier reaction which takes the shape of *delirium tremens*, of palsy, and of lunacy. It is but a fanciful advantage which *they* enjoy for whom the immediate impunity avails only to hide the final horrors which are gathering upon them from the gloomy rear. Better by far that more of immediate discomfort had guaranteed to them less of reversionary anguish. It may be safely asserted that few indeed are the suicides amongst us to which the miseries of indigestion have not been a large concurring cause ; and, even where nothing so dreadful as *that* occurs, always these miseries are the chief hindrance of the self-reforming drunkard, and the commonest cause of his relapse. It is certain, also, that misanthropic gloom and bad temper besiege that class, by preference, to whom peculiar

[1] "*Lately*" :—This was written nearly fourteen years ago. Mr. Fraser, I believe, has been dead for some years. [The book referred to is, I suppose, Mr. James Baillie Fraser's *Narrative of the Residence of the Persian Princes in London*, 1835 *and* 1836, *with an Account of their Journey from Persia.* Mr. Fraser died in 1856.—M.]

coarseness or obtuse sensibility of organisation has denied the salutary warnings and early prelibations of punishment which, happily for most men, besiege the more direct and obvious frailties of the digestive apparatus, and which, *by* besieging, intercept very often the ultimate more dreadful frailties in the rear.

The whole process and elaborate machinery of digestion are felt to be mean and humiliating when viewed in relation to our mere animal economy ; but they rise into dignity and assert their own supreme importance when they are studied from another station—viz. in relation to the intellect and temper : no man dares *then* to despise them. It is then seen that these functions of the human system form the essential basis upon which the strength and health of our higher nature repose, and that upon these functions chiefly the general happiness of life is dependent. All the rules of prudence or gifts of experience that life can accumulate will never do as much for human comfort and welfare as would be done by a stricter attention and a wiser science directed to the digestive system. In this attention lies the key to any perfect restoration for the victim of intemperance ; and, considering the peculiar hostility to the digestive health which exists in the dietetic habits of our own country, it may be feared that nowhere upon earth has the reclaimed victim of intemperance so difficult a combat to sustain ; nowhere, therefore, is it so important to direct the attention upon an *artificial* culture of those resources which naturally, and by the established habits of the land, are surest to be neglected. The sheet-anchor for the storm-beaten sufferer who is labouring to recover a haven of rest from the agonies of intemperance, and who has had the fortitude to abjure the poison which ruined him, but which also for brief intervals offered him his only consolation, lies, beyond all doubt, in a most anxious regard to everything connected with this supreme function of our animal economy. And, as few men that are not regularly trained to medical studies can have the complex knowledge requisite for such a duty, some printed guide should be sought of a regular professional order. Twenty years ago,[1]

[1] "*Twenty years ago*"—but now (viz. March 31, 1859) nearer to *forty*.

Dr. Wilson Philip published a most valuable book of this class, which united a wide range of practical directions as to the choice of diet, and as to the qualities and tendencies of all esculent articles likely to be found at British tables, with some ingenious speculations (not, however, merely speculative, being aided by *experimental* investigations of the analogous digesting processes in rabbits) upon the still mysterious theory of digestion. These had originally been communicated by him to the Royal Society of London, who judged them worthy of publication in their Transactions. I notice them chiefly for the sake of remarking that the rationale of digestion, as here suggested, explains the reason of a fact which, merely *as* a fact, and altogether apart from its theory, had not been known until modern times—viz. the injuriousness to enfeebled stomachs of all fluid. Fifty years ago—and still lingering inveterately amongst nurses and other ignorant persons—there prevailed a notion that "slops" must be the proper resource of the valetudinarian; and the same erroneous notion appears in the common expression of ignorant wonder at the sort of breakfasts usual amongst women of rank in the times of Queen Elizabeth. "What robust stomachs they must have had, to support such solid meals!" As to the question of fact, whether the stomachs were more or less robust in those days than at the present, there is no need to offer an opinion; but the question of principle concerned in scientific dietetics points in the very opposite direction. By how much the organs of digestion are feebler, by so much is it the more indispensable that solid food and animal food should be adopted. A robust stomach may be equal to the trying task of supporting a fluid, such as tea, for breakfast; but for a feeble stomach, and still more for a stomach artificially *enfeebled* by bad habits, broiled beef, or something equally solid and animal, but not too much subjected to the action of fire, is the only tolerable diet. This, indeed, is the one capital rule for a sufferer from habitual intoxication,—who must inevitably labour under an impaired digestion,—that as little as possible he should use of any fluid diet, and as little as possible of vegetable diet. Beef and a little bread (at least sixty hours old), or *game*—only that it is an unfeeling mockery to suggest such rare and

costly articles (articles, besides, found at all only in one season of the year) to the use of those who are not rich—compose the privileged bill of fare for his breakfast. But precisely, by the way, in relation to this earliest meal it is that human folly has in one or two instances shown itself most ruinously inventive. The less variety there is at that meal, the more is the danger from any single luxury; and there is one, known by the name of "muffins," which has repeatedly manifested itself to be a plain and direct bounty upon suicide. Darwin, in his *Zoönomia*, reports the case of an officer, holding the rank of lieutenant-colonel, who could not tolerate a breakfast in which this odious article was wanting; but, as a savage retribution invariably supervened within an hour or two upon this act of insane sensuality, he came to a resolution that life was intolerable *with* muffins, but still more intolerable *without* muffins. He would stand the nuisance no longer; but yet, being a just man, he would give Nature one final chance of reforming her dyspeptic atrocities. Muffins, therefore, being laid at one angle of the breakfast table, and loaded pistols at another, with rigid equity the colonel awaited the result. This was naturally pretty much as usual; and then the poor man, incapable of retreating from his word of honour, committed suicide—having previously left a line for posterity to the effect (though I forget the expression) "that a muffinless world was no world for *him*: better no life at all than a life dismantled of muffins." Dr. Darwin was a showy philosopher, and fond of producing effect; so that some allowance must be made in construing the affair. Strictly speaking, it is probable that not the special want of muffins, but the general torment of indigestion, was the curse from which the unhappy sufferer sought relief by suicide. And the colonel was not the first by many a million that has fled from the very same form of wretchedness, or fled from its effects upon the genial spirits, to the same gloomy refuge. It should never be forgotten that, although some other more overt vexation is generally assigned as the proximate cause of suicide, and often may be so as regards the immediate occasion, too generally this vexation borrowed its whole power to annoy from the habitual atmosphere of irritation in which the system had been kept

by indigestion ; so that, indirectly and virtually, perhaps all suicides may be traced to mismanaged digestion. Meantime, in alluding at all to so dreadful a subject as suicide, I do so only by way of giving deeper effect to the opinion expressed above upon the chief cause of relapse into habits of intemperance amongst those who have once accomplished their deliverance. Errors of digestion, either from impaired powers, or from powers not so much enfeebled as deranged, is the one immeasurable source both of disease and of secret wretchedness to the human race. Life is laid waste by the eternal fretting of the vital forces emanating from this one cause. And it may well be conceived that, if cases so endless, even of suicide, in every generation, are virtually traceable to this main root, much more must it be able to shake and undermine the yet palpitating frame of the poor fugitive from intemperance ; since indigestion in every mode and variety of its changes irresistibly upholds the temptation to that form of excitement which, though one foremost cause of indigestion, is yet unhappily its sole immediate palliation.

III. Next after the most vigorous attention, and a scientific attention, to the digestive system in power of operation, stands *exercise*. Here, however, most people have their own separate habits with respect to the time of exercise, the duration, and the particular mode, on which a stranger cannot venture to intrude with his advice. Some will not endure the steady patience required for walking exercise ; many benefit most by riding on horseback ; and, in days when roads were more rugged and the springs of carriages less improved, I have known people who found most advantage in the vibrations communicated to the frame by a heavy, rumbling carriage. For myself, under the ravages of opium, I have found walking the most beneficial exercise ; besides that it requires no previous notice or preparation of any kind ; and this is a capital advantage in a state of drooping energies or of impatient and unresting agitation. I may mention, as possibly an accident of my individual temperament, but possibly also no accident at all, that the relief obtained by walking was always most sensibly brought home to my consciousness when some part of it (at least a mile and a half) had been performed before breakfast. In this

there soon ceased to be any difficulty ; for, whilst under the full oppression of opium it was impossible for me to rise at any hour that could, by the most indulgent courtesy, be described as within the pale of morning, no sooner had there been established any considerable relief from this oppression than the tendency was in the opposite direction,—the difficulty became continually greater of sleeping even to a reasonable hour. Having once accomplished the feat of waking at 9 A.M., I backed, in a space of seven or eight months, to eight o'clock, to seven, to six, five, four, three ; until at this point a metaphysical fear fell upon me that I was actually backing into "yesterday," and should soon have no sleep at all. Below three, however, I did not descend ; and for a couple of years three and a-half hours' sleep was all that I could obtain in the twenty-four hours. From this no particular suffering arose, except the nervous impatience of lying in bed for one moment after awaking. Consequently the habit of walking before breakfast became at length troublesome no longer as a most odious duty, but, on the contrary, as a temptation that could hardly be resisted on the wettest mornings. As to the quantity of the exercise, I found that six miles a day formed the *minimum* which would support permanently a particular standard of animal spirits, evidenced to myself by certain apparent symptoms. I averaged about nine and a-half miles a day, but ascended on particular days to fifteen or sixteen, and more rarely to twenty-three or twenty-four—a quantity which did not produce fatigue ; on the contrary, it spread a sense of improvement through almost the whole week that followed. But usually, in the night immediately succeeding to such an exertion, I lost much of my sleep—a privation that, under the circumstances explained, deterred me from trying the experiment too often ; for, in addition to the sleeplessness, great distress arose, for hours after one of these excesses in walking, from achings in the bones below the knee. Let me add to this slight abstract of my own experience, in a point where it is really difficult to offer any useful advice (the tastes and habits of men varying so much in this chapter of exercise), that one caution seems applicable to the case of all persons suffering from nervous irritability—viz. that a secluded space should be measured

off accurately in some private grounds not liable to the interruption or notice of chance intruders; for these annoyances are unendurable to the invalid who is nervously restless. To be questioned upon trivial things is death to him, and the perpetual anticipation of such annoyances is little less distressing. Some plan must also be adopted for registering the number of rounds performed. I once walked for eighteen months in a circuit so confined that forty revolutions were needed to complete a mile. These I counted at one time by a rosary of beads—every tenth round being marked by drawing a blue bead, the other nine by drawing white beads. But this plan I found in practice more troublesome and inaccurate than that of using ten detached counters, stones, or anything else that was large enough and solid. These were applied to the separate bars of a garden chair—the first bar indicating of itself the first decade, the second bar the second decade, and so on. In fact, I used the chair in some measure as a Roman *abacus*, but on a still simpler plan; and, as the chair offered sixteen bars, it followed that, on covering the last bar of the series with the ten markers, I perceived, without any trouble of calculation, the accomplishment of my fourth mile.

A necessity meantime more painful to me by far than that of taking continued exercise arose out of a cause which applies, perhaps, with the same intensity only to opium cases, but must also apply in some degree to all cases of debilitation from morbid stimulation of the nerves, whether by means of wine, or opium, or distilled liquors. In travelling on the outside of mails during my youthful days,—for I could not endure the inside,—occasionally, during the night-time, I suffered naturally from cold; no cloaks, &c., were always sufficient to relieve this; and I then made the discovery that opium, after an hour or so, diffuses a warmth deeper and far more permanent than could be had from any other known source. I mention this to explain, in some measure, the awful passion of cold which for some years haunted the inverse process of laying aside the opium. It was a perfect frenzy of misery: cold was a sensation which then first, as a mode of torment, seemed to have been revealed. In the months of July and August, and not at all the less during the very middle watch of the day, I sat in the closest

proximity to a blazing fire; cloaks, blankets, counterpanes, hearth-rugs, horse-cloths, were piled upon my shoulders, but with hardly a glimmering of relief. At night, and after taking coffee, I felt a little warmer, and could sometimes afford to smile at the resemblance of my own case to that of Harry Gill.[1] But, secretly, I was struck with awe at the revelation of powers so unsearchably new lurking within old affections so familiarly known as cold. Upon the analogy of this case it might be suspected that nothing whatever had yet been truly and seriously felt by man; nothing searched or probed by human sensibilities to a depth below the surface. If cold could give out mysteries of suffering so novel, all things in the world might be yet unvisited by the truth of human sensations. All experience worthy of the name was perhaps yet to begin. Meantime the external phenomenon by which the cold expressed itself was a sense (but with little reality) of external freezing perspiration. From this I. was never free; and at length, from finding one general ablution insufficient for one day, I was thrown upon the irritating necessity of repeating it more

[1] "*Harry Gill*":—Many readers in this generation may not be aware of this ballad as one amongst the early poems of Wordsworth. Thirty or forty years ago it was the object of some insipid ridicule, which ought, perhaps, in another place to be noticed; and doubtless this ridicule was heightened by the false impression that the story had been some old woman's superstitious fiction, meant to illustrate a supernatural judgment on hard-heartedness. But the story was a physiologic fact; and originally it had been brought forward in a philosophic work by Darwin, who had the reputation of an irreligious man, and even of an infidel. A bold freethinker he certainly was; a Deist at the least; and, by public repute, founded on the internal evidence of his writings as well as of his daily conversation, something more. Dr. Darwin, by the way, was one of the temperance fanatics long before temperance societies arose, and is supposed to have paid for his fanaticism with his life. He practised as a physician with great success and eminent reputation at Ashbourn in Derbyshire; but, being a man of many crotchets, amongst them was this—that, when other men called for wine, the Doctor called (O Bacchus!) for cream. Suddenly, on one fine golden morning, the Doctor was attacked by a spasmodic affection. A glass of old brandy was earnestly suggested. Thirty years having fled since the Doctor had tasted alcohol in *any* shape, it was imagined that old cognac would have a magical effect. But no: the Doctor called loudly for cream; and alas! Death called still more loudly for the Doctor.

frequently than would seem credible if stated. At this time I used always hot water; and a thought occurred to me very seriously that it would be best to live constantly, and perhaps to sleep, in a bath. What caused me to renounce this plan was an accident that compelled me for one day to use cold water. This first of all communicated any lasting warmth; so that ever afterwards I used none *but* cold water. Now, to live in a *cold* bath in our climate, and in my own state of preternatural sensibility to cold, was not an idea to dally with. I wish to mention, however, for the information of other sufferers in the same way, one change in the mode of applying the water, which led to a considerable and sudden improvement in the conditions of my feelings. I had endeavoured to procure a child's battledore, as an easy means (when clothed with sponge) of reaching the interspace between the shoulders: which interspace, by the way, is a sort of Bokhara, so provokingly situated that it will neither suffer itself to be reached from the north,—in which direction even the Czar, with his long arms, has only singed his own fingers and lost six thousand camels,—nor at all better from the south, upon which line of approach the greatest potentate in Southern Asia — viz. No. something (shall we say No. unknown?) in Leadenhall Street — has found it the best policy to pocket the little khan's murderous defiances and persevering insults.[1] There is no battledore long enough to

[1] It is literally true that even the Khan of *Khiva*, a territory between Bokhara and the Caspian, and a much more insignificant state, relying simply on its own position and inaccessibility—too far north for England, too far south for Russia,—has offered insults and outrages to that lubberly empire for one hundred and forty years, commencing its aggressions in the reign of Peter the Great, as some people call him; who, being a true bully, pocketed his affronts in moody silence. The most ludicrous part of our own relations with Khiva is this: — The war with Affghanistan in 1838 and three following years, which cost us eighteen millions sterling, and pretty nearly exterminated the whole race of camels through all Central Asia (some say thirty thousand), was undertaken purely on the conceit that Russia might assault us on the Indus. Meantime, Russia was unable to reach even the little Khan of Khiva—a thousand miles north-west of the Indus. And it is a most laughable feature of the Affghan war that only through the intercession of a single English cavalry officer (Sir Richmond Shakspear) was Russia able to obtain from the Khan a surrender of those unhappy Russians whom, by various accidents on the Caspian, he had treacherously made captives.

reach him in either way. In my own difficulty I felt almost as perplexed as the Honourable East India Company when I found that no battledore was to be had; for no town was near at hand. In default of a battledore, therefore, my necessity threw my experiment upon a long hair brush; and this eventually proved of much greater service than any sponge or any battledore; for the friction of the brush caused an irritation on the surface of the skin which, more than anything else, had gradually diminished the once continual misery of unrelenting frost, — although even yet it renews itself most distressingly at uncertain intervals.

IV. I counsel the patient not to make the mistake of supposing that his amendment will necessarily proceed continuously or by equal increments; because this, which is a common notion, will certainly lead to dangerous disappointments. How frequently I have heard people encouraging a self-reformer by such language as this: "When you have got over the fourth day of abstinence, which suppose to be Sunday, then Monday will find you a trifle better; Tuesday better still,—though still it should be only by a trifle,—and so on. You may at least rely on never going back; you may assure yourself of having seen the worst; and the positive improvements, if trifles separately, must soon gather into a sensible magnitude." This may be true in a case of short standing; but as a general rule it is perilously delusive. On the contrary, the line of progress, if exhibited in a geometrical construction, would describe an ascending path upon the whole, but with frequent retrocessions into descending curves, which, compared with the point of ascent that had been previously gained and so vexatiously interrupted, would sometimes seem deeper than the original point of starting. This mortifying tendency I can report from experience many times repeated with regard to opium,—and so unaccountably, as regarded all the previous grounds of expectation, that I am compelled to suppose it a tendency inherent in the very nature of all self-restorations for animal systems. They move perhaps necessarily *per saltum*, by intermitting spasms and pulsations of unequal energy.

V. I counsel the patient frequently to call back before his thoughts—when suffering sorrowful collapses that seem

unmerited by anything done or neglected—that such, and far worse perhaps, must have been his experience, and with no reversion of hope behind, had he persisted in his intemperate indulgences. *These* also suffer their own collapses, and (so far as things not co-present can be compared) by many degrees more shocking to the genial instincts.

VI. I exhort him to believe that no movement on his own part, not the smallest conceivable, towards the restoration of his healthy state, can by possibility perish. Nothing in this direction is finally lost, but often it disappears and hides itself,—suddenly, however, to reappear, and in unexpected strength, and much more hopefully; because such minute elements of improvement, by reappearing at a remoter stage, show themselves to have combined with other elements of the same kind; so that, equally by their gathering tendency and their duration through intervals of apparent darkness and below the current of what seemed absolute interruption, they argue themselves to be settled in the system. There is no good gift that does not come from God; almost His greatest is health, with the peace which it inherits; and man must reap *this* on the same terms as he was told to reap God's earliest gift, the fruits of the earth, viz. "in the sweat of his brow",—through labour, often through sorrow, through disappointment, but still through imperishable perseverance, and hoping under clouds when all hope seems darkened.

VII. It is difficult, in selecting from many memoranda of warning and encouragement, to know which to prefer when the space disposable is limited. But it seems to me important not to omit this particular caution:—The patient will be naturally anxious, as he goes on, frequently to test the amount of his advance, and its rate, if that were possible. But this he will see no mode of doing except through tentative balancings of his feelings, and generally of the moral atmosphere around him, as to pleasure and hope, against the corresponding states, so far as he can recall them from his periods of intemperance. But these comparisons, I warn him, are fallacious when made in this way. The two states are incommensurable on any plan of *direct* comparison. Some common measure must be found, and *out of himself*,—some positive fact, that will not bend to his own delusive

feeling at the moment: as, for instance, in what degree he finds tolerable what heretofore was *not* so—the effort of writing letters, or transacting business, or undertaking a journey, or overtaking the arrears of labour that had been once thrown off to a distance. If in these things he finds himself improved, by tests that cannot be disputed, he may safely disregard any sceptical whispers from a wayward sensibility which cannot yet perhaps have recovered its normal health, however much improved. His inner feelings may not yet point steadily to the truth, though they may vibrate in that direction. Besides, it is certain that sometimes very manifest advances, such as any medical man would perceive at a glance, carry a man through stages of agitation and discomfort. A far worse condition might happen to be less agitated, and so far more bearable. Now, when a man is positively suffering discomfort, when he is below the line of pleasurable feeling, he is no proper judge of his own condition,—which he neither will nor can appreciate. Tooth-ache extorts more groans than dropsy.

VIII. Another important caution is not to confound with the effects of intemperance any other natural effects of debility from advancing years. Many a man, having begun to be intemperate at thirty, enters at sixty or upwards upon a career of self-restoration; and by self-restoration he understands a renewal of that state in which he was when first swerving from temperance. But that state, for his memory, is coincident with his state of youth. The two states are coadunated. In his recollections they are intertwisted too closely. But life, without any intemperance at all, would soon have untwisted them. Charles Lamb, for instance, at forty-five, and Coleridge at sixty, measured their several conditions by such tests as the loss of all disposition to involuntary murmuring of musical airs or fragments when rising from bed. Once they had sung when rising in the morning light; now they sang no more. The *vocal* utterance of joy for *them* was silenced for ever. But these are amongst the changes that life, stern power! inflicts at any rate; these would have happened, and above all to men worn by the unequal irritations of too much thinking, and by those modes of care

> " That kill the bloom before its time
> And blanch without the owner's crime
> The most resplendent hair,"

not at all the less had the one drunk no brandy nor the other any laudanum. A man must submit to the conditions of humanity, and not quarrel with a cure as being incomplete because in his climacteric year of sixty-three—*i.e.* 7 times 9, both held dangerous numbers in the ladder of life by our dear enlightened great-grandfathers — he cannot recover entirely the vivacities of thirty-five. If, by dipping seven times in Jordan, he had cleansed his whole leprosy of intemperance — if, by going down into Bethesda, he were able to mount again upon the pinions of his youth—even then he might querulously say, "But, after all these marvels in my favour, I suppose that one of these fine mornings I, like other people, shall have to bespeak a coffin." Why, yes, undoubtedly he will, or somebody *for* him. But privileges so especial were not promised even by the mysterious waters of Palestine. Die he must; and counsels tendered to the intemperate do not hope to accomplish what might have been beyond the baths of Jordan or Bethesda. They do enough if, being executed by efforts in the spirit of earnest sincerity, they make a life of *growing* misery moderately happy for the patient, and, through that great change, perhaps more than moderately useful for others.

IX. One final remark I will make—pointed to the case, not of the yet struggling patient, but of him who is fully re-established; and the more so, because I (who am no hypocrite, but rather frank to an infirmity) acknowledge in myself the trembling tendency at intervals which would, if permitted, sweep round into currents that might be hard to overrule. After the absolute restoration to health, a man is very apt to say, "Now, then, how shall I use my health? To what delightful purpose shall I apply it? Surely it is idle to carry a fine jewel in one's watch-pocket, and never to astonish the weak minds of this world by wearing it and flashing it in their eyes." "But how?" retorts his philosophic friend. "My good fellow, are you not using it at this moment? Breathing, for instance, talking to me (though rather absurdly), and airing your legs at a glowing fire?"

"Why, yes," the other confesses, "that is all true; but I am dull, and, if you will pardon my rudeness, even in spite of your too philosophic presence. It is painful to say so; but, sincerely, if I had the power at this moment to turn you by magic into a bottle of old port wine, so corrupt is my nature that really I fear lest the exchange might for the moment strike me as agreeable." Such a mood, I apprehend, is apt to revolve upon many of us at intervals, however firmly married to temperance; and the propensity to it has a root in certain analogies running through our nature. If the reader will permit me for a moment the use of what, without such an apology, might seem pedantic, I would call it the instinct of *focalising* which prompts such random desires. Feeling is diffused over the whole surface of the body; but light is focalised in the eye, sound in the ear. The organisation of a sense or a pleasure seems diluted and imperfect unless it is gathered by some machinery into one focus, or local centre. And thus it is that a general state of pleasurable feeling sometimes seems too superficially diffused, and one has a craving to intensify or brighten it by concentration through some sufficient stimulant. I, for my part, have tried everything in this world except "*bang*,"[1] which I believe is obtained from hemp. There are other preparations of hemp which have been found to give great relief from *ennui*; not ropes, but something lately introduced, which acts upon the system as the laughing gas (nitrous oxide) acts at times. One farmer in Mid-Lothian was mentioned to me eight months ago as having taken it, and ever since annoyed his neighbours by immoderate fits of laughter; so that in January it was agreed to present him to the sheriff as a nuisance. But, for some reason, the plan was laid aside; and now, eight months later, I hear that the farmer is laughing more rapturously than ever, continues in the happiest frame of mind, the kindest of creatures, and the general torment of his neighbourhood. Now, I confess to having had a lurking interest in this extract of hemp when first I heard of it; and at intervals a desire will continue to make itself felt for some deeper compression or centralisation of the genial feelings than

[1] But, since writing this, I have received from a young friend a present of *bang*; upon which I will report hereafter.

ordinary life affords. But old things will not avail; and new things I am now able to resist. Still, as the occasional craving does really arise in most men, it is well to notice it, and chiefly for the purpose of saying that this dangerous feeling wears off by degrees, and oftentimes for long periods it intermits so entirely as to be even displaced by a profound disgust to all modes of artificial stimulation. At those times I have remarked that the pleasurable conditions of health do *not* seem weakened by its want of centralisation. It seems to form a thousand centres. This it is well to know, because there are many who would resist effectually if they were aware of any natural change going on silently in favour of their own efforts such as would finally ratify the success. Towards such a result they would gladly contribute by waiting and forbearing; whilst, under despondency as to this result, they might more easily yield to some chance temptation.

Finally, there is something to interest us in the *time* at which this Temperance Movement has begun to stir. Let me close with a slight notice of what chiefly impresses myself in the relation between this time and the other circumstances of the case. In reviewing History, we may see something more than mere convenience in distributing it into three chambers: Ancient History, ending in the space between the Western Empire falling and Mohammed arising; Modern History, from that time to this; and a New Modern History, arising at present, or from the French Revolution. Two great races of men,—our own in a two-headed form, British and American, and, secondly, the Russian, — are those which, like rising deluges, already reveal their mission to overflow the earth. Both these races, partly through climate or through derivation of blood, and partly through the contagion of habits inevitable to brothers of the same nation, are tainted carnally with the appetite for brandy, for slings, for juleps; and no fire racing through the forests of Nova Scotia for three hundred miles in the direction of some doomed city ever moved so fiercely as the infection of habits amongst the dense and fiery populations of republican North America.

But it is remarkable that the whole *ancient* system of

civilisation,—all the miracles of Greece and Rome, Persia and Egypt,—moved by the machinery of races that were *not* tainted with any such popular *marasmus*. The taste was slightly sowed, as an *artificial* taste, amongst luxurious individuals, but never ran through the labouring classes, through armies, through cities. The blood and the climate forbade it. In this earliest era of History, all the great races, consequently all the great empires, threw themselves, by accumulation, upon the genial climates of the south,—having, in fact, the magnificent lake of the Mediterranean for their general centre of evolutions. Round this lake, in a zone of varying depth, towered the whole grandeurs of the Pagan Earth. But in such climates man is *naturally*, is almost *necessarily*, temperate. He is so by physical coercion and for the necessities of rest and coolness. The Spaniard, or the Moor, or the Arab, has no merit in his temperance. The effort, for *him*, would be to form the taste for alcohol. He has a vast foreground of disgust to traverse before he can reach a taste so remote and alien. No need for resistance in his will where Nature resists on his behalf. Sherbet, shaddocks, grapes, — these were innocent applications to thirst; and the great Republic of antiquity said to her legionary sons, "Soldier, if you thirst, there is the river",—Nile, suppose, or Ebro. "Better drink there cannot be. Of this you must take 'at discretion.' Or, if you wait till the *impedimenta* come up, you may draw your ration of *posca*." What is *posca*? It was, in fact, acidulated water—three parts of superfine water to one part of the very best vinegar. Nothing stronger did Rome, that awful mother, allow to her dearest children, *i.e.* her legions: truest of blessings, that, veiling itself in seeming sternness, drove away the wicked phantoms that haunt the couches of greater nations. "The blessings of the evil genii," says an Eastern proverb, "which are curses, rest upon thy head for retribution!" And the stern refusals of wisely-loving mothers,—these are the mightiest of gifts.

Now, on the other hand, our northern climates have universally the taste,—latent, if not developed,—for powerful liquors; and through their blood, as also through the natural tendency of the imitative principle amongst compatriots, from these high latitudes the greatest of our modern nations

propagate the contagion to their brothers, though colonising warm climates. And it is remarkable that our modern preparations of liquors, even when harmless in their earliest stages, are fitted, like stepping-stones, for making the transition to higher stages that are *not* harmless. The weakest preparations from malt lead, by graduated steps, to the strongest, until we arrive at the intoxicating porter of London, which, under its local name (so insidiously delusive) of "*beer*," diffuses the most extensive ravages.

Under these marked circumstances of difference between the ruling races of antiquity and of our modern times, it now happens that the greatest era by far of human expansion is opening upon us. Two vast movements are hurrying into action by velocities continually accelerated,—the great revolutionary movement from political causes concurring with the great physical movement in locomotion and social intercourse from the gigantic (though still infant) powers of steam. No such Titan resources for modifying each other were ever before dreamed of by nations; and the next hundred years will have changed the face of the world. At the opening of such a crisis, had no third movement arisen of resistance to intemperate habits, there would have been ground for despondency as to the amelioration of the human race; but, as the case stands, the new principle of resistance nationally to bad habits has arisen almost concurrently with the new powers of national intercourse; and henceforward, by a change equally sudden and unlooked for, that new machinery, which would else most surely have multiplied the ruins of intoxication, has been the strongest agency for hastening its extirpation.

ON THE RELIGIOUS OBJECTIONS TO THE USE OF CHLOROFORM [1]

MY DEAR FRANCIS,—Lay this fact to your heart (whether a great fact, a middle-sized fact, or a little fact, I know not, but a fact it is),—that between sending a letter to Astrachan, or to the Imaum of Muscat, and sending a letter to your shoemaker in George Street, Edinburgh, the difference, as to trouble of body, as to anxiety of mind, and indeed as to postage, is next door to nothing. The shoemaker, it is true, receives your letter, if once it is lodged in the post-office, without further trouble on your part. But so does His Highness of Muscat. The true point of difficulty is—and in that stage of the transaction the shoemaker costs you quite as

[1] This little paper sees the light now for the first time. The circumstances are these :—Among the graduates in medicine in the University of Edinburgh in the year 1849 was De Quincey's son Francis, who had then completed the usual course of medical studies in the University (see *ante*, Vol. IV, p. 8 and p. 11). Each candidate for the degree must have sent in a satisfactory thesis on some medical subject ; and the theses so sent in are kept in the University, and are its property. The graduation-thesis of Francis De Quincey is now before me, and bears this title : "On the Religious Objections to the Use of Chloroform in Obstetric Medicine. By Francis John De Quincey. 31st March 1849." At the end of the thesis itself,—which consists of sixty-five pages of manuscript,—is an appendage, in the same hand, introduced thus : "Soon after the discovery of chloroform I wrote to "my father upon the subject of the religious objections, and in reply "received from him the following letter."—The date of the letter, it will be observed, is "December 1847" : *i.e.* it had been written just after the announcement of the great discovery of the anæsthetic uses of chloroform by Professor Simpson of the University of Edinburgh (afterwards Sir James Y. Simpson). The date of that announcement was 15th November 1847 ; and there had immediately followed a tract by the Professor himself in answer to the religious objections. De Quincey, who was then living at Lasswade, had been much interested.—M.

much trouble as the Imaum—first of all to reach the post-office. *Hic labor, hoc opus est.* And for us especially it is so. The interval, remember, between us and this particular post-office at Lasswade (meaning by interval the total "diaulos" of *to* and *fro*, outward and homeward voyage) is a good three miles. Hence my delay, and also from this other cause: that, having mislaid your jotting of doubts and queries, I had lost the only guide to my own replies and suggestions.

As to Dr. Simpson's citation from the dramatic poet Middleton, I feel satisfied (from the internal evidence) that it is genuine.[1] The only demur connects itself with the date 1657. If you are right in reporting *that* as the date, it puzzles me. What motive or encouragement could a publisher have for bringing out any book connected with the stage between 1640 and 1660? Cromwell died in 1658; and certainly the period of his Protectorate was not the gloomiest of that Puritanical *Vicennium*; but it was gloomy enough. There was no motive of gain at that time, and there might be some dangers, in publishing what were viewed as wicked books by the dominant party.[2]

But why should there be any difficulty as to Middleton's having noticed a fact which Dr. Simpson, I think, shows (but here I am speaking from memory) to have been known amongst the Greek physicians?

Medicine was much attended to by the literary men of the seventeenth century. For instance, the use of *friction*, the application of the *metallic tractors*, as practised forty or fifty years ago by the American empiric—all this was elaborately anticipated by Greatorex in Charles II's reign. He again had certainly been anticipated by Greeks and Romans. Somewhere in Plautus I remember a jesting allusion to the medical treatment by traction, in which allusion the adverb

[1] The lines cited were from Middleton's *Women Beware Women*:—

"I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons
To this lost limb,—who, ere they show their art,
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseased part."—M.

[2] The explanation is that the play was posthumously published. Middleton died about 1626; but this play of his was not printed till 1657. I may add that the cessation of the theatres in 1642 by no means stopped the supply of readers with printed dramas.—M.

anactim occurs as part of the expression. And subsequently I remember to have met with cryptical allusions to most of the *medical raving* which we regard as most peculiarly of modern growth in Greek writers before the ninth century of our era. I must also have pointed out to you the still more singular fact that Hahnemann's doctrine[1] (not *as to infinitesimal doses* but) as to Homoiopathy and Alloiopathy is most distinctly stated and ably exemplified by Milton about 1671,—viz. in the preface to his *Samson Agonistes*.[2] It is clear that Milton had reflected deeply on Physiology and other branches of your splendid and infinite profession.

Any reader of this assertion will naturally be startled even more by the *situation* of such a strange hypothesis than by its authorship,—by its local connexion with a Hebrew tragedy than by its personal connexion with Milton. Strange enough in all conscience that a great poet of the seventeenth century should anticipate the German medical innovator of the nineteenth century; but stranger still that for a medical or physiological hypothesis this great poet should have devised no more suitable situation than in a critical disputation on the principles of art concerned in the Greek Tragic Drama. So it is, however; and really the Miltonic Hahnemannism is more satisfactory than the Miltonic criticism upon Grecian Art. Those difficult questions that arise upon the Greek ideas of Tragedy are but grazed or ruffled upon the surface. True, there was not room for doing much more. But then the room was even less that was disposable for Hahnemann; and yet in the very few words uttered a most comprehensive outline of the doctrine is sketched, which scarcely allows of improvement. Neither is the introduction of this medical digression, after all, so

1 Samuel Hahnemann, 1755-1843, father of Homœopathy.—M.

2 "Tragedy, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the "gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems; therefore "said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear or terror, "to purge the mind of those and such-like passions,—that is, to temper "and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight stirred up "by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature "wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion; for so, in "physic, changes of melancholy hue and quality are used against "melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours."—M.

violent an intrusion as one imagines beforehand. It arises naturally enough upon the well-known but obscure passage in Aristotle ascribing to Tragedy the office of purifying the passions by ministrations of pity and terror. The first demur of any note upon this passage is—"How?—purify a passion *by a passion*?" "Why, yes!—even so," is virtually Milton's reply. It seems a strange rationale of medical practice; but in effect it is the very logic Nature prompts us to in the treatment of our own bodily morbid affections. . . .

Now, as regards the monstrous objections, calling themselves religious, to Dr. Simpson's immortal discovery (which discovery, I should think, will be found to have done more for human comfort, and for the mitigation of animal suffering, than any other discovery whatever), the Doctor's own arguments seem quite sufficient. In the same spirit as these arguments might be suggested such as the following:—

I. "*Threescore years and ten.*"—This is the limit assigned to human life in the Psalms: consequently, in the logic of these "religious" cavillers, it must be impious to prescribe for a man of eighty, and the whole science of *macrobiotics* must rank with witchcraft and necromancy in point of wickedness. Lord Bacon thought otherwise.

II. "*Poverty shall never cease from the land.*"—Ergo, it must be profane to attempt the limitation of poverty, and absolutely blasphemous to effect its extirpation, as was once done in the New England States and elsewhere.

III. "*In sorrow shalt thou bring forth.*"—Dr. Simpson's improved interpretation of the Hebrew word, making it to indicate the muscular exertion which attends parturition (and attends it so pre-eminently in the *human* female), rather than to indicate the pain generally connected with this exertion, seems quite sufficient for the occasion. Another argument suggests itself: viz. that, if all pain, when carried to the stage which we call agony (or intense struggle amongst vital functions), brings with it some danger to life (as I presume must be the case), then it will follow that knowingly to reject a means of mitigating or wholly cancelling the danger, now that such a means has been discovered and tested, travels on the road towards suicide. If I am right in supposing a

danger to life lying in this direction, then clearly the act of rejecting the remedy, being wilful, lies in a suicidal direction. It is even worse than an ordinary movement in that direction; because it makes God an accomplice, through the Scriptures, in this suicidal movement,—the primal instigator to it by means of a supposed curse interdicting the use of any means whatever (though revealed by Himself) for annulling that curse. This turns the tables upon the *religiosity* people,—landing them in the guilt of abetting what will henceforward be regarded as a step towards suicide: viz. by abetting the rejection of a known anodyne, potent enough to reduce the chances of a fatal issue.

IV. On the argument which would forbid the use of this almost magical anodyne, all the prophylactic means hitherto used for lessening the violence of symptoms in parturition must have been lawful only in the inverse ratio of their efficacy. To be altogether clear of guilt, the means used must be confessedly and altogether ineffective. I do not pretend to any knowledge upon this subject; but I have a general impression that bleeding and other means are employed in long stages antecedent to childbirth, for the purpose of disarming the symptoms beforehand of their violence, and preparing an easier course of gestation, as well as an easier delivery. Now, if so, what wretches these practitioners must suddenly have discovered themselves to have been! Do they fancy that it is any different offence to disarm a sting partially and beforehand from that newly discovered offence of plucking out the sting completely at the moment of its hostile action? Is it their only excuse for this long series of crime that, after all, their work was done imperfectly? That they failed to give relief,—is that their plea? My advice to these villains is to remember the old argument "*In for a penny, in for a pound.*" They are already up to the lips in guilt: let them therefore, like sensible reprobates, *go the whole hog* by patronising chloroform.

V. There is a case parallel to this in the Popish codes of Casuistry. Is it not a Scriptural doctrine that we should *mortify the flesh?* Certainly it is. No Protestant denies it. And upon that argument many a young woman in convents, with the sanction of her directors and confessors, has founded a reputation for saintliness upon the practice of swallowing

the most revolting selections of filth. Southey illustrated a shocking case of that nature in the *Quarterly Review*. But in the Dublin newspapers,—and I think about the same time, —occurred a case of the same kind that terminated in consequences over which no veils of cloister secrecy could be drawn. A young girl, under some popish superstition, ate large quantities of the earth around the grave of some priest who had died in the odour of sanctity. This odour, meantime, had not availed to banish the larvæ of some hideous beetles. These established themselves in the poor girl's intestines. A dreadful illness ensued,—with what final result I do not remember. Now, this mode of mortifying the flesh by positive acts, viz. by eating vermin, resembles the present anti-chloroform mode of mortifying the flesh by negative acts—viz. by abstaining from chloroform. In the final consequences, both modes augment the chance of death, and therefore load with the guilt of suicide those who knowingly become parties to either. The two practices are akin also in this—that both have drawn a furious support from superstition. Both plead Scriptural words for practices that are essentially unscriptural.

VI. Dr. Simpson's notice of the exemption from the worst sufferings of childbirth enjoyed by some races of women is much strengthened by various Polynesian experiences. I fancy that Ellis notices these cases in his *Polynesian Researches*. In a separate work (not by Ellis) on the particular Island of Tonga (*i.e.* Tonga ta boo, or "Tonga the Sacred") I remember a case of total immunity from pain, or even momentary lassitude, in a native woman during parturition.

VII. Now, addressing myself no longer to everybody, but to you in particular, I am of opinion that your own exegesis, or suggestion for a proper exegesis, of the original curse is plausible, and will be thought so by Dr. Simpson. No. VI. argues that the curse is not unconditional, but is perhaps dependent on conditions of diet, of habits engrafted on civilization, &c. Once removed, the curse loses its sanctity. Dr. Simpson, again, by his new version of the Hebrew word,[1]

[1] Dr. Simpson's contention was that the Hebrew word *'etzebh*, translated *sorrow* in the English text—"In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children",—meant properly, like the English word *labour*, great effort of any kind.—M.

so transmutes the whole bearings of the passage as to disconnect it from all liability to these religious scruples against chloroform in childbirth: nothing is disturbed by the chloroform that ever was fixed by the primal decree. Next comes your own suggestion,—which, while retaining the curse, evades it by a new interpretation. If it were said "In sorrow shalt thou eat thy bread," we should not understand the sorrow as settling upon the act of taking food, which on the contrary is one of the commonest enjoyments of life; but we should understand that life itself, as a general function of the body, was described by one of its most general necessities. So also in this case you understand the curse addressed to woman,— being simply that she, not less than her partner man, should sorrow through life. But life in *her* is described by a variation of phrase suited to her sexual differences. In man it had been expressed by his peculiar and separate form of activity,—viz. by labour applied to the creation of food. In woman, — the characteristic and differential form of activity being applied not to the gaining of a livelihood, but to the necessities, cares, innumerable duties, connected with the bringing into the world and the rearing of children,—the expression of the curse has varied itself correspondingly. The two modes of expression vary with the sex; but the thing expressed is exactly the same, viz. the whole tenor of life; denoted in each by the function which lies upon the surface and strikes the understanding as most distinguishing. It might have been said, with the same exact meaning, to man, "*Thou shalt plough the ground in sorrow,*" to woman, "*Thou shalt spin the garments of thy household in sorrow*"; but the scriptural expression has settled upon still wider forms for indicating most comprehensively the process of life. The curse, therefore, is by you so read as to extend itself to life generally, and not as limiting itself to the sources of sorrow involved in the production of children. But, lastly, if the curse were so limited,—I say, if the curse were understood as limited to the evils arising through maternity,—why should those evils be contemplated as lying chiefly in the very transient and physical act of parturition? Agonizing as the sufferings from childbirth have occasionally proved (as many great

obstetric surgeons have assured us), expressing their fury sometimes by sudden lunacy the most frantic, sometimes by infanticide unconscious or semiconscious,—consequences that henceforth are doomed to subside as the billows of the tormented Red Sea before the uplifted rod of Amram's son,—still these sufferings are transitory as compared with the lifelong fears, cares, and trepidations connected with the rearing, training, and disposal of children. *There* lies the sorrow, *there* the opening for a real curse,—viz. in the moral and not in the mere physical woe: in the moral woe that lasts through a lifetime, and not in the physical woe that, after a few days' fearful heaving and convulsion, is hushed into a deep rest from the storm,—either that rest which lies in restoration to health, or the deeper rest which lies in the Sabbath of Death.

VIII. If it were possible that, in this age of the world, religious scruples such as those now passed in review could maintain their ground, it is certain that a conflict absolutely without precedent, and shocking to contemplate, would arise between the scrupulous practitioner and his patients. A general knowledge of the new anodyne, and of its instantaneous efficacy, will be diffused with a rapidity corresponding to the extensive field of its application. The whole female sex have within a few weeks come into possession of a great inheritance,—of a talisman, suddenly, as it were, *revealed* to them; and the powers of this talisman apply themselves to the very class of cases that naturally besiege the terrified imaginations of females beyond all others. A new anchor has been made known, fitted for the special order of storms that are the most widely appalling to females, as being the catholic inheritance of their sex. This they will now demand when suffering in extremity. To refuse would be to create scenes the most dreadful of feud between the medical attendant and his patients. The issue of such feuds could not be long doubtful. But in the meantime they would create a scandal shocking to a profession of gentlemen.

IX. And, finally, is there any real religious scruple at the bottom of these objections? Is it not a jealousy of Professor Simpson's great discovery that *really* speaks through this Jesuitical masquerade of conscientious scruples?

December 1847. THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

MEMORIAL CHRONOLOGY

ON A

NEW AND MORE APPREHENSIBLE SYSTEM

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO A LADY [1]

[NOTICE TO THE READER.—The young lady to whom these letters were really addressed died within three years of their composition. Naturally, therefore, on the impulse of his own feelings, the writer would have wished to recast them,—so far, at least, as to remove the tone of levity or playfulness which sometimes marks the passages applying *personally* to his fair correspondent. Indeed this tone had been originally suggested not by his own choice, but by the known opinions of this young lady, sportively exaggerated by herself in conversation, or suggested by counter-letters of her own ; which excuses (conversations alike and letters) are here unavoidably suppressed. All this, as a matter unknown to the general reader, might have been left in silence: a trespass not known needed no apology. But in the meantime an explanation was thought requisite, in deference to several persons who,

[1] First published in 1871 in the second of the two supplementary volumes to Messrs. Black's edition of De Quincey's Collected Writings, with this explanatory note :—"This article was written about twenty "years ago (1850), and it is printed here for the first time from the "Author's MS. It was his intention to have continued the subject ; "but this was never done." As it stands, it is complete enough ; but one can perceive the direction in which De Quincey meant to extend it.—M.

having been acquainted originally with the circumstances of the case, must otherwise think the manner of the letters hardly reconcilable with the tenderness due to that lady's memory. The writer shares in their feelings, and, so far as he found himself able, has removed a good deal of what was most objectionable in that respect. But the effort to do so was not always successful. In some parts the raillery or jesting allusion was too inextricably interwoven with the development of the subject to allow of such a remedy without extensive disturbances of the text. Illness prevented this. Nervousness in a most distressing shape, which for some years has made composition of every kind, and generally all effort for the disentangling of ideas, painful to the writer, and at times impossible, compelled him either to retain generally the original form of the letters, or else to abandon the idea of publishing them at all. Under such an alternative—satisfied on the one hand that, after this explanation, no disrespect can even seem to express itself towards one who, for the general reader, is but a shadow, and, on the other hand, that a public interest of education is involved (and most deeply involved) in every feasible attempt to place the study of Chronology within the grasp of an easy exertion —the writer has felt it allowable to publish the little work, after making such retrenchments only as were easily accomplished without drawing after them too many other changes, and such as did not, by affecting its *didactic* value, disturb its primary purpose.]

LETTER I

I HAVE heard you say, my dear Caroline, that in your opinion (your *humble* opinion you were pleased to call it) no man could be entitled to give himself airs in Chronology, or to lay down the law as from a judgment-seat, unless he wore a wig. A decent member of society such a man might be,—*that* you admitted; but really, for *your* part, you had no notion of surrendering your views upon dates or epochs in deference to any man, so long as he persisted in wearing his own hair. I had my private reasons for believing this doctrine to have arisen in a mere personality, meant for the

use and annoyance of one particular individual. Such levity seemed to argue an improper frame of mind; and, at my request, the late rector of your parish addressed you in a letter of expostulation — a letter which he described as "objurgatory, comminatory" (you know what *comminations* are by our English Church-service for Ash-Wednesday), "and, lastly, as dehortatory." The reverend gentleman had the kindness to allow of my reading his letter, and, where I thought that it might do any good amongst modern young ladies, of quoting it. But, as what he imagined to be a corrected copy of the letter turned out, in fact, to be his own rough sketch or *brouillon* towards the composition of such a letter, I had the benefit of all the various readings and variations, fluctuations and oscillations in the text, which second thoughts and third thoughts are apt to suggest. Originally the letter had begun thus:—"*Most presumptuous of Young Women!*" But this was too harsh; and he had substituted as his second reading "*Most irreverential of Girls!*" That was better: irreverentialism, according to the great anatomical doctors of Vienna, being a mere craniological abnormity—no fault of yours, but a fault lodged in the turgescences or expansive tendencies, up or down, right or left, of that medullary substance which constitutes the unmanageable brain. Yet even here the word *girls* grates harshly upon one's ear; it is too familiar. Buffalo gals don't much regard it. But, generally speaking, to complain of irreverentialism through an irreverential word, *that* is the old Roman case of the Gracchi, — those nursing patrons of sedition the breath of whose nostrils had been inhaled from the very atmosphere of sedition,—claiming one's sympathy against insurrectionary politics.[1] The

[1] "*Quis tulerit Gracchos,*" says Juvenal in a well-known line, "*de seditione querentes?*" To my correspondent, as being a "*gal,*" I shall not be offering any affront in translating this line. It means in English—*Who would endure the Gracchi making a querulous denunciation of sedition?* And for its usual rhetorical purpose it answers as well as it ever did. But meantime, as Roman History is more and more inquiringly studied,—than which history none has been more insufficiently *weighed,*—more and more there is heard a sullen muttering of demur to this specious assumption against the two splendid Gracchi. It was important to keep the two mutineers constantly

doctor was probably a pedant; but a pedant is often a respectable man, and what should hinder him from being a gentleman? Being such in reality—so at least I have always believed—the doctor became aware of the offending word, and in his third revision of the text this word had disappeared, the approved reading being now—"*Most irreflective of Young Ladies!*" What reason he could have for disturbing that lection is inconceivable. Aristarchus could have found no blemish in it; and you, Caroline, in particular, certainly could not. However, whether on that day the learned gentleman found himself more dyspeptic (consequently more irritable) than usual, or how else I know not; but so it was that five times more the text of the initial line had been unsettled by scruples small and great; and apparently the postman was not yet born for whom fate had reserved the honour of conveying that letter to your own fair hands. But, finally, and most abruptly, the "dehortatory" epistle, before it had yet traversed one fourth part of the ground which fell within the compass of its plan, terminated its career in a sort of panic, a mixed paroxysm of indignation and terror, upon my reporting to him your last sally of defiance (counterfeit, I trust) against the rights and dignities of Chronology. This occurred on a day (two years it may be ago) when you may remember that we visited the Ch—— cliffs and caves in company with a large picnic party; and, upon my remarking that you had just said a thing involving a chronological blunder of 270 years, your answer amounted to this—that 270 years did not signify much in any case, but that females were entitled to a regular allowance of error (what in commercial arithmetic, I believe, is called tare and tret), and that you had not by any means exhausted your allowance. And then, with such a winning air of goodness, you went on to entice me into a scheme of the most nefarious public robbery. "*Nefarious*, you call it?" was your cool rejoinder. "Yes,"

suspended before the Roman eye as traitorous criminals. Their offence was of a kind eternally to solicit Roman ambition, but also eternally to solicit Roman patriotism through a casuistry that even now, under no bias to mislead our neutrality, seems more than plausible.

I replied, "nefarious. I *do* call it so." And the reader shall judge between us. It was a scheme for falsifying all ancient records. Your notion was that I might be destined, by means of some quarto volume too big and too ponderous for human reading, to become a great authority on the science of Chronology; in which character, and by means of the foolish confidence which the public would be led to repose in me, I might "crib" a thousand years or so (be the same more or less) from human records,—especially from that wearisome part of them which lies between the Flood and the Crusades. "Why, it's shocking," I said; "it's a wholesale scheme for robbing the human race." Not at all, you insisted on proving to me. Who was it that could suffer by it? Would any man make affidavit before the Quarter Sessions that he was out of pocket by it, or likely to suffer in his peace of mind by any of its results? And, if ever it should be discovered that I had been "cooking the accounts" (as this sort of trespass is now technically termed by railway directors), all sensible men would see the policy of hushing up the matter, and pocketing the *bonus* which my little misdemeanour had been the means of procuring for them. At this point of my report the Reverend Doctor borrowed some dreadful ejaculations from Grecian Tragedy — ἐα, ἐα: φεῦ, φεῦ: ὀτοτοτοι. Since the days of Herostratus, who burned the temple of Ephesus,[1] he protested that no criminal idea so gigantic had been thrown out upon the ocean of speculative wickedness. "It makes one's hair stand on end," was my remark. But the Doctor could not go along with me *there*, because he had no hair—any hair which adorned *his* cranium having formed itself into a wig; which does not participate in its owner's emotions with that generous sensibility animating the honest old hair of one's native growth. For instance, the hair of one's wig never stands on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine, as does one's own legitimate hair,—a fact which natural philosophy has not failed to observe, and will, perhaps, eventually account for! Any conspiracy against Chronology might, as I undertook to show you, have fatal consequences. Some of these I dwelt upon. But the sole reply on your part,—a

[1] B.C. 356.—M.

reply never heard of by the Stagirite,—was a loud resonant *fiddle-de-dee*. We were then standing near the mouth of that particular cave which replies to every voice by so long a chain of reverberations. This vast system of echoes got into play in a moment—right, left; left, right: I was saluted alternately on each ear, as I hastened into the open air, by this aërial (or, I may say, ghostly) persecution of *fiddle-de-dees*. Like phantom boxes on the ear, they buffeted me larboard and starboard, until I escaped from the cave. One of the guide-books says that there are sixty-four repercussions. But a rival guide describes them as "unlimited"; and this guide is probably the more accurate, if a friend of mine is right, who assures me that three weeks later, on visiting the cave, he heard the *fiddle-de-dees* still going on,—only that they were shortened by the last syllable. So far they had dwindled; which makes me hope that by this time (eighteen months having now elapsed) perhaps they are extinct.

On returning home, I could not help laughing at the amount of sportive mischief which may lurk by possibility in the female mind. For I am certain, Caroline, that you knew of that thousand-barrelled echo as haunting that particular spot at which your sonorous *fiddle-de-dee* exploded. One moment sooner or later, and your insulting reply would have missed fire. And, in fact, you showed the dexterity and the malice which a schoolboy shows in throwing a cracker amidst a bevy of girls, when every zigzag bounce and explosion follows the motions of some fugitive petticoat. The Doctor and I came to different conclusions upon this occurrence. *His* conclusion was that your case was past relief; that the "comminations" would be thrown away; and that the text of his letter required no further revision. Mine, on the contrary, was too grave, you will think, for the occasion. For it struck me that the disgust which lies at the root of all you say on the subject of Chronology is no fault of yours, but due, in fact, to the dulness and somnolence of those who hitherto have treated Chronology. This threw me upon devising a better scheme of Chronology—a better scheme, I mean, for *teaching* it. Better it must be if it does not shock your sense of elegance by its unwieldiness, and

does not confound your faculty of remembering by its perplexity. A man does not offend by vanity who says that the road which he proposes is shorter or is cheaper. Comparative shortness and cheapness are matters of fact which cannot be disputed or evaded. And that a scheme for communicating a particular branch of knowledge is apprehended without effort, and not forgotten without difficulty,—these are pretensions not liable to caprices of taste, but settled by a ready appeal to practical experiments.

You will not ask me *now* why I address this little work to yourself: in part *that* has been explained already, by showing that you originally suggested such a labour to me. There is, however, another reason for so addressing it,—worth attention, in circumstances which allow it to be heard. Not impossibly in such a work a necessity may occasionally arise for citing a passage in Greek or Latin. Now, in such a case, a lady is privileged to call for a translation. She, therefore, stands between the author and the wrath of his male readers, one section of whom will otherwise in any case be offended with him, let him take what course he will. Are they classical scholars?—In that case their pride is mortified by the superfluous aid if he *does* translate them. Are they no scholars, or imperfect ones?—In that case they are still more reasonably offended if he does *not* translate them. For they suffer not merely in their pride, but also in their interests and their rights, when finding secrets locked up in Greek and Latin against themselves, though parts (and, for anything they know, essential parts) of a work which they have paid for. To those who haughtily reject the translator's aid this aid volunteered becomes an insult. To those who angrily demand it this aid withheld becomes a swindle. But the presiding influence of a lady silences all objections, and reconciles all feuds. The scholar submits to what, no longer understood as addressed to *him*, is no longer an insult. And he that has small Latin, with perhaps less Greek, though not quite sure that the lamps were lighted on *his* account, is appeased by the unrestricted admission to their benefits. It is, Caroline, becoming more and more a necessity of our times to consult even in literature the tastes or the interests of the multitude. And, wherever a counter-interest rears its

head in rivalship, so as to endanger a schism menacing to the author, it is (you will admit) a Machiavelian stroke of policy if this schism can be hushed by so simple an expedient as that of placing the presiding patronage of the work in the hands of a lady,—whose wishes, being absolute commands, leave no room for murmurs to the male part of the audience, whether otherwise they would have approved of them or not.

This, however, you will say, is offering a compliment to your sex generally, and not to yourself as an individual. But, if as yet there is no compliment to you, there *shall* be before you and I are a quarter of a page older. And here it comes: so hold out your beautiful hands, and catch it. Simply by compelling Greek to talk English, you exert no greater influence, it is true, over this little work than belongs rightfully to your sex. But I, by placing your name at its head,—which now I do, christening it *Letters to Caroline on Chronology*,—acknowledge and proclaim you for its sole and individual inspirer. When a lady has, by deep impressions of her beauty and intelligence, caused any man to write a book which otherwise most certainly he would *not* have written, that lady for that book and for that author becomes a suggesting muse,—as much so as ever Melpomene to Sophocles, or Urania to Milton. You stand in that relation to myself; and, whatever splendour the work may obtain (which doubtless will be dazzling and blinding to my enemies), and whatever taste of immortality (which it would be sinful to think of as stretching through less than three millennia, by which time it will require, as Jonathan says, "considerable of" an appendix), I here protest before the venerable and never-else-than-judicious public that this splendour and this immortality are to be regarded in the light of honours not so much shared by you as appropriated and originally radiated by you. The title which I have announced,—"*Letters to Caroline on Chronology*,"—is, in fact, a plagiarism. In the last two generations there was a French work, popular in France and partially so in England, entitled *Lettres à Emilie sur la Mythologie*. The author was, according to my present remembrance, M. Demoustier.[1] Now, Caroline, I feel and avow a confidence that these

[1] Charles Albert Demoustier, 1760-1801.—M.

Letters to Caroline will take a higher flight than the *Lettres à Emilie*,—in some small degree on account of the several subjects, but far more on account of the several inspirations under which the two works arose. You will not imagine, Caroline, that I am making love to one so youthful as yourself. You know me too well for that. But, as you have done me the gracious office of an inspiring muse, I will return it in the romantic spirit of an earthly knight-errant. He, you are aware, oftentimes made solemn proclamation that the lady whom he honoured excelled in beauty and virtue by inexpressible degrees all other ladies of an entire province or (it might be) kingdom, though not pretending that he had ever seen those other ladies, or that he *could* have had any opportunity of making a comparison. I, following his excellent example, and labouring under a similar disadvantage in never having seen Monsieur Demoustier's Emilie, nevertheless avow and publish my belief that in her best days she was not worthy of holding a candle to you, and that, if M. Demoustier's book were otherwise superior to mine, not the less mine is entitled to the precedence in virtue of its superior sanction and loftier inspiration. I wish to publish in the ears of a misbelieving or sceptical age, and by sound of trumpet if that were possible,

> "That thou art a girl as much finer than she,
> As he" (the aforesaid Demoustier) "was a writer sublimer than me."

These lines are by our English wit, Matthew Prior (the man whom Bishop Burnet called "*our* Prior"), and rather damaged, as you may observe, in the last word as to the matter of grammar. Prior was then making a double comparison: viz. of himself, as a poet, with the great Roman poet Horace; and of the English lady who accepted his own homage with Lydia, or Lesbia, or some one of those many Mediterranean ladies to whom the fickle Roman was for the moment presenting *his*. And Prior contended (justly, I doubt not) that, immeasurably as Rome went ahead of England in this particular contest of the two poets, not in any less proportion did England take the lead when the contest was transferred to the two ladies. I, you see,—content, like

Prior, with the victory of my particular patroness,—have submitted to have my own relation to Demoustier governed and settled by that of Prior to Horace. One victory is enough for me. Else, on looking back to M. Demoustier's style of composition, I might really find ground for demurring. But no matter for *that*. If, as some people imagine, the steam-engine is to make all things new, of course it will soon manufacture a new Literature,—in which case, we writers of the old dynasty are sure to be kicked out of the library into some distant lumber-room. I understand that in the Advocates' and Signet Libraries at Edinburgh they have or had a large clothes-basket, or rag-basket,—a sort of chiffonière, —into the keeping of which the custom was to consign all books regarded as rubbish which they receive (or once *did* receive) gratuitously under an old statute. At stated intervals the basket was transferred to subterraneous vaults, and never again visited by any inquest but that of rats.[1] Demoustier and I, in such a revolution of dynasties, are destined to the same fate. We shall both be "basketed" to a certainty. He, not less than I, will have to march down in state to the dismal crypts where cobwebs and rats predominate. In such a descent it will avail him little that I, in obedience to a precedent ruled by Mat Prior, had yielded the *pas* to him on the question of composition; whereas me it would avail much,—possibly to the extent of a reprieve altogether from the basket,—if I could succeed in consecrating my little book by a faithful portrait of the lovely Caroline. Or, supposing that both of us should at intervals be summoned back to the regions above, with a view to our separate notions upon some disputed question, Demoustier (it is clear), with his

[1] It is a curious fact, and worth recording amongst the *deliciæ* and *facetiæ* of literature, especially because it serves to measure the enormous revolutions continually going on in the vast worlds of opinion and taste, that Wordsworth's *Excursion* was amongst the books condemned to the basket, and did actually in that honourable conveyance go down to Hades. Under whose award, I am not certain; but, as I heard, of Dr. Irving, the chief librarian at that time. [Dr. David Irving, b. 1778, d. 1860, long librarian to the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh, author of a *History of Scottish Poetry*, &c., was a man of letters of the old school, and had probably taken his opinions of Wordsworth from Jeffrey.—M.]

lugubrious portrait of Emilie, could never hope to be hauled out from the cobwebs with any instrument better than the kitchen fire-tongs ; whereas *me* no man that had ever felt the witchery of that sweet inaugurating Carolinian miniature would dream of touching but with the rarest pair of sugar-tongs, made of gold by Benvenuto Cellini, or by some more recent artist in the service of Rundle and Bridge.

Oh, dear C., I know you doat upon nonsense. So do I. But now, in my next letter, I will endeavour to talk weighty ponderous sense,—heavy as lead. And it shall go hard but I will make myself as dull as ditch-water.

Letter II

A necessity arises at this point that something should be said, and some errors dissipated, with respect to the *uses* of Chronology.

Bear with me, Caroline, in this trespass on your patience. You have heard me at times deriding the rhetorical propensity of book-makers, and too often of people much above the necessities of that trade, to detain and tease the reader by a flowery pleading (usually quite superfluous) on the value, the benefits, or the precedency in point of honour, belonging to any branch of science or erudition which they are treating. Continually, in such cases, the question arises, why not *assume* its value as a thing that nobody disputes? Why not *postulate*, in one emphatic sentence, what it would argue a rare eccentricity, or some disturbance of the understanding, in any man to doubt? Wherefore abuse a reader's good nature by seducing him into a preliminary chapter of demonstration that History, for instance, or that Geography, is an indispensable study? The reader, be assured, if left to his own choice, would make no demand for hearing counsel upon that point. And, in reality, throughout my whole life, I have met with only one man who deliberately and solemnly valued himself upon *not* being acquainted with History.[1] Upon that one *crotcheteer*, or some lurking brother of his, would it be worth while to waste powder and shot? con-

[1] See *ante*, Vol. V, pp. 352-3. But it has been suggested to me that Sir Anthony Carlisle may have been the surgeon there meant.—M.

sidering, also, that what in this case answers to "powder and shot,"—viz. time and the effort of arraying arguments, &c.—not only entails a costly expenditure, but at the cost of every separate reader (counted, perhaps, by thousands), and not simply of the individual writer. Under these circumstances, it is fair to quote the brief criticism of the ancient cynic (which under other circumstances might *not* be fair) upon a laboured Eulogy of Hercules—"*Quis vituperavit?*" "*Why, who (if you please) has been blaming him?*" And I fear, Caroline, that your malicious memory will call back that laughing remark of mine upon this occasion, if but a moment's delay should be made for the sake of vindicating its own place and appreciation to Chronology. "Who, if you please," will be your objection, "has been undervaluing Chronology?"

Why, no, not expressly and formally undervaluing it; but, oftentimes, in the very praises given to any object, whether thing or person, is involved virtually a dispraise. If it had happened that the deepest services of the ancient Hercules were of a kind to retreat from popular notice or from popular esteem, and that those chiefly forced themselves into the foreground which were showy in their display or which connected themselves with local vainglory by their results, the victorious answer to the cynic would have been —"Who blamed him, do you say? Why, everybody has blamed him, and is blaming him at this moment, who praises him amiss,—that is, who praises him on false grounds, or who distributes his praise on a false scale of proportions." I do not pretend to say, nor is it important to say, how far *that* was true of the mythical personage called Hercules; but of Chronology it is certainly true. Whosoever praises it under the ordinary conception of its purposes mispraises it; whosoever praises it under the notion that, like geography, it contributes a share to what may be called the *arrondissement*, or the orbicular completion, of historical accuracy, and that it is valuable, therefore, exactly in the degree in which it executes that purpose, is wrong, and by a logical necessity is wrong. The man whose error commences in a false idea of his theme, whose fault is laid in the very germ of the conception from which he starts, must be more and more erroneous in proportion as he is more and more true to himself. Inconsequence and want

of fidelity to his own principle offer to him his only chance for wandering into truth. Nobody, you say, has blamed Chronology; and for that reason nobody has any excuse for lauding it. True, nobody has set himself with "malice aforethought" to vilify, slander, or traitorously behind its back to blacken, the character of Chronology. But, if, in affecting to commend it, almost every writer dwells with an insidious emphasis upon a trivial function of that same Chronology, or what *comparatively* is trivial,—there and then, and in that misplaced praise, he couches (meaning or *not* meaning to do so) a virtual disparagement, which justifies me or any neutral bystander in coming forward with a determinate assertion of its real value. In the studied commendation of your friend for a secondary distinction has not unfrequently been involved the secret denial of your friend's claim to some paramount distinction. The praise has been offered, and practically that praise has operated, as a searching calumny. And the cases are not few in which it has become necessary to come forward with hostile demonstrations against this sincere eulogist as against the bitterest of slanderers.

Do not fancy this to be a bare fantastic possibility, sketched in some scholastic debating hall of Laputa. That case is too notoriously possible which has been realised, and too notoriously real which has locally been successful. Dr. Andrew Bell,—the first sufficient observer, the first improver, the first importer into our British Isles of what was called the Madras System for the cheap, the rapid, and the accurate sowing of knowledge broadcast,[1]—was attacked slanderously, and most of all by those who came forward in the character of ostentatious eulogists. He was praised, he was oppressed with praise, as one who had popularised, or (if not popularised) had brought under aristocratic patronage the supposed system of Mr. Lancaster,[2]—the purpose of this perfidious praise being fraudulently to draw away the eyes of men from the broad fact that Mr. Lancaster had dishonourably appropriated the discoveries and adaptations of Dr. Bell, and in that way to secure for *him* the profit in a pecuniary sense, and for his own religious sect the credit (in an intel-

[1] See *ante*, pp. 11-12 n.; also Vol. II, p. 185 n.—M.
[2] See *ante*, p. 12 and p. 37.—M.

lectual sense), of novelties which, even then, were beginning to wear the promise of *national* benefits. Strange it is, or strange it would be to man without positive experience to correct his natural preconceptions, that under our system of press illumination,—living, as we all fancy, under the broad glare of noontide, with no artificial darkness to mislead us, no darkness (we all fondly conceit) beyond what the limitation of our faculties necessitates,—such a delusion as that which respects the relative pretensions of Bell and Lancaster should have been possible for a month. Much more was it strange that this delusion should prosper when it had to make head against a champion so unrivalled as Southey. But stranger even than *that* was the conflict between the rival pretensions of Clarkson and Wilberforce as to the leadership in the ever-memorable crusade against the African Slave Trade. There could, I presume, be no opening amongst those who *really* venerated truth for any dispute as to the allocation in that case of the homage due, whether as to kind or as to degree. Clarkson, in so far as the question regarded *time*, was the inaugurator of the great conflict. That was his just claim. He broke the ground, and formed the earliest camp, in that field; and to men that should succeed he left no possibility of ranking higher than his followers or imitators. To this coronet of deathless flowers could it be imagined possible to add another hue of glory? Yes, and it was that the earliest step taken in this mighty movement, which terminated in the tearing and scattering to the winds of that "bloody writing by all nations known," had been taken by him when a student at Cambridge. A juvenile prize essay, expanded by his own further researches, formed the corner-stone of that mighty temple which at this day throws its shadow over all lands. Nevertheless, in defiance of all this, and the notoriety of all this, it suited the policy of a faction in the House of Commons, it suited also the obstinate prejudices of certain religious sectarians, and it suited the pecuniary interests of a celebrated Review, that Wilberforce should carry off the *primitiæ* from this great field. And for a long season this profligate contempt of justice did really triumph. Eventually, as in all cases, the truth asserted its rights. But this was after the personal

interests in falsehood had been extinguished by the changes of the grave. Short of the grave was no power found amongst the belligerent forces equal to the task of righting an individual, and equitably distributing the praise in a cause which, through all its stages, had moved scenically and pompously before the eyes of a vast national audience, sitting in the very centre of light.

These cases of the Madras System and of the African Slave Trade I mention, not as having any direct connexion with the subject before us, but as yielding the most flagrant proof that, under the mask of a false insidious praise, it is very possible to suppress the true one. If such a result can be accomplished in the case of *persons*, backed by living partisans, how much more in the case of *things* and abstract *interests*! Bell and Clarkson were not blamed; they were ardently praised; but they were praised on such pretended claims as involved covertly the denial of their real claims. He that was complimented as having diffused or popularised could not be supposed to have introduced. And, in like manner, if Chronology does really add no more than an outside grace of finish and correctness to History, in the same way as it adds a decoration to the biography of a great man when a sketch is given of the house in which he was born, in that case it can hardly be supposed to enter into the very constitution of History as one of its internal elements.

Yet this it does. It enters into the important parts of History as one of the main conditions under which History itself is intelligible, or under which History makes other things intelligible for any profitable purpose. Here, therefore, and under this leading idea, I will put briefly the separate functions by which Chronology either combines with the facts of History, so as to create them into a new life and to impress upon them a moral meaning such as nakedly and separately those facts would not possess, or else forms a machinery for recalling and facilitating the memorial conquest of historical facts in their orderly succession.

What is the substantial error committed in anachronisms? It is that such modes of blunder disturb the *moral* relations of things; for, if an anachronism has no effect of that sort, and is merely shown to be such by some appeal to an almanac

or register of dates, it is pure pedantry much to insist upon it as a fault. If a man should describe an Argonaut as guiding himself on the Euxine by the mariner's compass, unknown probably to Greece for twenty-five centuries later, undeniably he commits an anachronism. But it is one of little importance. The Argonaut guided himself by the polar constellations, though he had no means of assigning them in cloudy weather. Even in making an Argonaut call the Black Sea by the name of Euxine there is probably an anachronism, since originally it was called by a name indicating its inhospitable character, and the Euxine (or hospitable) Sea was a mere superstitious euphemism for the propitiation of the dark power which made that sea treacherous and dangerous. It was by anachronisms of this character that Bentley detected the spuriousness of the letters ascribed to Phalaris. Sicilian towns, &c., were in those letters called by names that did not arise until that prince had been dead for centuries. Manufactures were mentioned that were of much later invention. As handles for the exposure of a systematic forgery, which oftentimes *had* a moral significance, these indications were valuable, and gave excessive brilliancy to that immortal dissertation of Bentley's. But separately, for themselves, they were often harmless and inert; not productive, I mean to say, of any consequences startling to the general system and coherency of our ideas. But, on the other hand, when Shakspere (*Troilus and Cresida*, Act ii. Sc. 2) makes Hector say in reproach to two of his brothers, that they had spoken

> ——"superficially; not much
> Unlike young men whom Aristotle thought
> Unfit to hear moral philosophy"—

he shocks and untunes our whole system of moral associations. If it were possible that a philosopher so exquisitely subtle as Aristotle, whose works in any line presuppose a meditative generation disciplined to intellectual exercises, could really have coexisted with the race of barbarous warriors that beleaguered Troy, in that case the relations of thought to manners and usages would melt into a mere chaos and unintelligible anarchy of elements. Parallelisms of a corresponding character may be shown at every turn in geographical

blunders, or what might be called *anatopisms*. In the *Winter's Tale* it is a most pardonable blunder that Bohemia is represented as a maritime country. The mistake was natural. For in maps on a small scale the capital letters which indicate the great divisions of kingdoms generally enough, under the rude engraving and typography of Shakspere's age, sprawl away into regions utterly alien. The word *Bohemia* I have myself seen stretching in a curve from the Baltic to the Adriatic. And the disturbing consequences of such a mistake are none at all. But, when De Foe, with no reason whatever, places the solitary island of Robinson Crusoe on the wrong side of America—viz. on the eastern side,—he ruins the holy sequestration from man and populous cities which is the very *nidus* (that word means *nest*, Caroline) in which only the imaginative elements of Crusoe's situation can prosper. The Atlantic, even in those days, was as much vulgarised by human hurryings and impertinent transits as Fleet Street or the Palais Royal. Non-liability to intrusion, so essential a feature in the desolation of Robinson Crusoe, was at one blow annihilated by this inexplicable caprice.

Chronology, now, it is which makes large and virtual anachronisms impossible: not by arbitrary annexations of numerical dates to such or such names,—a process which the giddy Carolines of this earth forget as fast as they learn; but by grouping together and interlocking into the same system of action, or the same dramatic situations, the leading men who carry on, at any particular era, the business and moving pantomime of the world. For instance, at the great revolutionary era in Rome, which preceded our Christian era by about half a century, there were two great volcanic impulses at work. One was the impulse tending outwards to the subjugation of the known potentates lying round the Mediterranean. This moved under a secret instinct—under a necessity that could not have been evaded by Pagan Rome. But the other impulse, working within, moved towards a reconstitution of Roman society. Cæsar, the sole real patriot of his day, was not (as people fancy) a democrat. His main object was to reorganise a powerful and healthy aristocracy, that should no longer find a necessity for turning itself into an oligarchy, and for turning the democracy into a mass of

inevitable hirelings. This central pivot of the Roman policy at that era, once apprehended, assigns to all the leading factions their place, as in a drama. The history itself weaves the web of the chronology; and the chronology, once apprehended as a thing involved in the facts, when understood and constructed into systematic meaning, easily reacts upon the history by such slight efforts.

LETTER III

You, Caroline, are unaffectedly religious; nor could you be esteemed as you *are* esteemed if you were not. Irreligion (by which I mean the want of a devotional temper in the presence of mysterious and consecrated ideas), or even a tendency to latitudinarian thinking upon such ideas, is viewed with little toleration in a woman. The believing and confiding instinct is originally stronger in the female mind than in ours. There is much in the sexual position of woman to unfold this instinct. And any attempt to work against this apparent purpose of nature is felt by the delicate perceptions of woman to sit ungracefully upon herself, as an audacity of an unsexual character. Are men, therefore, privileged to be sceptical? Is the general robustness of the masculine intellect, which may be taken as a sort of natural invitation to men for confronting with boldness such speculations as seem dangerous, or for pursuing with energy such as are intricate and thorny, to be interpreted also as a warrant or natural licence for pressing onwards in that path, until all religious awe may have been swallowed up in doubt or mere distraction? Certainly not. Men have no licence stretching to that extent. Beyond the boundary and ring-fence of an ultimate faith in the capital articles of revealed truth no man can trespass without a risk of losing his compass; he cannot speculate safely so far as *that*. But *within* this boundary, and up to its extremest limits, lies an immense field of invitation to the energies of the speculative understanding—a field fertile in problems of every class. And, as to these problems, what I assert is that men lawfully, and even laudably, undertake their investigation; whereas in ladies it is more becoming, as being more in harmony with the retiring graces of

their sexual character, that they should practise a general rule of submission to the traditional belief of their own separate church, even where that belief has long been notoriously challenged as erroneous.

A case of this nature presents itself at the very threshold of Chronology. You, as a person justly scrupulous, and even timorous, on all paths that tend towards the great debating fields of religion, naturally would give me small thanks for seeking to unsettle your belief in any opinion whatever, important or not important, which seemed able to plead any scriptural sanction. But I, whose licence of inquiry (for the reason mentioned) stretches further, feel myself entitled to examine how far that opinion, *seemingly* authorised by Scripture, really *is* so in virtue and design.

The opinion which I controvert, am controverting, and *do* controvert, is this—that a Chronology for the first millennia is expressly delivered by the Old Testament. Now, every man who knows me, or knows anything of my peculiar propensities and predispositions in questions of religious belief, will be aware that whatsoever can be alleged from any book legitimately included in the canon of the Old Testament,—with one sole reserve, viz. as to the accuracy of the translation,—commands my homage and silent deference, even in those cases where I do not entirely understand it. Men are not to pick and choose the parts of the Bible which it may suit their taste to accept. Acceptable or not, luminous or obscure, I submit to every proposition in the Scriptures which is really and truly there under any sound and learned interpretation. But I am not bound to recognise as properly *there* what can be shown to be falsely translated, or to have been introduced under any preconception, either as to facts or opinions, which is now known to be erroneous. Not only am I not bound to recognise what falls under these conditions; but, where I know it to do so, or suspect that it does, I am under a stern obligation to reject it. All who have read the Bible with attention must remember that, in the very closing words of its closing book (Rev. xxii. 18, 19), a curse the profoundest is suspended over that presumptuous person who shall take away from the words uttered in the Scriptures, or—which happens to be the case

here—shall *add* to them. It was with a view to an absolute foreclosure of such frauds, and under the idea of making them impossible, that pious Jews at one era kept an exact numerical register of the words, and even the letters, contained in the Law and the acknowledged Prophets. How many were the words, which was the central word (or the two central words in any case where the whole ran to an *even* number), what word began what word ended each particular book: all these details were carefully commemorated in that register. Standard copies in the custody of the priesthood were of little avail against frauds emanating from the priests themselves, or against the destruction of such authentic copies during the confusions of war and national captivity. But it was imagined that a register of the particulars I have mentioned *was* of avail. Such a precaution seemed to offer the same sort of security against fraud or oversight in multiplying transcripts of the Scriptures as once existed for another purpose in our English Exchequer tallies, or in the irregular vandyking of indentures (when, upon any fraud, the salient angles in the original would not correspond to the re-entrant angles in the counterpart).[1] But it is the destiny of all

[1] A better illustration perhaps would be found in the Lacedæmonian *scytale*. Suppose that secret orders were sent to a Spartan general commanding at a great distance (as in Asia-Minor),—consequently under considerable risk of being intercepted by the enemy. Let these orders be written upon a ribbon,—which ribbon (according to previous concert) is to be wound spirally round a staff or truncheon confided to the general at starting. Now, in such a case all depends, as regards the legibility of the ribbon, upon the correspondence in thickness of the truncheon used by the general in relation to the particular truncheon kept at Sparta. Suppose the home truncheon to be four and a quarter inches in diameter, then the ribbon, when wound about a truncheon chosen at hap-hazard by an enemy (as, for instance, three inches in diameter), will not bring its consecutive spiral folds into proper correspondence: the whole text of the despatch would be mystified into Babylonian confusion, something like what we see continually in a London daily paper, where, from hurry at the press, a false crease (or unintentional folding of the paper for a few inches) has had the effect of bringing the initial words of several lines successively into a higher level than the remainders of those lines; so that the fourth line, for instance, in its beginning, lies level with the ending of the first line; and so on. To read across the several spires of the ribbon, it is clear that these spires must be brought into contact at the proper points of junction; which can be effected only by a staff or cylinder whose

human arts for securing protection against violence or fraud to be met and baffled by counter-arts. No fortress was ever so defended by engineering skill but that, by corresponding skill in the arts of assault, under some advantages of strength or opportunity, it might with deadly certainty be captured. And in the case before us one evasion is obvious and easy: —Supposing a long state of public confusion to throw out openings and suggestions for interested forgeries, it would always be easy, by a little management, to keep the words and the letters numerically equal to their original amount in the register; and in such a case the register itself operated as a collusive ally of the forger, by giving an apparent attestation to the non-disturbance of the text. Even at this hour, when our means of rigorously ascertaining the identity of standards from age to age is so prodigiously increased, civil confusions and intestine wars might, in a course of fifty years, defeat the whole strength of our resources. Neither brass, nor iron, nor even glass, is rigorously self-consistent as regards the simple standards of extension; all expand, all contract. And, as regards the standards of identity for the great records of human thought, of human experience, or of divine revelation, not any one of us has, singly, much advantage above our rude predecessors in the periods of Hebrew antiquity. Our only absolute advantage lies in the *multipli-*

diameter has previously been adjusted to the particular spiral sweep assumed by the writer. This was the first rude artifice invented towards a cipher. It is true that, by trying the ribbon upon a series of cylinders, gradually increasing in diameter, the solution of the difficulty would at length be attained. But it is equally true that no cipher, the most exquisite, is impregnable to the deciphering skill of the mathematician, as was demonstrated in 1645 by Wallis, when applying his science to the cabinet of letters captured in the king's coach at Naseby. [See *ante*, Vol. VIII, p. 279.—M.] However short of perfection, each of these contrivances—the ancient Spartan *scytale*, and the modern European cipher—interposes alike an obstacle between our own despatches and the enemy's power to read them; which obstacle may sometimes baffle the *skill* of the enemy, but must always have retarded him. And, even as regards that single advantage of time, there were instances in the great war with Napoleon where officers were killed in carrying hasty orders to distant quarters of the field, and the orders, of course, counteracted by the enemy; which orders, if kept in darkness for but one hour, would probably have changed the face of the campaign.

cation of Christian and intellectual nations, since thus the wrecks and the abolition of accurate remembrance effected amongst any one people by popular convulsions are insulated and narrowed in respect to their desolating results: all records having a common interest for the whole family of civilised man being now sealed, as it were, and countersigned, amongst the archives of every separate nation.

Of old, however, when one single people,—not very numerous, not very powerful, and yet exposed to continual danger by its own warlike instincts, and by its unfortunate position amongst greater nations,—was the sole depositary of religious truth during a long period of war, chequered by a captivity of two generations and a translation to a distant land, it became impossible, unless through such miracles as are nowhere alleged, that the scriptural records should *not* undergo many changes, were it only through accommodation of the language to the changes worked by time, and still more when time was aided by the interfusion of alien dialects on the banks of the Euphrates. Why is it now that, in spite of such calamities, apparently such ruinous calamities, we believe the Hebrew Scriptures, in all capital features, to have come out from that trying furnace in their native integrity, unscorched, and even unsinged? That many corruptions have crept into its text, that changes uncounted have disturbed names and successions of families, I cannot doubt. But what are such changes to us? For the Jew, so long as his memory or his traditions reached back with accuracy to the real events, and the real historical actors in those events, it was important that the text of the Scriptures should be maintained in rigorous purity; because accuracy in such points, though trivial for itself, or for any *intrinsic* value that it could claim, stood in a collateral function for a voucher of other and higher events,—secret transactions between God, on the one part, and lawgivers, leaders, prophets, on the other, representing the Hebrew people,—towards which, oftentimes, the main accrediting evidence lay in the authentic character and position of the narrator; so that, if wrong even as to trifles that were popularly known in their true and minute circumstances, he would have forfeited his claim generally to the oracular station of one

speaking from God, and interpreting the hidden counsels of God. Nothing could be trivial which stood by possibility in any relation to an issue so solemn. But, after the Babylonish Captivity, all this changed its aspects. That great and sorrowful transplantation of Jerusalem and her children to an alien land,[1] a land of exile and captivity, from which the vast majority never more returned, was the first great historical event which could thoroughly have broken up and confounded the Hebrew historical traditions. But this happened precisely at a time when those traditions ceased to be of any importance. What I mean is that, by a noticeable arrangement of Providence, the austere accuracy of the scriptural text in points of trivial importance, or of no importance at all if regarded separately for themselves, but which the bigoted and self-conceited Jew never could have been brought to esteem as trivial, gave way exactly under this catastrophe, which took away even this secondary and incidental value. The children of the Captivity, rudely shaken loose from their old remembrances, could no longer, in any later generation, find any use or purpose in recurring to these remembrances as collateral vouchers for the accuracy of other passages which rested on no such remembrances. The severe critical text of the Scriptures, therefore, precisely as to those points which were always trivial, and precisely at the time which destroyed even the trivial value, underwent a great disturbance. The

[1] "*An alien land*":—What land? With regard to the earlier captivity of the *ten* tribes, this question has often been raised as involving a great mystery. And, in particular, of late years, an American missionary, Dr. Asahel Grant, has applied himself in a separate book to its solution. But the story of the last migration, the exodus, and dispersion of the *two* tribes, is not at all better known. Dispersed they certainly were; and the traces of Hebrew remembrances lingering to this day in the names of mountains, and (as it is said) in the physiognomy of the nations amongst the mountains, of Affghanistan, of Beloochistan, and other regions approaching to the Indus, make it not improbable that, according to the Oriental custom (a custom illustrated occasionally to this day in Asiatic Muscovy), a large proportion of these Hebrew exiles in *both* captivities had been applied to the purpose of making good some casual depopulation from famine or disease in the easternmost parts of the Median Empire. At all events, the enigma is as clamorous in the one case as in the other, since the children of the second captivity, the house of Jacob and Benjamin, no more experienced any *commensurate* restoration than the children of the first.

difficulty of establishing the titles of descent and the genealogical succession even in princely families, at the time when the partial return to Jerusalem took place, and the second temple arose, satisfies me that much of the old traditional legends, which had clung, doubtless, for a time, to the Hebrew records, and for a time had done a real service in the way of strengthening the national confidence in the written annals, melted away under fervid affliction, which burned up all but grand realities. A people dislocated from each other in a multitude of cases, and not merely from their ancient home,—scattered, uncombined by any political tie, and bending under a yoke of hopeless slavery,—had no leisure for heraldic luxuries; and by the waters of Babylon they could have no heart for legendary memorials decorating a history which, for *them*, was travelling towards oblivion. In the extinction of all reasonable hope for those who looked forward, there must have perished all pleasurable sympathy with past glories for those who looked back. And, at such an era, we may be sure that all the gaieties and superfluities of Hebrew History must have gone to wreck, whilst that part of the national records that *could* survive such shocks must have been exactly that which is intrinsically indestructible: viz. the great monuments of God's intercourse with their ancestors, the imperishable grounds of the pure monotheism which distinguished themselves amongst nations, and that theory of man's relation to God which, commencing in the idea of a dreadful rebellion on the human side, ended in the idea of a corresponding restoration to be expected from the Divine goodness concurring with some mysterious agency in a Hebrew female.

How, then, I ask again, in the searching purification of the Jewish annals and traditional tales, did the divine parts of their scriptural records maintain themselves unaltered? Simply from this cause—that, resting upon eternal realities, once made known as truths to the human heart, they could not afterwards sink into oblivion or collapse. Whatsoever is fanciful and capricious falls within the empire of change. But for ideas that, by some supernatural illumination, once and for ever had opened upon the heart of one privileged people, whilst for all other peoples these ideas lay in the

profoundest darkness, change is not an affection to be apprehended. The reason why no verbal corruptions of the text could ever disturb any capital doctrine of the Bible is because such a truth is not of a nature to be reached by partial, gradual, and stealthy corruptions. That is the reason also why no mistranslations, such as exist abundantly in all European versions of the Scriptures, ever *have* availed, or *can* avail, to unsettle or for a moment to hide any cardinal truth belonging to the Christian scheme. Such a truth is not of a nature to be partially eclipsed. Dishonestly, it may be altogether suppressed. It may be hidden and withdrawn; but, uttered at all, howsoever imperfectly, it cannot be mutilated. By its own light it shines; and the least scintillation of it, being suffered to escape, immediately integrates itself into the orbicular whole.

Now, contrast (as regards the capacity of being altered, lawlessly interpolated, or in any way used corruptly) with such imperishable truths as these the ridiculous conceit of a scriptural chronology, or a scriptural cosmogony, under their ordinary representations; and you see at once that, whilst the awful truth cannot by any ingenuity be disguised or altered, on the other hand the fantastic fable cannot preserve the same features steadily through any two versions. The objections to a scriptural chronology are these: First, that any scheme of that nature, considered as a revelation, is unspeakably degrading to the majesty of God. Why should he reveal a chronology, more than a geography, more than a spelling-book? No purpose higher than the gratification of an impertinent curiosity could be answered by such a revelation. *Liberal* we sometimes call a curiosity of that nature. Yes, liberal as amongst ourselves, as amongst *human* interests. Any curiosity, not selfish, not mercenary, and not petty, but having regard to a general human concern, may laudably pass for liberal under a presupposed comparison with such other modes of curiosity as point to base, to brutal, or to childish purposes. But, as entering any category of desires connected with divine objects, all curiosity whatsoever is a profane and unspeakably irreverential affection. I remember that in the book of Esdras, when looking about for the motives which might have excluded it from the canon and

degraded it to an apocryphal rank, I stumbled upon a verse which at once settled in my mind the propriety of that adjudication. In this verse Esdras has the audacity to propound the following little *query* for God's consideration, hoping for an answer at his earliest convenience. Time, universal time, the total period of duration for this planet—suppose it to be figured as an ocean, some vast Atlantic or Pacific. That being arranged, then what Mr. Esdras modestly requires of God is—that He would be pleased to reveal the whereabouts of the said Esdras, his position in this vast ocean; or, according to the old Cambridge problem, "Given the captain's name, to determine the ship's latitude and longitude." Sailing, in short, upon this vast expanse, shoreless as regarded *his* optics, and unfathomable for any plummet of *his*, Esdras is suddenly tickled with an itch of curiosity, viz. upon this point — Was he half-way over? Supposing some mathematic line to bisect this huge ocean, had the Squire (Esdras to wit) crossed this equatorial line? Or was he, perhaps, in the very act of crossing it? Or was this act still in a remote futurity? Such is the problem when developed. But, more briefly, he asks—Was the time from the Creation to Esdras precisely equal to the time from Esdras to the destruction of the planet? Or, if unequal, was it by more or by less? On which side lay the balance? This, now, I call impudence, and not far short of profaneness. For what possible relation has the inquiry to any interest of morals or religion? How if he had demanded to know the cube-root of all the dead donkeys lying in the continent of Asia? Could that question have been consistent with the dignity even of human science? How mighty then must be its descent below the level of a Divine philosophy! And, measured by such a standard, Chronology is not at all a more elevated speculation. This is the first argument against a revealed Chronology—viz. that such a theme is far below the majesty of a heavenly revelation. A second argument is that such a revelation is impossible without a continued succession of miracles for maintaining its accuracy. Divine doctrines, doctrines that without presumption we can ascribe to God as their author, spontaneously maintain themselves (as I have recently attempted to explain)

against all the varieties of error likely to arise from the ignorance of translators, or the narrow nonconformity and unmalleability of languages. Every language of man, along with its own characteristic merits, has its own separate sources of confusion and misconception. And yet the Hebrew Scriptures have triumphed over these resisting forces in all the accessible languages of the earth. In no language or jargon do we hear of any spiritual truth failing[1] to establish itself, and to shine by its own light. And, without miracles, or anything approaching to miracles, exactly as any truth is of divine origin and nature is it capable of self-support. But truths so entirely without natural relation to the human heart as those of Chronology, —truths so arbitrary and casual, holding their place, therefore, by no anchorage in the human affections,—have no power of recovering themselves in case of disturbance from errors of transcription, or other modes of human infirmity. Truth, seated in the heart or in the reason, has a natural power of self-restoration under any accident of momentary obscuration. But truths of mere casual experience, once unsettled, have no principle of self-recall. If, therefore, any chronology *had* been sanctioned by the Scriptures, a hundred and a thousand times it would have perished under this incapacity of righting itself against the accidents, continually recurring, of direct falsification and careless transcription. To talk of collating the transcription with some supposed standard copy is to forget that, in the great majority of cases, all relations of standard and transcript are immediately lost and confounded. And, to show you, Caroline, the absolute physical impossibility of transmitting even a short fragment of a chronological record with any guarantee against ruinous

[1] This is true, at least, when the reference is to cultivated and intellectual languages. Meantime, I have a great jealousy that serious misapprehensions may have been diffused through barbarous and half-developed languages. Christianity is itself the great organ of improvement and expansion for uncultured languages. But for that very reason the language of an uncivilised people, when first applied to so spiritual a purpose as that of translating the Scriptures, is as yet presumably in an unspiritual and unexpanded condition of its powers. Not used hitherto for any spiritual purpose, it is not yet in a state of development.

errors, I will say a word or two upon a case of chronology actually introduced into the *New* Testament, viz. the descent traced for our Saviour through three periods of fourteen generations.

Even this, short and direct as it might beforehand have been presumed to be, is disfigured by errors. I do not speak of errors indicated by German infidels, but of such as are acknowledged by orthodox theologians of our own country.[1] Let us take, for instance, that particular genealogy adopted by St. Matthew. I do not stop to notice the perplexing inconsistency of this document with the prevailing theory of Christ's incarnation. The immediate purpose contemplated by the genealogist was to establish the Messiahship of Christ. Now, it was a prevailing postulate amongst the Jews that the Messiah must come from the house of David. To David, therefore, Christ is traced; but through whom? Through Joseph. But, as Joseph's paternity is utterly denied by the catholic doctrine of the incarnation, the whole genealogy on this argument alone becomes so much waste paper for us who are orthodox. This, however, as I promised, suffer me to neglect. But, next, looking at the genealogy separately for itself, we find three distinct links, insisted on by the *Old* Testament annals, actually overlooked or dropped out through inadvertence. Three generations, or about an entire century, go to wreck in that single error. Elsewhere we find the relationship of father and grandfather interchanged by mistake. But, beyond all this, I affirm that not one single clause in the whole pedigree is unequivocal, unless by an indulgent concession on the part of the reader. "C was the *son* of B, who was the *son* of A,"—seems plain enough to a modern European reader; but in Oriental phrase nothing is more vague. Christ is continually called the son of David, and yet is removed from David by a thousand years. David again is called the son of Abraham, and yet is removed from

[1] "*Of our own country*":—I was not thinking, at the time when I wrote, of any one particular divine; but, as some personal example may be demanded, I will cite that of Dr. S. Bloomfield, in his critical edition of the Greek Testament,—a work of much labour and learning, and specially designed as a bulwark *against* infidel speculations.

Abraham by a thousand years.[1] The result is this that by no effort of human ingenuity could an ancient writer, Hebrew or Greek, have drawn up a pedigree through which any clever attorney could not (in the old English phrase) have instantly driven a coach-and-six. I affirm that there is an *a priori* obstacle (that is, Caroline, a *causal* obstacle, an obstacle lying in causes that are present), — an obstacle, therefore, absolutely insurmountable in the very imperfections of ancient languages, —to any precise chronology founded upon the deduction of family descents. It is, strictly and literally, *impossible* to give such a severity to a chronological record in its phraseology as would suffice to bar all objections,—and not legal objections only, but the plain summary objections of logic and simple good sense.

But, coming now, lastly, to this particular question before us from the first—viz. the supposed Chronology of the Bible —it will be said that here a double system of computation has been adopted, in which each system becomes a check upon the other. For instance, A had for his son B, and B had C. This gives the succession of separate generations; and then, to obviate all ambiguity or cavil from the sense in which "son" is used, it is immediately added through what number of years each of the successive individuals lived. A, for instance, lived 900 years, B lived 850 years, and so on. Now, first of all, we know nothing at all, and have no means of guessing even, as to the particular sense in which the vague word "year" is employed. But, were this otherwise, the capital objection remains—that even in Greek annals, and far more so in those of the Hebrews, no scholar ever dreams of relying at this day on numerical estimates, no matter whether expressed in words or figures, unless when the value happens to be checked and guaranteed by some

[1] Writing to a young lady, I could not separately and pointedly notice the form, "A begot (ἐγεννησε) B, B begot C," etc.; and this form may be fancied to heal the ambiguity in the word *son*. Not at all. Both forms are equally ambiguous. It might be said, and often *was* said, "Abraham begot David, David begot Christ"—taking leaps of a thousand years, or thirty generations, at one bound. The inadequacy of ancient languages to the definite expressions of consanguinity is absolutely beyond the healing resources of all human skill or dexterity.

collateral and independent evidence. Except in the case of inscriptions deeply chiselled upon natural panels of rock, it may be taken for granted that we of this day do not in the very oldest MSS. read the numbers stated by the original writer, but, on the contrary, some expression that has been doctored many hundred times before reaching our generation, and has been adjusted at each several era to the particular editor's preconceptions of the matter. Add to this insurmountable objection the impossibility of supposing that it could further any Divine purpose to register the chronological periods of people often known to us only as names and shadows, or that (failing all moral uses in such a record, which, besides, could not be kept strictly self-consistent without a perpetual miracle) God would condescend to cater for our literary curiosity ; and we arrive finally not merely at a probable inference that the supposed Biblical Chronology is a pure chimera, but at the mere necessity of pronouncing it a false and degrading interpolation. Degrading I call it, meaning that it is so doubly : first, in relation to God ; and, secondly, in relation to man. God it dishonours, by imputing to him a solemn revelation for no conceivable purpose beyond that of idle amusement for man. Man, again, it dishonours, by narrowing the vast drama of which he is the central principle from that vast wheeling orbit of innumerable centuries which probably have already measured the flight of earthly time into a poor hungry fraction of hours, that could not by possibility have sufficed for the evolution of man, or for the growth and decay of the mighty empires that rose and sank between the Deluge and the Argonautic period of Greece.

We are speaking now of time as measured against the career of *man's* development. Else, and if we were speaking of it as measured against the development of man's dwelling-place, the earth, you are aware, Caroline, that we should have to postulate vast periods of time as corresponding to the enormous geological agencies now known to have been at work in preparing our planet for life—vegetable, brutal, human. This subject is not at present before us. But I refer to it as furnishing us with another illustration of the false policy pursued by the unwise defenders (because un-

sound interpreters) of the biblical philosophy. The old error of the Romish (but not at all less of the Protestant) Church in relation to Galileo is repeated to the life at this time in relation to the new science of geology. In the days of Galileo, the Church, by staking the authority of the Bible falsely and wickedly upon the credit of their own ridiculous hostility to Galileo, made it necessary for themselves, in all honour and candour, to acknowledge that philosopher finally in the character of a victor over the Bible. Was he such? No; nor did he pretend to any such vain distinction. They it was, his Church enemies, that practically gave him such a triumph,—which, for himself, he neither sought nor gained. They it was that insisted senselessly upon matching the philosopher in an imaginary duel with the Bible. The same case essentially is revolving upon us with regard to the geologists. Between them and the Old Testament there is not even a verbal or a seeming collision. In six days God created the heavens and the earth. But the word "*day*" is uniformly a mystical word in Scripture. The 1260 days of Daniel, for instance, who has ever been weak enough to understand as the days which measure the rotation of the earth upon its own axis? The word "day" *does* mean this in such passages of the Bible as concern the dealings of man with man. But invariably in passages that concern the dealings of God with man it bears a mystical sense, in which, evidently, it expresses some vast compass of time. Taken in this sense, the measurement of the cosmogony as accomplished in six days is no doubt philosophically exact, pointing to six great stages of unknown duration through which the planet itself as man's dwelling, secondly, the furniture of that dwelling, and, thirdly, man himself, as its tenant, were slowly matured. Between Geology and the Mosaical Cosmogony of Genesis there is not the shadow of any real hostility. But mark the mischief which is worked for the Bible by its pretended defenders. You might suppose the worst result to be that their efforts at defence where no defence was called for would be found superfluous. Not so. By planting the Bible in a position of supposed antagonism to the advancing science—then, as it is past all doubt that the science will establish its own doctrines, simply through these false

champions it will be brought about (as already it *has* been to some limited extent) that every victory on the part of Geology (victory I mean over ancient ignorance and darkness) will sound to the popular ear as a defeat of the Bible, simply through this weak (and, one might think, perfidious) trick of finding out an imaginary enmity in the Scriptures to every novelty in science that, for one moment, and whilst imperfectly developed, wears a shape of inconsistency.

Not with the Bible, but with most ignorant interpretations of the Bible, has it happened that scientific progress has seemed to be won at the cost of religious truth. The real relations of Christian truth to the truths of science and philosophy, and for what reason it became a mere necessity that Christ should acquiesce passively in popular errors—upon astronomy, for instance—I have endeavoured to explain elsewhere.[1] One reason was that his mission had no reference to the interests of science, and would have degraded itself by descending to such interests. But the paramount reason lay in this —that any concession, the very slightest, in that direction, even to the extent of using accurate language in speaking of astronomical phenomena, would instantly have landed him in the necessity of explanations, justifications, disputes, refutations, that would have exhausted his entire time, had it been ten thousand times more than it was, in speculations utterly foreign to his real business on earth. People thoughtlessly imagine that he might once for all have set himself right by the tenor of his own language in relation to the futurities of science, and thenceforward have neglected the subject. But they forget that he would not have been allowed to neglect it. The shock given to people's prejudices by the extreme singularity of a language in the teeth of all that was supposed true or even possible would have drawn off the universal attention from moral questions to physical. A fiery persecution of dispute and ridicule would have baited him, from which he would have vainly sought for retreat, unless in the acknowledgment that he had spoken rashly or even deliriously ; which acknowledgment would surely have done no service

[1] See *ante*, Vol. VIII, pp. 35-41, and pp. 280-284, where the same view is expounded more at length.—M.

to his pretensions as a moral preacher and the inaugurator of a mighty spiritual revolution. Under this crushing necessity, and then only to the extent of complying with the popular language—a compliance, observe, which the greatest astronomers practise at this day, rather than appear pedantically correct—there *may* have been the shadow of a sanction given in the Scriptures to false notions in science. Farther than this, or the suspicion of this, it is impossible to charge upon Scripture one solitary expression of discountenance to scientific truth. Yet, in the Galileo case, this was the effect of the policy pursued by those who attacked him as at war with the science of the Bible. By *their* mode of treating the case, they not only did in effect charge the Scriptures with such a discountenance, but, if *they* had been right in insisting upon an antinomy between the Tuscan philosopher and the Scriptures, they ended by scandalously inflicting upon those Scriptures the opprobrium of a defeat. Galileo triumphed; and, if (as they alleged) he was in polar opposition to the Bible, then he triumphed over the Bible. This result they had not generally the candour to acknowledge, but stole silently away from the contest when it was no longer tenable. The same issue will attend the Geology dispute. The reasonable and candid amongst the anti-geologists will gradually be won over to see that the opposition of the Mosaic hypothesis is merely a pretended opposition, founded on a puerile literality in the interpretation of the Mosaic phraseology; and gradually the most religious men will come to perceive a mystical harmony between the views of Genesis and the views of austere science. Others, on the contrary, obstinate to the last, will contend as long as they can, and then retire without owning any defeat. The same game will be played as to Chronology. As an ancient bed-ridden faith, it will be maintained as an inert and idle hypothesis; though, beyond a doubt, as a mere interpolation of man, it stands under the curse denounced upon those who *add* fictions of their own to the finished Oracles of Scripture.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH MANNERS[1]

An impression prevails pretty generally that the manners of our French neighbours are more polished than our own ; and by most people this is *assumed* as a thing conceded even amongst ourselves, who are the persons most interested in denying it. A concession, however, made in ignorance avails nothing. Such a concession argues the candour of the conceding party, but not therefore the truth of the charge. We English are ready enough to tax our countrymen with such vices of deportment or habits as are flagrantly obtrusive, and sometimes even with such as are altogether imaginary.[2] A fault is not necessarily a real one because it happens to be denounced by English people as an English fault ; nor, if it

[1] Appeared originally in one of the numbers of *Hogg's Instructor* for 1850 (vol. v, new series, pp. 33-35) : reprinted by De Quincey in 1858, in vol. ix of his Collected Writings.—M.

[2] Witness the malicious charge against all of us English, so current in the mouths of both Frenchmen and the English themselves, that, from aristocratic jealousies as to the rank and pretensions of parties not personally known and guaranteed to us, we avoid on the Continent beyond all other society that of our own countrymen. If this were even true, there might be alleged some reasons for it not altogether illiberal. Meantime it happens that the very contradictory charge to this exists as a standing reproach to the English in our own literature. From Lord Chesterfield's days downwards to this present era, it has been made an argument of our national absurdity that we English herd only with our countrymen—that we do not *virtually* quit England—and that in this way we only of all European nations fail to improve by travel ; refusing, in fact, to benefit by that extended experience which originally had been the ostensible object of our travels. Malignant calumniator, whether foreign or (as too often happens) native English, reconcile these charges, if you can !

were so, ought we to lay any great stress upon it, so long as it is demonstrable that these same English accusers have overlooked the counterbalancing fault in the particular nation with which they are comparing us. We, for our part, cannot afford to be so candid as all *that*. Candour is a very costly virtue: it costs us a most distressing effort of mind to confess anything, however true, against ourselves or against our country, unless when we have a "consideration" for doing so. In the present case we shall find this consideration in the power of retaliation upon the French by means of corresponding exceptions to *their* manners. Luckily, if *we* offend in one way, *they* offend not less conspicuously in another. Having this set-off against our ancient enemy, we are not indisposed to admit the truth against ourselves; which else it would have been quite out of the question to expect of us.

The idea involved in what we call *manners* is a very complex one; and in some of its elements, as we may have occasion to show farther on, it represents qualities of character (or also of temperament) that are perfectly neutral as regards the *social* expression of manners. This social expression, which is the chief thing that men think of when describing manners as good or bad, lies in two capital features: first of all, in respect for others; secondly, in self-respect. Now, the English fail too often in the first, the French in the second. *There* is the balance. The French have reason to take *us* for models in all which regards the second; we *them* as regards the first.

The term "*respect* for others" may seem too strong for the case. *Respect*, in its graver expressions, may have no opening for itself in casual intercourse with strangers. But simple decency of appearance, and decorum of manner, warrant that limited mode of respect which expresses itself by courtesy and affability. You listen to the stranger with complaisance; you answer him with cheerfulness. So much of attention might be justified in the most aristocratic country by a decent exterior, by a demeanour not brutal, and by a style of conversation not absolutely repulsive. Here it is, and in all cases where the relation between strangers rests upon the simple footing of their common humanity, that the Frenchman has so great an advantage over the Englishman. Every Frenchman has been trained from his infancy to re-

cognise in all human beings an indefeasible claim upon his civility. To listen without visible impatience upon being asked by a stranger for information,—to answer without abruptness or marked expression of hurry,—the Frenchman considers a mere debt to the universal rights of human nature; and to refuse the payment of a debt so easily settled he would regard as a dishonour to himself. The Englishman, on the other hand, in the same circumstances, is too often morose and churlish; he answers fretfully, hurriedly, and briefly, as to one who is interrupting him unseasonably, or even robbing him of his time; and at any rate it is rare that he answers as if he had a pleasure in giving the information asked. This tone of harshness and incivility it is that constantly deters people of quick sensibility from addressing themselves at random, in any case of difficulty, to the street-passengers in London. Often have we observed timid or nervous people drawing up into a corner, and anxiously reviewing the stream of passing faces, in order to select one that might promise patience enough and kindness for enduring the interruption. This repulsive aspect of British manners wears even an exaggerated shape in Scotland. London is not half so uncivilized in this respect as some of the Lowland Scottish cities. Ask a question of ten successive passengers, and nine of the answers will give you reason to wish that you had held your tongue. Even sexual gallantry avails not always to prompt courtesy. A handsome young lady from the Northern Highlands of Scotland, used to the courtesy of her Celtic countrymen (for the Scotch Highlanders have no resemblance in this point to the Lowland Scotch), told us that on her first visit to Glasgow, happening to inquire her way of a working-man, instead of any direction whatever, she received a lecture for her presumption in supposing that "folk" had nothing else to do but to answer idle people's questions. This was her first application. Her second was less mortifying, but equally unprofitable. The man in that second case uttered no word at all, civil or uncivil; but, with a semicircular wave backwards of his right arm, jerked his right thumb over his right shoulder; after which he repeated the same manœuvre with his left arm, left thumb, and left shoulder—leaving the young Inverness-shire lady utterly mystified by his hieroglyphics,

which to this hour she has not solved, though still thankful that he had forborne to lecture her.

At first sight, then, it may be easily imagined how fascinating[1] is the aspect of a society moulded by French courtesy, coming in direct succession to that harsher form which society wears in the streets of this island. And yet even this French courtesy has been the object of suspicion in reference to its real origin. Mr. Scott of Aberdeen, a celebrated man in his day,[2] was assured, during one of his French tours, and not by any envious foreigner, but by a discerning Frenchman, that the true ground of French affability was not any superior kindness of heart disposable for petty occasions, but the national love of talking. A Frenchwoman comes out of her road, or leaves her shop, in order to finish her instructions as to your proper route, so that mistake shall be impossible. She does this with an *empressement* that seems truly amiable, because apparently altogether disinterested. "By no means," said her cynical countryman to Mr. Scott;

[1] A Glasgow or Paisley man, who published an account of his tour to Paris some 16 or 18 years ago, furnishes a memorable illustration of the profound impression made on him by a sudden transition from his native country to France. He professes himself a rigid Presbyterian, and everywhere shows a bigoted hatred of Popery, which at times expresses itself most indecorously. For instance, as one shocking and abominable expression of his own rancorous bigotry (which it is to be hoped that the most frantic of Presbyterian zealots would indignantly disown as at all within the limits of toleration), he acknowledges a vehement impulse driving him towards some public outrage or expression of scorn to the ceremonial and public services of the national religion; in particular he owns a rabid desire to spit into the vessel of holy water at the church-doors. Yet, in spite of this insane bigotry, such was his astonishment at the general courtesy amongst the French, and such was his sense of the public peace produced by this courtesy, combined with general sobriety, that he seriously propounds the question: whether even the sacrifice of Protestant purity, and the adoption of Popery, would not be a cheap price to pay, if by such changes—changes, remember, in what *he* considers the supreme of all truths—it were possible to purchase these French advantages of quiet and refinement.

[2] "*His day*":—viz. the day of Waterloo and six years later. He died in 1821 from the consequences of a duel fought in a hot summer season: with cooler weather, his wounds were not of a dangerous class. He published two celebrated Tours to the Continent: one after the first conquest of Paris in 1814, and a second after Waterloo. [See *ante*, Vol. III, p. 127, footnote.—M.]

"not all disinterested. What she seeks to gratify is far less any temper of general kindliness than the furious passion for hearing herself talk. Garrulity is what you gentlemen from England have mistaken for diffusive courtesy." There *is* so far a foundation for this caustic remark, that undoubtedly the French are the most garrulous people upon earth. Look into the novels of Eugene Sue and of Dumas,—which reflect pretty accurately the external features of Parisian society,—and you will perceive how indispensable to the daily comfort of the general population is copious talking and unlimited indulgence of petty personal curiosity. These habits naturally support and strengthen the auxiliary habit of cheerful politeness. To tempt others into the spirit of communicativeness, it is indispensable to open their hearts by courteous and genial treatment. But, allowing for this undoubted national infirmity, viz. the intense predisposition to gossiping and *commérage*, it still remains undeniable that the French, with less of a profound or impassioned benignity than some of their neighbours, have more by a great deal of that light-hearted surface good-nature which applies itself to trivial and uncostly services.

The garrulity of the French temperament, therefore, if it mingles a little as a selfish element in the French affability, is yet so far valuable as it offers a collateral pledge for its continuance. This demur, therefore, will not seriously disturb the pretensions of the French to the most *amiable* form of national politeness that has ever descended deeply amongst the body of the people. But another demur there is,—not suggested by any countryman of their own, but irresistibly forced upon the notice of us islanders by the clamorous contrast with our own manners,—which *does* undoubtedly probe the value of their refinement in a way painfully humiliating. Ask any candid and *observing* tourist in France for the result of his experience, and he will agree that generally at the *table-d'hôte*, and especially when the company is composed chiefly of flying travellers, the French manifest a selfishness and an exclusiveness of attention to their own comfort which is shocking to a native of this country. In thorough contradiction to the prevailing notions of this country,—which, on such subjects, are almost uniformly unsound,—the French, nationally, are great eaters. They

and the Germans are the two most gormandizing races in Europe. This gratification is not for a moment laid under any restraint by the verbal sacrifices to civility. The dishes are rifled of their best luxuries in the same unblushing spirit of selfishness which would govern most of us in escaping from a burning theatre. Of course no individual experience is sufficient for sustaining this as a *national* charge; but we have heard concurrent testimonies from many travellers to the same effect, all tending to show a general selfishness amongst the French in any similar case of competition which the cloak of external and verbal politeness does but the more powerfully expose. Such an exposure, if true and unexaggerated, stands out in violent contrast to all that we have ourselves observed of British life. Through a course of many years' familiarity with our own mails and other public carriages, we never once witnessed a dinner at which the spirit of mutual attention and self-sacrifice did not preside.

Even in respect for others, therefore, where generally the French so much excel ourselves, yet, when a selfish interest thwarts the natural tendency of their manners, this tendency appears to give way. But it is in *self*-respect that the French most of all betray their inferiority; and here it is that the countervailing excellence of British manners asserts itself. The stern and too often surly Briton, whether Englishman or Scotchman, is saved by this very form of unamiableness from the pettiness of garrulity. If sometimes he is disagreeable, at least he is not undignified; if he presents an unattractive phasis to society, at any rate he is not unmanly. Now, of all unmanliness,—intellectually, though not morally, speaking,—the habits of gossip and loquaciousness are about the most degrading.

Yet gossiping and garrulity are not the most prominent infirmities by which the French betray their deficient self-respect. Gesticulation, as an inseparable organ of French conversation, is even more immediately disfiguring to the ideal of personal dignity. A gesticulating nation cannot be a dignified nation. A running accompaniment of pantomime may be picturesque, and in harmony with the general vivacity amongst harlequins and columbines, but cannot for a moment reconcile itself with any authentic standard of human dignity.

The French have been notorious through generations for their puerile affectation of Roman forms, models, and historic precedents; and yet, beyond all other races known to history, the Roman is that which it would be most difficult to represent as expressing the grandeur of its purposes by gesticulation or histrionic pantomime.

This feature of French manners, and the essential degradation which cleaves to it, ought to be kept before the public eye at this moment, when not only the increasing intercourse with France, but also the insensible contagion from our own popular novels,—too often written by those who are semi-denizens of Paris,—violently tend to the transfiguration of our own ideals, so greatly superior in this particular to those of France. In many of these novels we have it said as a matter of course that A or B "shrugged his shoulders." But what Englishman, unless ridiculously metamorphosed by Paris, so as absolutely to have forgotten his own native usages, ever uses this odious gesture, or *could* use it with any hope of not disgusting his audience? not to mention other forms of pantomime still more degrading, though countenanced by good society in Paris (such, for example, as the application of the finger to the side of the nostrils, together with an accompanying advancement of the face, by way of expressing a signal of knowingness or insinuation of secret understanding). Even the words and phrases imported by our novels, and which are already settling into vernacular use, are sometimes fitted to import also the vulgar sentiment which they embody. Twenty-five years ago the vile ejaculation "*Bah!*" was utterly unknown to the English public. Now, and entirely through the currency given to it by our own novels, it has become the most popular expression for dismissing with contempt any opinion or suggestion of the person with whom you are conversing. Sir Edward Lytton was amongst the earliest and deepest offenders. Anything more brutal or more insolent, in the way of summary contempt, cannot be imagined. To reject your companion's thoughts may sometimes be requisite in mere sincerity; but to do so with this plebeian want of consideration, leaving behind it the same sense of a stinging insult as would follow the act of puffing the smoke from a tobacco-pipe into your

face, is a striking instance of the real coarseness which too often creeps amongst the refinements of the French.

This instance, by the way, illustrates also the fact that the French swerve at times from the law of respect to others not less grossly (though less frequently) than from the law of self-respect; and it is worthy of remark that they swerve *uniformly* from the proper tone of respect for others when it happens that this respect is precluded from expressing itself (as between equals it does) by means of kindness and courtesy. Thus in the intercourse between master and servant the French always hold a false tone, whether in real life, or in the imitations of the drama. The French master is never dignified, though he may chance to be tyrannical; and the French servant, without meaning to be so, is always disrespectfully familiar. The late Lady Blessington well illustrated the difference between a French and an English footman. "If," said she, "I ask my English servant any question " about the residence and occupation of a petitioner who may " have called to solicit charity, he answers rigorously to the " particular questions I put; not by one hair's-breadth does " he allow himself to wander into circumstances about which " I have not questioned him. But the Frenchman fancies " himself called upon to give his opinion upon every point, " however remotely connected with my inquiries. He lives " himself in volumes of garrulity, and, without designing any " disrespect, practically by his voluble manner forgets that " he is speaking to his mistress."

To the manners of a nation belong also its usages; and some of these amongst the French are essentially vulgar. That field would lead us too far. But in the meantime, when peace and the increasing facilities of locomotion are annually bringing us more and more within French influence, it may have a reasonable use to direct the thoughts upon the current prejudice that French manners furnish any absolute model,—to separate that which is really good and beautiful from that which rests upon false foundations,—and, by suggesting a spirit of jealous discrimination in relation to foreign manners, eventually to warn us against exotic forms of coxcombry, and sometimes against exotic forms of sheer slang and brutality.

PRESENCE OF MIND

A FRAGMENT[1]

THE Roman *formula* for summoning an earnest concentration of the faculties upon any object whatever that happened to be critically urgent was *Hoc age*, "Mind *this*!" or, in other words, do not mind *that*. The antithetic formula was "*aliud agere*," to mind something alien, or remote from the interest then clamouring for attention. Our modern military orders of "*Attention!*" and "*Eyes straight!*" were both included in the *Hoc age*. In the stern peremptoriness of this Roman formula we read a picturesque expression of the Roman character both as to its strength and its weakness: of the energy which brooked no faltering or delay (for beyond all other races the Roman was *natus rebus agendis*), and also of the morbid craving for action which was intolerant of anything but the intensely practical. In modern times it is we of the Anglo-Saxon blood,—that is, the British and the Americans of the United States,—who inherit the Roman temperament, with its vices and its fearful advantages of power. In the ancient Roman these vices appeared more barbarously conspicuous. We, the countrymen of Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton, and at one time the leaders of austere thinking, cannot be supposed to shrink from the speculative through any native incapacity for sounding its depths. But the Roman had a real inaptitude for the specu-

[1] Appeared originally in one of the numbers of *Hogg's Instructor* for 1850 (vol. v, new series, pp. 193-195): reprinted in 1860 in the last volume of De Quincey's edition of his Collective Writings.—M.

lative ; to *him* nothing was real that was not practical. He had no metaphysics ; he wanted the metaphysical instinct. It is a strange distinction amongst races and nations that, of men having a literature, the Roman, and the Roman only, had no metaphysics. There was no school of *native* Roman philosophy: the Roman was merely an eclectic or *dilettante,* picking up the crumbs which fell from Grecian tables ; and even mathematics was so repulsive in its sublimer aspects to the Roman mind that the very word mathematics had in Rome collapsed into another name for the dotages of astrology. The mathematician was a mere variety of expression for the wizard or the conjuror.

From this unfavourable aspect of the Roman intellect it is but justice that we should turn away to contemplate those situations in which that same intellect showed itself preternaturally strong. To face a sudden danger by a corresponding weight of sudden counsel or sudden evasion,—*that* was a privilege essentially lodged in the Roman mind. But in every nation some minds much more than others are representative of the national type: they are normal minds, reflecting, as in a focus, the characteristics of the race. Thus Louis XIV has been held to be the idealized expression of the French character ; and amongst the Romans there cannot be a doubt that the first Cæsar offers in a rare perfection the revelation of that peculiar grandeur which belonged to the children of Romulus.

What *was* that grandeur? We do not need, in this place, to attempt its analysis. One feature will suffice for our purpose. The late celebrated John Foster, in his essay on Decision of Character,[1] amongst the accidents of life which might serve to strengthen the natural tendencies to such a character, or to promote its development, rightly insists on *desertion.* To find itself in solitude, and still more to find itself thrown upon that state of abandonment by sudden treachery, crushes the feeble mind, but rouses a terrific reaction of haughty self-assertion in that order of spirits which matches and measures itself against difficulty and danger. There is something corresponding to this case of human treachery in the sudden caprices of fortune. A danger offer-

[1] See *ante,* Vol. XI, pp. 335-341.—M.

ing itself unexpectedly in some momentary change of blind external agencies assumes to the feelings the character of a perfidy accomplished by mysterious powers, and calls forth something of the same resentment, and in a gladiatorial intellect something of the same spontaneous resistance. A sword that breaks in the very crisis of a duel, a horse killed by a flash of lightning in the moment of collision with the enemy, a bridge carried away by an avalanche at the instant of a commencing retreat, affect the feelings like dramatic incidents emanating from a human will. This man they confound and paralyse; that man they rouse into resistance as by a personal provocation and insult. And, if it happens that these opposite effects show themselves in cases wearing a national importance, they raise what would else have been a mere casualty into the tragic or the epic grandeur of a fatality. The superb character, for instance, of Cæsar's intellect throws a colossal shadow, as of predestination, over the most trivial incidents of his career. On the morning of Pharsalia, every man who reads a record of that mighty event feels, by a secret instinct,[1] that an earthquake is approaching which must determine the final distribution of the ground, and the relations amongst the whole family of man through a thousand generations. Precisely the inverse case is realised in some modern sections of history, where the feebleness or the inertia of the presiding intellect communicates a character of triviality to events that otherwise are of paramount historical importance. In Cæsar's case, simply through the perfection of his preparations arrayed against all conceivable contingencies, there is an impression left as of some incarnate Providence, veiled in a human form, ranging through the ranks of the legions; whilst, on the contrary, in the modern cases to which we allude, a mission, seemingly authorized by inspiration, is suddenly quenched, like a torch falling into water, by the careless character of the superintending intellect. Neither case is without its appropriate interest.

[1] "*Feels by a secret instinct*":—A sentiment of this nature is finely expressed by Lucan in the passage beginning, "Advenisse diem," &c. The circumstance by which Lucan chiefly defeats the grandeur and simplicities of the truth is the monstrous numerical exaggeration of the combatants and the killed at Pharsalia.

The spectacle of a vast historical dependency pre-organized by an intellect of unusual grandeur wears the grace of congruity and reciprocal proportion. And, on the other hand, a series of mighty events contingent upon the motion this way or that of a frivolous hand, or suspended on the breath of caprice, suggests the wild and fantastic disproportions of ordinary life, where the mighty masquerade moves on for ever through successions of the gay and the solemn, of the petty and the majestic.

Cæsar's cast of character owed its impressiveness to the combination which it offered of moral grandeur and monumental immobility, such as we see in Marius, with the dazzling intellectual versatility found in the Gracchi, in Sylla, in Catiline, in Antony. The comprehension and the absolute perfection of his prescience did not escape the eye of Lucan, who describes him as "*nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.*" A fine lambent gleam of his character escapes also in that magnificent fraction of a like sketch where he is described as one incapable of learning the style and sentiments suited to a private interest, "*indocilis privata loqui.*"

There has been a disposition manifested amongst modern writers to disturb the traditional characters of Cæsar and his chief antagonist. Audaciously to disparage Cæsar, and, without a shadow of any new historic grounds, to exalt his feeble competitor, has been adopted as the best chance for filling up the mighty gulf between them. Lord Brougham, for instance, on occasion of a dinner given by the Cinque Ports at Dover to the Duke of Wellington, vainly attempted to raise our countryman by unfounded and romantic depreciations of Cæsar. He alleged that Cæsar had contended only with barbarians. Now, *that* happens to be the literal truth as regards Pompey. The victories on which his early reputation was built were won from semi-barbarians: luxurious, it is true, but also effeminate in a degree never suspected at Rome until the next generation. The slight but summary contest of Cæsar with Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates, dissipated at once the cloud of ignorance in which Rome had been involved on this subject by the vast distance and the total want of familiarity with Oriental habits. But Cæsar's chief

antagonists, those whom Lord Brougham specially indicated, viz. the Gauls, were *not* barbarians. As a military people, they were in a state of civilisation next to that of the Romans. They were quite as much *aguerris*, hardened and seasoned to war, as the children of Rome. In certain military habits they were even superior. For purposes of war four races were then pre-eminent in Europe: viz. the Romans, the Macedonians, certain select tribes amongst the mixed population of the Spanish Peninsula, and finally the Gauls. These were all open to the recruiting-parties of Cæsar; and amongst them all he had deliberately assigned his preference to the Gauls. The famous legion who carried the *Alauda* (the lark) upon their helmets was raised in Gaul from Cæsar's private funds. They composed a select and favoured division in his army, and, together with the famous tenth legion, constituted a third part of his forces,—a third numerically on the day of battle, but virtually a half. Even the rest of Cæsar's army had been for so long a space recruited in the Gauls, Transalpine as well as Cisalpine, that at Pharsalia the bulk of his forces is known to have been Gaulish. There were more reasons than one for concealing that fact. The policy of Cæsar was to conceal it not less from Rome than from the army itself. But the truth became known at last to all wary observers. Lord Brougham's objection to the quality of Cæsar's enemies falls away at once when it is collated with the deliberate composition of Cæsar's own army. Besides that, Cæsar's enemies were *not* in any exclusive sense Gauls. The German tribes, the Spanish, the Helvetian, the Illyrian, Africans of every race and Moors, the islanders of the Mediterranean, and the mixed populations of Asia, had all been faced by Cæsar. And, if it is alleged that the forces of Pompey, however superior in numbers, were at Pharsalia largely composed of an Asiatic rabble, the answer is that precisely of such a rabble were the hostile armies composed from which he had won his laurels. False and windy reputations are sown thickly in history; but never was there a reputation more thoroughly histrionic than that of Pompey. The late Dr. Arnold of Rugby, amongst a million of other crotchets, did (it is true) make a pet of Pompey; and he was encouraged in this caprice (which had for its origin the

doctor's *political*[1] animosity to Cæsar) by one military critic, viz. Sir William Napier. This distinguished soldier conveyed messages to Dr. Arnold warning him against the popular notion that Pompey was a poor strategist. Now, had there been any Roman state-paper office which Sir William could be supposed to have searched and weighed against the statements of surviving history, we might, in deference to Sir William's great experience and talents, have consented to a rehearing of the case. Unfortunately, no new materials have been discovered; nor is it alleged that the old ones are capable of being thrown into new combinations, so as to reverse or to suspend the old adjudications. The judgment of history stands; and amongst the records which it involves none is more striking than this—that, whilst Cæsar and Pompey were equally assaulted by sudden surprises, the first invariably met the sudden danger (sudden, but never unlooked for) by counter-resources of evasion. He showed a new front as often as his situation exposed a new peril. At Pharsalia, where the cavalry of Pompey was far superior to

[1] It is very evident that Dr. Arnold could not have understood the position of politics in Rome when he allowed himself to make a favourite of Pompey. The doctor hated aristocrats as he hated the gates of Erebus. Now, Pompey was not only the leader of a most selfish aristocracy, but also their tool. Secondly, as if this were not bad enough, that section of the aristocracy to which he had dedicated his services was an odious oligarchy; and to this oligarchy, again, though nominally its head, he was in effect the most submissive of tools. Cæsar, on the other hand, if a democrat in the sense of working by democratic agencies, was bending all his efforts to the reconstruction of a new, purer, and enlarged aristocracy, no longer reduced to the necessity of buying and selling the people in mere self-defence. The everlasting war of bribery, operating upon universal poverty, the internal disease of Roman society, would have been redressed by Cæsar's measures, and *was* redressed according to the degree in which those measures were really brought into action. New judicatures were wanted, new judicial laws, a new aristocracy, by slow degrees a new people, and the right of suffrage exercised within new restrictions: all these things were needed for the cleansing of Rome; and that Cæsar would have accomplished this labour of Hercules was the true cause of his assassination. The scoundrels of the oligarchy felt their doom to be approaching. It was the just remark of Napoleon that Brutus (but still more, we may say, Cicero), though falsely accredited as a patriot, was, in fact, the most exclusive and the most selfish of aristocrats.

his own, he anticipated and was in full readiness for the particular manœuvre by which it was attempted to make this superiority available against himself. By a new formation of his troops he foiled the attack, and caused it to recoil upon the enemy. Had Pompey, then, no rejoinder ready for meeting this reply? No. His one arrow being shot, his quiver was exhausted. Without an effort at parrying any longer, the mighty game was surrendered as desperate. "Check to the king!" was heard in silent submission; and no further stratagem was invoked, even in silent prayer, but the stratagem of flight. Yet Cæsar himself, objects a celebrated doctor (viz. Bishop Warburton), was reduced by his own rashness at Alexandria to a condition of peril and embarrassment not less alarming than the condition of Pompey at Pharsalia. How far this surprise might be reconcilable with Cæsar's military credit is a question yet undecided; but this at least is certain, that he was equal to the occasion; and, if the surprise was all but fatal, the evasion was all but miraculous. Many were the sudden surprises which Cæsar had to face before and after this—on the shores of Britain, at Marseilles, at Munda, at Thapsus; from all of which he issued triumphantly, failing only as to that final one from which he had in pure nobility of heart announced his determination to shelter himself under no precautions.

Such cases of personal danger and escape are exciting to the imagination, from the disproportion between the interests of an individual and the interests of a whole nation which for the moment happen to be concurrent. The death or the escape of Cæsar at one moment rather than another would make a difference in the destiny of the human race. And in kind, though not in degree, the same interest has frequently attached to the fortunes of a prince or military leader. Effectually the same dramatic character belongs to any struggle with sudden danger, though not (like Cæsar's) successful. That it was *not* successful becomes a new reason for pursuing it with interest; since equally in that result as in one more triumphant we read the altered course by which History is henceforward destined to flow.

For instance, how much depended—what a weight of history hung in suspense—upon the evasions, or attempts at

evasion, of Charles I. He was a prince of great ability; and yet it confounds us to observe with how little of foresight, or of circumstantial inquiry, either as regarded things or persons, he entered upon those difficult enterprises of escape from the vigilance of military guardians. His first escape, viz. that into the Scottish camp before Newark, was not surrounded with any circumstances of difficulty. His second escape, from Hampton Court, had become a matter of more urgent policy, and was proportionally more difficult of execution. He was attended on that occasion by two gentlemen (Berkley and Ashburnham) upon whose qualities of courage and readiness, and upon whose acquaintance with the accidents, local or personal, that surrounded their path, all was staked. Yet one of these gentlemen was always suspected of treachery; and both were imbecile as regarded that sort of wisdom on which it was possible for a royal person to rely. Had the questions likely to arise been such as belong to a masquerading adventure, these gentlemen might have been qualified for the situation. As it was, they sank in mere distraction under the responsibilities of the occasion. The King was as yet in safety. At Lord Southampton's country mansion he enjoyed the protection of a loyal family ready to face any risk in his behalf; and his retreat was entirely concealed. Suddenly this scene changes. The military commander in the Isle of Wight is *gratuitously* made acquainted with the king's situation, and brought into his presence, together with a military guard, though no effort had been made to exact securities from his honour in behalf of the king. His single object was evidently to arrest the king. His military honour, his duty to the Parliament, his private interest, all pointed to the same result, viz. the immediate apprehension of the fugitive prince. What was there in the opposite scale to set against these notorious motives? Simply the fact that he was nephew to the king's favourite chaplain, Dr. Hammond. What rational man, in a case of that nature, would have relied upon so poor a trifle? Yet even this inconsiderable bias was much more than balanced by another of the same kind, but in the opposite direction. Colonel Hammond was nephew to the king's chaplain; so far good; but in the meantime he was the husband of Cromwell's

niece ; and upon Cromwell privately, and the whole faction of the Independents politically, he relied for all his hopes of advancement. The result was that, from mere inertia of mind and criminal negligence in his two attendants, the poor king had run right into the custody of the very jailer whom his enemies would have selected by preference.

Thus, then, from fear of being made a prisoner, Charles had quietly walked into the military rat-trap of Carisbrook Castle. The very security of this prison, however, might throw the governor off his guard. Another escape might be possible ; and again an escape was arranged. It reads like some leaf torn from the records of a lunatic hospital, to hear its circumstances, and the particular point upon which it founded. Charles was to make his exit through a window. This window, however, was fenced by iron bars ; and these bars had been to a certain extent eaten through with *aqua-fortis*. The king had succeeded in pushing his head through, and upon that result he relied for his escape ; for he connected this trial with the following strange maxim or postulate, viz. that wheresoever the head could pass there the whole person could pass. It needs not to be said that, in the final experiment, this absurd rule was found not to hold good. The king stuck fast about the chest and shoulders, and was extricated with some difficulty. Had it even been otherwise, the attempt would have failed ; for, on looking down from amidst the iron bars, the king beheld, in the imperfect light, a number of people who were not amongst his accomplices.

Equal in fatuity, almost one hundred and fifty years later, were the several attempts at escape concerted on behalf of the French royal family. The abortive escape to Varennes is now familiarly known to all the world, and impeaches the good sense of the king himself not less than of his friends. The arrangements for the falling in with the cavalry escort could not have been worse managed had they been intrusted to children. But even the general outline of the scheme,—an escape in a collective family party, father, mother, children and servants—and the king himself, whose features, by means of the coinage, were known to millions, not even withdrawing himself from the public gaze at the stations for changing

horses,—all this is calculated to perplex and sadden the pitying reader with the idea that some supernatural infatuation had bewildered the predestined victims. Meantime an earlier escape than this to Varennes had been planned, viz. to Brussels. The preparations for this, which have been narrated by Madame de Campan, were conducted with a disregard of concealment even more astounding to people of ordinary good sense. "Do you really need to escape at all?" would have been the question of many a lunatic: "if you do, surely you need also to disguise your preparations for escape."

But alike the madness or the providential wisdom of such attempts commands our profoundest interest: alike whether conducted by a Cæsar or by the helpless members of families utterly unfitted to act independently for themselves. These attempts belong to History, and it is in that relation that they become philosophically so impressive. Generations through an infinite series are contemplated by us as silently awaiting the turning of a sentinel round a corner, or the casual echo of a footstep. Dynasties have trepidated on the chances of a sudden cry from an infant carried in a basket; and the safety of Empires has been suspended, like the descent of an avalanche, upon the moment earlier or the moment later of a cough or a sneeze. And, high above all, ascends solemnly the philosophic truth that the least things and the greatest are bound together as elements equally essential to the mysterious universe.

THE CHINESE QUESTION IN 1857

[BRITISH commerce with China, the real beginnings of which date from the early part of the seventeenth century, had been long impeded and crippled by being confined, in conformity with the traditional Chinese policy of exclusiveness, to the single port of Canton. Two famous embassies from George III to the Chinese Emperor,—that of Lord Macartney in 1792, and that of Lord Amherst in 1816,—had failed to bring about any appreciable change in this state of matters; and the restriction became more intolerable than ever after 1834, when the monopoly of the East India Company in the trade with China came to an end, and business with Canton was open to private British merchants. At length, in 1839, certain bickerings between the Chinese mandarins and the British traders, nominally on the subject of the smuggling of opium into China by British subjects, led to an actual war,—the war which forms the subject of De Quincey's previous article on China in this volume. That war lasted till 1842; in the August of which year, after severe losses inflicted on the Chinese, a treaty of peace was agreed upon between Sir Henry Pottinger and the Commissioner for the Chinese Emperor. By this treaty not only was a large money indemnity obtained from the Emperor for the costs of the war, but the four additional ports of Amoy, Foo-chow, Ning-po, and Shanghai were declared open for the future to British trade, and the Island of Hong-Kong was ceded in perpetuity to Great Britain. On this footing things went on, though not without strain, till 1856, when a new war broke out. The immediate cause was the seizure by the Chinese, on the 8th of October in that year, of the crew of a Hong-Kong "lorcha" or trading vessel called *The Arrow*, followed by certain other high-handed proceedings of contempt and defiance by the Chinese Imperial Commissioner Yeh. Not till June 1858 were the Chinese compelled into submission and into the signing of another treaty,—called the Treaty of Tien-Tsin,—by which not only was liberty of travel over the interior of China granted to British subjects, with access for commercial purposes and right of residence in certain Chinese cities in addition to the five of the previous treaty, but toleration of Christianity in China was guaranteed, and direct diplomatic intercourse was

established between her Britannic Majesty and the Chinese Emperor himself at Peking.——It was this war of 1856-8, while it was yet only in its beginnings, and hardly in actual progress, that drew from De Quincey a new expression of the strong views which he had long entertained on the subject of British relations with China. No man of his generation had more of the "John Bull" spirit, or, as it is now called, the "Jingo" spirit, in his notions of the proper behaviour of Britain under any insult from a foreign power; China, as known to him by his readings, had always been an object of his special abomination; and it is just possible that the fact that one of his sons had died in China in military service (see *ante*, Vol. IV, p. 8) had imparted a tinge of bitter personal interest to this theoretical antipathy. At all events, no sooner had he heard of the affair of the seizure of the *lorcha* in October 1856, and of Commissioner Yeh's subsequent defiances of British power and the British flag, than he was up in flame. Though the Collective Edition of his Writings was then on hand,—only five of the volumes out, and the publisher, Mr. Hogg, waiting anxiously for the rest,—he interrupted that labour in order to contribute to Mr. Hogg's then current Edinburgh periodical called *Titan* (described *ante*, Vol. I, p. xiv, as a continuation in monthly form of the previous Edinburgh weekly called *Hogg's Instructor*) two articles on China and the China Question. The first appeared in the number of *Titan* for February 1857, and the second in the April number. Then, not content with such magazine circulation of his views, he republished the two articles, with a Preliminary Note, a Preface, and other additions, in the form of an independent pamphlet. Nor did this suffice. He recurred to the subject in a third article for *Titan*, published in July 1857. Altogether, in the first half of 1857, he had written as much on the subject of the new British war with China as would make, if printed entire, about 90 pages of the text of the present volume.——He did not himself reprint any portion of all this Chinese matter in any of the volumes of his Collective Edition that occupied his remaining and last years, but left the whole lying in the condition in which it had been produced,—namely, as a separate piece of literary industry collateral by chance with the middle volumes of his Collective Edition. Naturally this was not satisfactory; and, when Messrs. Black completed their new issue of the collected writings by the publication in 1871 of the second of their supplementary volumes, care was taken to include in the volume that central portion of the straggle of successively published matter which De Quincey himself had entitled simply "China," and which might be supposed therefore to contain the permanent core of his disquisitions as distinct from the ephemeral appendages. It is even more unnecessary to reproduce in the present volume,—already containing as it does the whole of De Quincey's long and hitherto forgotten dissertation on the previous war with China,—the entire aggregate of what he wrote in 1857 on the occasion of the second Chinese War. Much of what he then wrote was but repetition and reapplication of the views of his previous paper, or is otherwise now defunct; and it is enough therefore to conserve that most sub-

stantial and novel portion of the whole which was reprinted under the title "China"—De Quincey's own title for it,—in Messrs. Black's re-issue of the Collective Edition. This is, indeed, the sole portion that has now the interest of *literary* value. To distinguish this Chinese article of 1857 from its predecessor of 1840, we have, however, enlarged the form of the title.—M.]

In the days of Grecian Paganism, when morals (whether social or domestic) had no connexion whatever with the National Religion, it followed that there could be no organ corresponding to our modern Pulpit (Christian or Mahometan) for teaching and illustrating the principles of morality. Those principles, it was supposed, taught and explained themselves. Every man's understanding, heart, and conscience, furnished him surely with light enough for his guidance on a path so plain, within a field so limited, as the daily life of a citizen—Spartan, Theban, or Athenian. In reality, this field was even more limited than at first sight appeared. Suppose the case of a Jew, living in pre-Christian Judea, under the legal code of Deuteronomy and Leviticus; or suppose a Mussulman at this day, living under the control of Mahometan laws. He finds himself left to his own moral discretion hardly in one action out of fifty; so thoroughly has the municipal law of his country (the *Pentateuch* in the one case, the *Koran* in the other) superseded and swallowed up the freedom of individual movement. Very much of the same legal restraint tied up the fancied autonomy of the Grecian citizen. Not the moral censor, but the constable, was at his heels, if he allowed himself too large a licence. In fact, so small a portion of his actions was really resigned to his own discretion that the very humblest intellect was equal to the call upon its energies. Under these circumstances what need for any public and official lecturer upon distinctions so few, so plain, so little open to casuistic doubts? To abstain from assault and battery; not to run away from battle *relicta non bene parmula*; not to ignore the deposit confided to his care: these made up the sum of cases that life brought with it as possibilities in any ordinary experience. As an office, therefore, the task of teaching morality was amongst the ancients wholly superfluous. Pulpit there was none, nor any public teacher

of morality. As regarded his own moral responsibility, every man walked in broad daylight, needed no guide, and found none.

But Athens, the marvellous city that in all things ran ahead of her envious and sullen contemporaries, here also made known her supremacy. Civilisation, not as a word, not as an idea, but as a thing, but as a power, was known in Athens. She only through all the world had a theatre, and in the service of this theatre she retained the mightiest by far of her creative intellects. Teach she could not in those fields where no man was unlearned; light was impossible where there could be no darkness; and to guide was a hopeless pretension when all aberrations must be wilful. But, if it were a vain and arrogant assumption to illuminate, as regarded those primal truths which, like the stars, are hung aloft, and shine for all alike,[1] neither vain nor arrogant was it to fly her falcons at game almost as high. If not light, yet life; if not absolute birth, yet moral regeneration, and fructifying warmth: these were quickening forces which abundantly she was able to engraft upon truths else slumbering and inert. Not affecting to teach the new, she could yet vivify the old. Those moral echoes, so solemn and pathetic, that lingered in the ear from her stately tragedies, all spoke with the authority of voices from the grave. The great phantoms that crossed her stage all pointed with shadowy fingers to shattered dynasties and the ruins of once-regal houses, Pelopidæ or Labdacidæ, as monuments of sufferings in expiation of violated morals, or sometimes—which even more thrillingly spoke to human sensibilities—of guilt too awful to be expiated. And, in the midst of these appalling records, what is their ultimate solution? From what keynote does Athenian Tragedy trace the expansion of its own dark impassioned music? Ὕβρις (*hybris*)—the spirit of outrage and arrogant self-assertion—in that temper lurks the original impulse towards wrong; and to that temper the Greek Drama adapts its monitory legends. The doctrine of

[1] I quote a sentiment of Wordsworth's in "The Excursion," but cannot remember its expression. [The expression is "The primal duties shine aloft, like stars." It is in Book IX of *The Excursion*.—M.]

the Hebrew Scriptures as to vicarious retribution is at times discovered secretly moving through the scenic poetry of Athens. His own crime is seen hunting a man through five generations, and finding him finally in the persons of his innocent descendants. "Curses, like young fowls, come home in the evening to roost." This warning doctrine, adopted by Southey as a motto to his "Kehama," is dimly to be read moving in shadows through the Greek legends and semi-historic traditions. In other words, atrocious crime of any man towards others in his stages of power comes round upon him with vengeance in the darkening twilight of his evening. And, accordingly, upon no one feature of moral temper is the Greek Tragedy more frequent or earnest in its denunciations than upon all expressions of self-glorification or of arrogant disparagement applied to others.

What nation is it, beyond all that ever have played a part on this stage of Earth, which ought, supposing its vision cleansed for the better appreciation of things and persons, to feel itself primarily interested in these Grecian denunciations? What other than China? When Coleridge, in lyric fury, apostrophised his mother-country in terms of hyperbolic wrath, almost of frenzy—

"The nations hate thee!"

every person who knew him was aware that in this savage denunciation he was simply obeying the blind impulse of momentary partisanship; and nobody laughed more heartily than Coleridge himself, some few moons later, at his own violence. But in the case of China this apostrophe—*The nations hate thee!*—would pass by acclamation, without needing the formality of a vote. Such has been the inhuman insolence of this vilest and silliest amongst nations towards the whole household of man that (upon the same principle as governs our sympathy with the persons and incidents of a novel or a drama) we are pledged to a moral detestation of all who can be supposed to have participated in its constant explosions of unprovoked contumely to ourselves. A man who should profess esteem for Shakspere's Iago would himself become an object of disgust and suspicion. Yet Iago is

but a fabulous agent; it was but a dream in which he played so diabolic a part. But the offending Chinese not only supported that flesh-and-blood existence which Iago had not, but also are likely (which Iago is not in any man's dreams) to repeat their atrocious insolences as often as opportunities offer. Our business at present with the Chinese is to speculate a little upon the future immediately before us, so far as it is sure to be coloured by the known dispositions of that people, and so far as it ought to be coloured by changes in our inter-relations, dictated by our improved knowledge of the case, and by that larger experience of Chinese character which has been acquired since our last treaty with their treacherous executive. Meantime, for one moment let us fix our attention upon a remarkable verification of the old saying, adopted by Southey, that "curses come home to roost."

Two centuries have elapsed, and something more, since our national expansion brought us into a painful necessity of connecting ourselves with the conceited and most ignorant inhabitants of China. From the very first our connexion had its foundations laid in malignity so far as the Chinese were concerned, in affected disdain, and in continual outbreaks of brutal inhospitality. That we should have reconciled ourselves to such treatment formed, indeed, one-half of that apology which might have been pleaded on behalf of the Chinese. But why, then, *did* we reconcile ourselves? Simply for a reason which offers the other half of the apology—namely, that no thoroughly respectable section of the English nation ever presented itself at Canton in those early days as candidates for any share in so humiliating a commerce. On reviewing that memorable fact, we must acknowledge that it offers some inadequate excuse on behalf of the Chinese. They had seen nothing whatever of our national grandeur; nothing of our power; of our enlightened and steadfast constitutional system; of our good faith; of our magnificent and ancient literature; of our colossal charities and provision for every form of human calamity; of our insurance system, which so vastly enlarged our moneyed power; of our facilities for combining and using the powers of all (as in our banks the

money of all) for common purposes; of our mighty shipping interest; of our docks, arsenals, lighthouses, manufactories, private or national. Much beside there was that they could not have understood, so that not to have seen it was of small moment; but these material and palpable indications of power and antiquity even Chinamen,—even Changs and Fangs, Chungs and Fungs,—could have appreciated. Yet all these noble monuments of wisdom and persevering energy they had seen absolutely not at all; and the men of our nation who had resorted to Canton were too few at any time to suggest an impression of national greatness. Numerically, we must have seemed a mere vagrant tribe; and,—as the Chinese, even in 1851, and in the council-chamber of the Emperor, settled it as the most plausible hypothesis that the English People had no territorial home, but made a shift (like some birds) to float upon the sea in fine weather, and in rougher seasons to run for "holes,"—upon the whole we English are worse off than are the naked creatures that affront the elements.

> "If on windy days the raven
> Gambol like a dancing skiff,
> Not the less he loves his haven
> On the bosom of a cliff.
> Though almost with eagle pinion
> O'er the rocks the chamois roam,
> Yet he has some small dominion
> Which no doubt he calls his home."

Yes, no doubt. But, worse off than all these—than sea-horse, raven, chamois—the Englishman, it seems, of Chinese ethnography has not a home, except in crevices of rocks. What are we to think of that nation which by its supreme councils could accredit such follies? We in fact suffer from the same cause, a thousandfold exaggerated, as that which injured the French in past times amongst ourselves. Up to the time when Voltaire came twice to England, no Frenchman of eminence or distinguished talents had ever found a sufficient motive for resisting his home-loving indolence so far as to pay us a visit. The *court* had been visited in the days of James I. by Sully; in those of Charles II by De Grammont; but the nation for itself, and with an honour-

able enthusiasm, first of all by Voltaire. What was the consequence? No Frenchman ever coming amongst us, except (1) as a cook, (2) as a hairdresser, (3) as a dancing-master—was it unnatural in the English to appreciate the French nation accordingly?—

> "Paulum sepultæ distat inertiæ
> Celata virtus."

What they showed us, *that*, in commercial phrase, we carried to their account; what they gave, for *that* we credited them; and it was unreasonable to complain of *our* injustice in a case where so determinately they were unjust to themselves. Not until lately have we in England done any justice to the noble qualities of our French neighbours. But yet, for this natural result of the intercourse between us, the French have to thank themselves.

With Canton the case was otherwise. Nobody having freedom could be expected to visit such a dog-kennel, where all alike were muzzled, and where the neutral ground for exercise measured about fifteen pocket-handkerchiefs. Accordingly, the select few who had it *not* in their power to stay away proclaimed themselves *ipso facto* as belonging to that class of persons who were willing to purchase the privilege of raising a fortune at any price, and through any sacrifice of dignity, personal or national. Almost excusably, therefore, the British were confounded for a time with the Portuguese and the Dutch, who had notoriously practised sycophantic arts, carried to shocking extremities. The first person who taught the astonished Chinese what difference might happen to lurk between nation and nation was Lord Anson: not yet a lord; in fact, a simple commodore, and in a crazy old hulk; but who, in that same superannuated ship, had managed to plough up the timbers of the *Acapulco* galleon, though by repute[1] bullet-proof, and eventually to

[1] "*By repute*":—The crew of the *Centurion* were so persuaded that these treasure-galleons were impregnable to ordinary cannon-balls that the commodore found it advisable to reason with them; and such was their confidence in him that, upon his promise to find a road into the ship if they would only lay him alongside of her, they unanimously voted the superstition a Spanish lie.

make prize of considerably more than half-a-million sterling for himself and his crew. Having accomplished this little feat, the commodore was not likely to put much value upon the "crockery ware" (as he termed the forts) of the Chinese. Not come, however, upon any martial mission, he confined himself to so much of warlike demonstration as sufficed for his own immediate purposes. To place our Chinese establishments upon a more dignified footing was indeed a most urgent work, but work for councils more deliberate, and for armaments on a far larger scale. As regarded the present, such was the vast distance between Canton and Peking that there was no time for this Anson aggression to reach the ears of the Emperor's Council before all had passed off. It was but a momentary typhoon, that thoroughly frightened the Flowery People, but was gone before it could influence their policy. By a pleasant accident, the Manilla treasure captured by Anson was passing in waggons in the rear of St. James's Palace during the natal hour of the Prince of Wales (George IV); consequently we are within sight, chronologically, of the period which will round the century dated from Lord Anson's assault. Within that century is comprised all that has ever been done by war or by negotiation to bring down upon their knees this ultra-gasconading, but also ultra-pusillanimous, nation. Some thirty and more years after the Anson skirmish, it was resolved that the best way to give weight and splendour to our diplomatic overtures was by a solemn embassy, headed by a man of rank. At that time the East India Company had a monopoly interest in the tea trade of Canton, as subsequently in the opium trade. What we had to ask from the Chinese was generally so reasonable, and so indispensable to the establishment of our national name upon any footing of equality, that it ought not for a moment to have been tolerated as any subject for debate. There is a difficulty often experienced even in civilised Europe of making out any just equations between the titular honours of different states. Ignorant people are constantly guided in such questions by mere vocal resemblances. The acrimonious Prince Pückler Muskau, so much irritated at being mistaken in France for an Englishman, and in fifty ways betraying

his mortifying remembrances connected with England, charges us with being immoderately addicted to a reverential homage towards the title of "Prince"; in which, to any thoughtful man, there would be found no subject for blame; since with us there *can* be no prince[1] that is not by blood connected with the royal family; so that such a homage is paid under an erroneous impression as to the fact, but not the less under an honourable feeling as to the purpose,—which is that of testifying the peculiar respect in a free country cheerfully paid to a constitutional throne. But, if we had been familiarised with the mock princes of Sicily and Russia (amongst which last are found some reputed to have earned a living in St. Petersburg as barbers), we should certainly moderate our respect towards the bearers of princely honours. Every man of the world knows how little a French marquise or comtesse can pretend to rank with a British marchioness or countess; as reasonably might you suppose an equation between a modern consul of commerce and the old Roman consul of the awful S.P.Q.R.

In dealing with a vile trickster like the Chinese executive —unacquainted with any one restraint of decorum or honourable sensibility—it is necessary for a diplomatist to be constantly upon his guard, and to have investigated all these cases of international equation, before coming abruptly to any call for a decision in some actual case. Cromwell was not the man to have attached much importance to the question of choosing a language for the embodying of a treaty, or for the intercourse of the hostile envoys in settling the terms of such a treaty; and yet, when he ascertained that the French Court made it a point of honour to use their own language in the event of any modern language being tolerated, he insisted upon the adoption of Latin as the language of the treaty.[2] With the Chinese a special, almost a superstitiously

[1] "*Can be no prince*":—In the technical heraldic usage a duke in our peerage is styled a prince. But this book-honour finds no acceptation or echo in the usage of life; not even in cases like those of Marlborough and Wellington, where the dukes have received princedoms from foreign sovereigns, and might, under the sanction of their own sovereign, assume their continental honours.

[2] This tells favourably for Cromwell, as an instance of fair and honourable nationality in one direction; and yet in the counter-direc-

minute, attention to punctilios is requisite, because it has now become notorious that they assign a symbolic and representative value to every act of intercourse between their official deputies and all foreign ambassadors. Does the ambassador dine at some imperial table,—the Emperor has been feeding the barbarians! Do some of the court mandarins dine with the ambassador,—then the Emperor has deigned to restore happiness to the barbarians by sending those who represent his person to speak words of hope and consolation! Does the ambassador convey presents from his own sovereign to the emperor,—the people of Peking are officially informed that the Barbarians are bringing their tribute! Does the Emperor make presents to the ambassador,—in that case his Majesty has been furnishing the means of livelihood to barbarians exhausted by pestilence, and by the failure of crops! Huc, the French missionary, who travelled in the highest north latitudes of China, traversing the whole of the frightful deserts between Peking and Lassa (or, in his nomenclature, La Sae), the capital of Thibet, and who, speaking the Mongol language, had the rare advantage of passing for a native subject of the Chinese Emperor, and therefore of conciliating unreserved confidence, tells us of some desperate artifices practised by the imperial government. In particular, he mentions this:—Towards the close of the British War a Tartar general, reputed invincible, had been summoned from a very distant post in the north to Peking, and thence immediately despatched against the detested enemy. Upon this man's *prestige* of invincibility, and upon the notorious fact that he really had been successful in repressing some predatory aggressors in one of the Tartarys, great hopes were built of laurel crops to be harvested without end, and of a dreadful

tion, how ill it tells for his discernment that, in forecasting a memoir on his own career for continental use, and therefore properly to be written in Latin, his thoughts turned (under some accountable bias) to continental writers, descending even to such a fellow as Meric Casaubon,—the son, indeed, of an illustrious scholar, but himself a man of poor pretensions,—and all the while this English-hearted Protector utterly overlooked his own immortal secretary. [The use of Latin in all diplomatic intercourse with foreign powers had begun under the English Commonwealth before Cromwell's accession to the sovereignty; and he only continued it.—M.]

retribution awaiting the doomed barbarian enemy. Naturally this poor man, in collision with the English forces, met the customary fate. M. Huc felt, therefore, a special curiosity to learn in what way the Chinese Government had varnished the result in this particular case, upon which so very much of public interest had settled. This interest being in its nature so personal, and the name of the Tartar hero so notorious, it had been found impossible for the imperial government to throw their mendacity into its usual form of blank denial applied to the total result, or of intricate transformation applied to the details. The Barbarians, it was confessed, had for the present escaped. The British defeat had *not* been of that vast extent which was desirable. But why? The reason was that, in the very paroxysm of martial fury, on coming within sight of the Barbarians, the Tartar general was seized by the very impertinent[1] passion of pity. He pitied the poor wretches; through which mistake in his passions the red-haired devils effected their escape, doing, however, various acts of mischief in the course of the said escape: such being the English mode of gratitude for past favours.

With a Government capable of frauds like these, and a People (at least in the mandarin class) trained through centuries to a conformity of temper with their Government, we shall find, in the event of any more extended intercourse with China, the greatest difficulty in maintaining the just equations of rank and privilege. But the difficulty as regards the people of the two nations promises to be a trifle by comparison with that which besets the relations between the two crowns. We came to know something more circumstantially about this question during the second decennium of this nineteenth century. The unsatisfactoriness of our social position had suggested the necessity of a second embassy. Probably it was simply an accidental difference in the temper of those forming at that time the imperial council which caused the ceremonial *ko-tou* of court presentation to be debated with so much more of rancorous bigotry. Lord Amherst was now the ambassador, a man of spirit and dignity,

[1] "*Impertinent*":—That is, according to an old and approved Parliamentary explanation, not pertinent, irrelevant.

to whom the honour of his country might have been safely confided, had he stood in a natural and intelligible position; but it was the inevitable curse of an ambassador to Peking that his official station had contradictory aspects, and threw him upon incompatible duties. His first duty was to his country; and nobody, in so many words, denied *that*. But this patriotic duty, though a *conditio sine qua non* for his diplomatic functions, and a perpetual restraint upon their exercise, was not the true and efficient *cause* of his mission. That lay in the commercial interests of a great Company. This secondary duty was clearly his paramount duty as regarded the good sense of the situation. Yet the other was the paramount duty as regarded the sanctity of its obligation, and the impossibility of compromising it by so much as the shadow of a doubt or the tremor of a hesitation. Nevertheless, Lord Amherst was plied with secret whispers (more importunate than the British public knew) from the East India Company, suggesting that it was childish to lay too much stress on a pure ceremonial usage, of no more weight than a bow or a curtsey, and which pledged neither himself nor his country to any consequences. But, in its own nature, the homage was that of a slave. Genuflexions, prostrations, and knockings of the ground nine times with the forehead, were not modes of homage to be asked from the citizen of a free state, far less from that citizen when acting as the acknowledged representative of that state.

For one moment, let us pause to review this hideous degradation of human nature which has always disgraced the East. That no Asiatic state has ever debarbarised itself is evident from the condition of WOMAN at this hour all over Asia, and from this very abject form of homage which already in the days of Darius and Xerxes we find established, and extorted from the compatriots of Miltiades and Themistocles.[1]

[1] We may see by the recorded stratagem of an individual Greek, cunning enough, but, on the other hand, not at all less base than that which he sought to escape, that these prostrations (to which Euripides alludes with such lyrical and impassioned scorn, in a chorus of his "Orestes," as fitted only for Phrygian slaves) must have been exacted from all Greeks alike, as the *sine qua non* for admission to the royal presence. Some Spartan it was, already slavish enough by his train-

There cannot be any doubt that the *ko-tou* had descended to the court of Susa and Persepolis from the elder court of Babylon, and to *that* from the yet elder court of Nineveh. Man in his native grandeur, standing erect, and with his countenance raised to the heavens

(*Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri*),

presents a more awful contrast to man when passing through the shadow of this particular degradation than under any or all of the other symbols at any time devised for the sensuous expression of a servile condition—scourges, ergastula, infibulation, or the neck-chains and ankle-chains of the Roman *atriensis*. The "bloody writing" is far more legible in this than any other language by which the slavish condition is or can be published to the world, because in this only the sufferer of the degradation is himself a party to it, an accomplice in his own dishonour. All else may have been the stern doom of calamitous necessity. Here only we recognise, without an opening for disguise or equivocation, the man's own deliberate act. He has not been branded passively (personal resistance being vain) with the record of a master's ownership, like a sheep, a mule, or any other chattel, but has solemnly branded himself. Wearing, therefore, so peculiar and differential a character, to whom is it in modern days that this bestial yoke of servitude as regards Christendom owes its revival? Without hope, the Chinese despot would not have attempted

ing, who tried the artifice of dropping a ring, and affecting to pass off his prostrations as simply so many efforts to search for and to recover his ring. But, to the feelings of any honourable man, this stratagem would not avail him. One baseness cannot be evaded by another. The anecdote is useful, however; for this picturesque case, combined with others, satisfactorily proves that the sons of Greece could and did submit to the *ko-tou* for the furtherance of what seemed to them an adequate purpose. Had newspapers existed in those days, this self-degradation would have purchased more infamy in Greece than benefit in Persia. The attempted evasion by this miserable Greek, who sought to have the benefits of the *ko-tou* without paying its price, —thinking, in fact, that honour could be saved by swindling,—seems on a level with that baseness ascribed (untruly, it may be hoped) to Galileo; whom some persons represent as seeking to evade his own formal recantation of the doctrine as to the earth's motion by muttering inaudibly, "But it *does* move, for all that." This would have been the trick of the Grecian ring-dropper.

to enforce such a Moloch vassalage upon the western world. Through whom, therefore, and through whose facile compliance with the insolent exaction, did he first conceive this hope?

It has not been observed, so far as we know, that it was Peter I of Russia, vulgarly called Peter the Great, who prepared for us that fierce necessity of conflict, past and yet to come, through which we British, standing alone—but henceforth, we may hope, energetically supported by the United States, if not by France—have, on behalf of the whole Western Nations, victoriously resisted the arrogant pretensions of the East. About four years after the death of our Queen Anne, Peter despatched from St. Petersburg (his new capital, yet raw and unfinished) a very elaborate embassy to Peking, by a route which measured at least ten thousand versts, or, in English miles, about two-thirds of that distance. It was, in fact, a vast caravan, or train of caravans, moving so slowly that it occupied sixteen calendar months in the journey. Peter was by natural disposition a bully. Offering outrages of every kind upon the slightest impulse, no man was so easily frightened into a retreat and abject concessions as this drunken prince. He had at the very time of this embassy submitted tamely to a most atrocious injury from the eastern side of the Caspian. The Khan of Khiva —a place since made known to us all as the foulest of murdering dens—had seduced by perfidy the credulous little army despatched by Peter into quarters so widely scattered that with little difficulty he had there massacred nearly the whole force; about three or four hundreds out of so many thousands being all that had recovered their vessels on the Caspian. This atrocity Peter had pocketed, and apparently found his esteem for the Khan greatly increased by such an instance of energy. He was now meditating, by this great Peking embassy, two objects: first, the ordinary objects of a trading mission, together with the adjustment of several disputes affecting the Russian frontier towards Chinese Tartary and Thibet; but, secondly, and more earnestly, the privilege of having a resident minister at the capital of the Chinese Emperors. This last purpose was connected with an evil result for all the rest of Christendom.

It is well known to all who have taken any pains in studying the Chinese temper and character that obstinacy—obstinacy like that of mules—is one of its foremost features. And it is also known, by a multiplied experience, that the very greatest importance attaches in Chinese estimate to the initial movement. Once having conceded a point, you need not hope to recover your lost ground. The Chinese are, as may easily be read in their official papers and acts, intellectually a very imbecile people; and their peculiar style of obstinacy is often found in connexion with a feeble brain, and also (though it may seem paradoxical) with a feeble moral energy. Apparently, a secret feeling of their own irresolution throws them for a vicarious support upon a mechanic resource of artificial obstinacy. This peculiar constitution of character it was, on the part of the Chinese, which gave such vast importance to what might now be done by the Russian ambassador. Who was he? He was called M. de Ismaeloff, an officer in the Russian guards, and somewhat of a favourite with the Czar. What impressed so deep a value upon this gentleman's acts at this special moment was that a great crisis had now arisen for the appraisal of the Christian Nations. None hitherto had put forward any large or ostentatious display of their national pretensions. Generally, for the scale of rank as amongst the Chinese, who know nothing of Europe, they stood much upon the casual proportions of their commerce, and in a small degree upon old concessions of some past Chinese ruler, or upon occasional encroachments that had become settled through lapse of time. But in the East all things masqueraded and belied their home character. Popish peoples were, at times, the firmest allies of bigoted Protestants; and the Dutch,—that in Europe had played the noblest of parts as the feeble (yet eventually the triumphant) asserters of national rights,—everywhere in Asia, through mean jealousy of England, had become but a representative word for hellish patrons of slavery and torture. All was confusion between the two scales of appreciation, domestic and foreign, European and Asiatic. But now was coming one that would settle all this in a transcendent way; for Russia would carry in her train, and compromise by her decision, most of the other Christian states. The very

frontier line of Russia, often conterminous with that of China, and the sixteen months' journey, furnished in themselves exponents of the Russian grandeur. China needed no interpreter for *that*. She herself was great in pure virtue of her bigness. But here was a brother bigger than herself. We have known and witnessed the case where a bully, whom it was found desirable to eject from a coffee-room, upon opening the window for that purpose, was found too big to pass, and also nearly too heavy to raise, unless by machinery; so that in the issue the bully maintained his ground by virtue of his tonnage. That was really the case oftentimes of China. Russia seemed to stand upon the same basis of right as to aggression. China, therefore, understood her, and admired her, but, for all *that*, meant to make a handle of her. She judged that Russia, in coming with so much pomp, had something to ask. So had China. China, during that long period when M. de Ismaeloff was painfully making way across the steppes of Asia, had leisure to think what it was that she would ask, and through what temptation she would ask it. There was little room for doubting. Russia, being incomparably the biggest potentate in Christendom (for as yet the United States had no existence), seemed, therefore, to the Chinese mind the greatest, and virtually to include all the rest. What Russia did, the rest would do. M. de Ismaeloff meant doubtless to ask for something. No matter what it might be, he should have it. At length the ambassador arrived. All his trunks were unpacked; and then M. de Ismaeloff unpacked to the last wrapper his own little request. The feeble-minded are generally cunning; and therefore it was that the Chinese Council did not at once say *yes*, but pretended to find great difficulties in the request,—which was simply to arrange some disorders on the frontier, but chiefly to allow of a *permanent* ambassador from the Czar taking up his residence at Peking. At last this demand was granted —but granted conditionally. And what now might be the little condition? "O, my dear fellow, between you and me, such old friends," said the Chinese minister, "a bauble not worth speaking of: would you oblige me, when presented to the Emperor, by knocking that handsome head of yours nine times—that is, you know, three times three—against

the floor? I would take it very kindly of you; and the floor is padded to prevent contusions." Ismaeloff pondered till the next day; but on that next day he said, "I will do it."—"Do what, my friend?"—"I will knock my forehead nine times against the padded floor." Mr. Bell of Antermony (which, at times, he writes Auchtermony) accompanied the Russian ambassador, as a leading person in his suite. A considerable section of his travels is occupied with this embassy. But, perhaps from private regard to the ambassador, whose character suffers so much by this transaction, we do not recollect that he tells us in so many words of this Russian concession. But M. de Lange, a Swedish officer, subsequently employed by the Czar Peter, does. A solemn court-day was held. M. de Ismaeloff attended. Thither came the Allegada, or Chinese Prime Minister; thither came the ambassador's friends and acquaintances; thither came, as having the official *entrée*, the ambassador's friend Hum-Hum, and also his friend Bug-Bug; and, when all is said and done, this truth is undeniable—that there and then (namely, in the imperial city of Peking, and in Anno Domini 1720) M. de Ismaeloff did knock his forehead nine times against the floor of the Tartar Khan's palace. M. de Lange's report on this matter has been published separately; neither has the fact of the prostration and the forehead-knockings to the amount of nine ever been called in question.

Now, it will be asked, did Ismaeloff absolutely consent to elongate himself on the floor, as if preparing to take a swim, and then knock his forehead repeatedly, as if weary of life —somebody counting all the while with a stop watch No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and so on? Did he do all this without capitulating: that is, stipulating for some ceremonial return upon the part of the Chinese?

O no! The Russian ambassador, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and our own at the end of it, both bargained for equal returns; and here are the terms:—The Russian had, with good faith, and through all its nine sections, executed the *ko-tou*; and he stipulated, before he did this, that any Chinese seeking a presentation to the Czar should, in coming to St. Petersburg, go through exactly the same ceremony. The Chinese present all replied with good

faith, though doubtless stifling a little laughter, that *when* they or any of them should come to St. Petersburg the *ko-tou* should be religiously performed. The English lords, on the other hand,—Lord Macartney, and subsequently Lord Amherst,—declined the *ko-tou*, but were willing to make profound obeisances to the Emperor, provided these obeisances were simultaneously addressed by a high mandarin to the portrait of George III. In both cases a man is shocked: by the perfidy of the Chinese in offering, by the folly of the Christian envoys in accepting, a mockery so unmeaning. Certainly the English case is better: our Envoy escaped the degradation of the *ko-tou*, and obtained a shadow; he paid less, and he got in exchange what many would think more. Homage paid to a picture, when counted against homage paid to a living man, is but a shadow; yet a shadow wears some semblance of a reality. But, on the other hand, for the Russian who submitted to an abject degradation, under no hope of any equivalent except in a contingency that was notoriously impossible, the mockery was full of insult. The Chinese do not travel; by the laws of China they cannot leave the country. None but starving and desperate men ever *do* leave the country. All the Chinese emigrants now in Australia, and the great body at this time quitting California in order to evade the pressure of American laws against them, are liable to very severe punishment (probably to decapitation) on re-entering China. Had Ismaeloff known what a scornful jest the Emperor and his Council were enacting at his expense, probably he would have bambooed some of these honourable gentlemen, on catching them within the enclosed court of his private residence.[1]

[1] There seems to have been a strange blunder at the bottom of all our diplomatic approaches to the Court of China, if we are to believe what the lexicographers tell us,—namely, that the very word in Chinese which we translate ambassador means *tribute-bearer*. If this should be true, it will follow that we have all along been supposed to approach the Emperor in a character of which the meaning and obligations were well known to us, but which we had haughtily resolved to violate. There is, besides, another consideration which calls upon us to investigate this subject. It would certainly be a ludicrous discovery if it should be found that we and the Chinese have been at cross-purposes for so long a time. Yet such things *have* occurred,

However, in a very circuitous way, Ismaeloff *has* had his revenge; for the first step in that retribution which we described as overtaking the Chinese was certainly taken by him. Russia, according to Chinese ideas of greatness, is the greatest (that is, broadest and longest) of Christian states. Yet, being such, she has taken her dose of *ko-tou*. It followed, then, *a fortiori*, that Great Britain should take *hers*. Into this logic China was misled by Ismaeloff. The English were waited for. Slowly the occasions arrived; and it was found by the Chinese, first doubtfully, secondly beyond all doubt, that the *ko-tou* would not do. The game was up. Out of this catastrophe, and the wrath which followed it, grew ultimately the opium-frenzy of Lin, the mad Commissioner of Canton; then the vengeance which followed; next the war, and the miserable defeats of the Chinese. All this followed out of the attempt to enforce the *ko-tou*; which attempt never would have been made but for the encouragement derived from Ismaeloff, the ambassador of so great a power as Russia. But, finally, to complete the great retribution, the war has left behind, amongst other dreadful consequences, the ruin of their army. In the official correspondence of a great officer with the present Emperor, reporting the events of the Tae-ping Rebellion, it is repeatedly declared that the royal troops will not fight,—run

and in the East are peculiarly likely to occur, so radically incompatible is our high civilisation with their rude barbarism; and precisely out of this barbarism grows the very consideration we have adverted to as laying an arrest upon all that else we should have a right to think. It is this:—So mean and unrefined are the notions of oriental nations that, according to those, it is very doubtful indeed whether an eastern potentate would be able to understand or figure to himself any business or office belonging to an ambassador except that of declaring war and defiance, or, secondly, of humbly bringing tribute! Hence, we presume, arises the Chinese rigour in demanding to know the substance of any letter before admitting the bearer of it to the imperial presence; since, if it should happen to contain a defiance, in that case they presume that the messenger might indulge himself in insolence; and this it might not be safe to punish in any nation where the sanctity of heralds still lingers, and a faith in the mysterious perils overtaking all who violate that sanctity. Wherever there are but two categories—war and tributary submission—into which the idea of ambassador subdivides, then it must be difficult for the Chinese to understand in which it is that we mean to present ourselves at Peking.

away upon the slightest pretext, and in fact have been left bankrupt in hope and spirit by the results of their battles with the British. Concurrently with this ruin of the army, the avowed object of this great Rebellion is to *exterminate* the reigning dynasty; and, if that event should be accomplished, then the whole of this ruin will have been due exclusively to its memorable insolence (the demoniac *hybris* of Greek Tragedy) towards ourselves. Should, on the other hand, the Tae-ping Rebellion, which has now stood its ground for five years [written in 1857], be finally crushed, not the less an enormous revolution—possibly a greater revolution—will then have been accomplished in China, virtually our own work; and fortunately it will not be in our power to retreat, as hitherto, in a false spirit of forbearance, from the great duties which will await us. The Tae-ping faction, however, though deadly and tiger-like in the spirit of its designs, offers but one element amongst many that are now fermenting in the bosom of Chinese society. We British, as Mr. Meadows informs us (*The Chinese and their Rebellions*), were regarded by the late Emperor—by him who conducted the war against us—as the instruments employed "by Heaven" for executing judgment on his house. He was in the right to think so; and our hope is that in a very few years we shall proclaim ourselves through Southern Asia as even more absolutely the destroyers of the wicked government which dared to promote and otherwise to reward that child of hell who actually *flayed alive* the unhappy Mr. Stead. That same Government passed over without displeasure the similar atrocity of the man who decapitated nearly two hundred persons,—white, brown, and black, but all subjects of Great Britain, and all confessedly and necessarily unoffending,—as being simply shipwrecked passengers thrown on the shore of China from the *Nerbudda* Indiaman. That same Government gave titles, money, and decorations to a most cowardly officer, on the sole assumption (whether simply false or only exaggerated) that he had secretly poisoned one thousand British troops stationed in the island of Chusan.[1]

[1] In the 26th Regiment alone eight hundred men died. This, it is true, was chiefly at Hong-Kong: but the disease was mysterious; for

A dreadful echo lingers on the air from our past dealings with the Chinese—an echo from the cry of innocent blood shed many years ago by us British, adulterating wickedly with Chinese wickedness. Not Chinese blood it is that cries from the earth for vengeance, but blood of our own dependent, a poor, humble serving man, whom we British were bound to have protected, but whom, in a spirit of timid and sordid servility to Cantonese insolence, we, trembling for our Factory, menaced by that same wicked mob that even now is too likely to win a triumph over us, and coerced by the agents of the East India Company (always upright and noble in its Indian, always timid and cringing in its Chinese policy), surrendered to the Moloch that demanded him. The case was this:—Always, as against aliens, the Chinese have held the infamous doctrine that the intention, the motive, signifies nothing. If you, being a foreigner, should, by the bursting of your rifle, most unwillingly cause the death of a Chinese, you must die. Luckily we have, since 1841, cudgelled them out of this hellish doctrine; but such *was* the doctrine up to 1840. Whilst this law prevailed—namely, in 1784—an elderly Portuguese gunner, on board a Chinaman of ours lying close to Whampoa, was *ordered* to fire a salute in honour of the day, which happened to be June 4, the birthday of George III. The case was an extreme one; for the gunner was not firing a musket or a pistol for his own amusement, but a ship's gun under positive orders. It happened, however, that some wretched Chinese was killed. Immediately followed the usual insolent demand for the unfortunate gunner. Some resistance was made; some disputing and wrangling followed,—the Mephistopheles governor looking on with a smile of deadly derision. A life was what he wanted—blood was what he howled for: *whose* life, *whose* blood, was nothing to him. "Settle it amongst yourselves," said he to the *gentlemen* of the Factory. They *did* settle it; the poor, passive gunner, who had been obliged to obey, was foully surrendered—was murdered by the Chinese, under

the *stationary* inhabitants of Hong-Kong did not die. Is it not therefore open to reasonable conjecture that the men had swallowed a slow poison?

British connivance; and things appeared to fall back into their old track.[1]

Since then our commerce has leaped forward by memorable expansions. I that write these words am not superstitious; but this one superstition has ever haunted me—that foundations laid in the blood of innocent men are not likely to prosper.

[1] De Quincey had told this story before (*ante*, pp. 187-189); but the repetition of it here is significant.—M.

ADDITIONS

I. TRANSLATION OF HORACE'S ODE I. 22

[In the chapter of De Quincey's Autobiography entitled "The Nation of London" he makes mention of a copy of verses written by him when he was a boy at the Rev. Edward Spencer's boarding-school at Winkfield, in Wiltshire, and for which he obtained the third prize in a public competition unconnected with the school. See *ante*, Vol I, pp. 192-194, and also p. 161 *note*. Mr. Richard Garnett, in his excellent reproduction of the first edition of the *Confessions of an Opium-Eater* (London, Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1885), has cleared up the whole matter by recovering the actual verses and explaining the circumstances. The competition, it appears, was for prizes offered by the conductors of a London periodical called *The Juvenile Library* for the three best translations of Horace's Ode I. 22 by boys under a certain age. De Quincey's translation having been sent from Winkfield School, with this attestation under Mr. Spencer's hand, dated 3d June 1800,—"The aforegoing is the unassisted translation of Master Thomas Quincey, a student in this academy, under the age of fifteen years,"—the third prize was awarded to it, "the first being won by another youth of precocious genius, Leigh Hunt." So Dr. Garnett reports, adding that in his judgment, with both the pieces before him, De Quincey's deserved the first place. The following is a copy of the piece as reprinted by Dr. Garnett from vol. i, pp. 349-350, of the *Juvenile Library*.—M.]

THIRD PRIZE TRANSLATION

OF HORACE, ODE 22, LIB. 1

BY THOMAS QUINCEY, AGED 15

Of Mr. Spencer's Academy, Winckfield, Wilts.

FUSCUS! the man whose heart is pure,
Whose life unsullied by offence,
Needs not the jav'lines of the Moor
In his defence.

Should he o'er Libya's burning sands
Fainting pursue his breathless way,
No bow he'd seek to arm his hands
Against dismay.

Quivers of poisoned shafts he'd scorn,
Nor, though unarmed, would feel a dread
To pass where Caucasus forlorn
Rears his huge head.

In his own conscious worth secure,
Fearless he'd roam amidst his foes,
Where fabulous Hydaspes pure
Romantic flows.

For, late as in the Sabine wood
Singing my Lalage I strayed,—
Unarmed I was,—a wolf there stood:
He fled afraid.

Larger than which one ne'er was seen
In warlike Daunia's beechen groves,
Nor yet in Juba's land, where e'en
The lion roves.

Send me to dreary barren lands
Where never summer zephyrs play,
Where never sun dissolves the bands
Of ice away:

Send me again to scorching realms
Where not one cot affords a seat,
And where no shady pines or elms
Keep off the heat:

In every clime, in every isle,
Me Lalage shall still rejoice;
I'll think of her enchanting smile,
And of her voice.

II. ON NOVELS[1]

A FALSE ridicule has settled upon Novels, and upon Young Ladies as the readers of novels. Love, we are told authoritatively, has not that importance in the actual practice of life, nor that extensive influence upon human affairs, which novel-writers postulate, and which the interest of novels presumes. Something to this effect has been said by an eminent writer; and the law is generally laid down upon these principles by cynical old men, and envious blue-stockings who have outlived their personal attractions. The sentiment, however, is false even for the present condition of society; and it will become continually *more* false as society improves. For what is the great commanding event, the one sole revolution, in a woman's life? Marriage. Viewing her course from the cradle to the grave in the light of a drama, I am entitled to say that her wedding-day is its catastrophe, — or, in technical language, its *peripeteia*: whatever else is important to her in succeeding years has its origin in that event. So much for *that* sex. For the other, it is admitted that Love is not, in the same exclusive sense, the governing principle under which their lives move; but what then are the concurrent forces which sometimes happen to coöperate with that agency, but more frequently disturb it? They are two, — Ambition and Avarice. Now, for the vast majority of men, Ambition, or the passion for personal distinction, has too narrow a stage of action, its grounds of hope are too fugitive and unsteady, to furnish any durable or domineering influence upon the course of life. Avarice, again, is so repulsive to the native nobility of the human heart that it rarely obtains the dignity of a passion: great energy of character is requisite to form a

[1] Mr. Hogg, who reprints the trifle in his *Uncollected Writings of De Quincey* (1890), informs us that it was written originally in a lady's album in 1830, and "was published in *facsimile* from the original MS. in *The Archivist and Autograph Review*, edited by S. Davey, F.R.S.L.," in June 1888."—M.

consistent and accomplished miser; and of the mass of men it may be said that, if the beneficence of nature has in some measure raised them *above* avarice by the necessity of those social instincts which she has impressed upon their hearts, in some measure also they sink *below* it by their deficiencies in that austerity of self-denial and that savage strength of will which are indispensable qualifications for the *rôle* of heroic miser. A perfect miser in fact is a great man, and therefore a very rare one. Take away, then, the two forces of Ambition and Avarice,—what remains even to the male sex as a capital and overruling influence in life, except the much nobler force of Love? History confirms this view. The self-devotions and the voluntary martyrdoms of all other passions collectively have been few by comparison with those which have been offered at the altar of Love. If society should ever make any great advance, and man as a species grow conspicuously nobler, Love also will grow nobler; and a passion which at present is possible in any elevated form for one perhaps in a hundred will then be coexistent with the human heart.

On this view of the grandeur which belongs to the passion of Sexual Love in the economy of life, as it is and as it may be, Novels have an all-sufficient justification; and Novel-readers are obeying a higher and more philosophic impulse than they are aware of. They seek an imaginary world where the harsh hindrances which in the real one too often fret and disturb the "course of true love" may be forced to bend to the claims of justice and the pleadings of the heart. In company with the agitations and the dread suspense, the anguish and the tears, which so often wait upon the uncertainties of earthly love, they demand at the hands of the Novelist a final event corresponding to the natural award of celestial wisdom and benignity. What they are striving after, in short, is to realize an ideal, and to reproduce the actual world under more harmonious arrangements. This is the secret craving of the reader; and Novels are shaped to meet it. With what success, is a separate and independent question. The execution cannot prejudice the estimate of their aim and essential purpose.

Fair and unknown Owner of this Album, whom perhaps I

have never seen,—whom perhaps I never *shall* see,—pardon me for wasting two pages of your elegant manual upon this semi-metaphysical disquisition. Let the subject plead my excuse. And believe that I am, Fair Incognita,

Your faithful servant,

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

Professor Wilson's—Gloucester Place, Edinburgh:
Friday night, December 3, 1830.

APPENDIX AND EPILOGUE

APPENDIX

CHRONOLOGICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL

In order that this Appendix may contain all requisite or desirable information of a bibliographical kind, it is divided into four portions, as follows :—I. Chronology of De Quincey's Writings as collected in the present Edition ; II. Syllabus of the Contents of De Quincey's own Collective fourteen-volume Edition ; III. Syllabus of the Contents of Messrs. Black's Enlarged Collective Edition in sixteen volumes ; IV. Register of some still unincluded De Quincey Relics.

I. CHRONOLOGY OF DE QUINCEY'S WRITINGS AS COLLECTED IN THIS EDITION

Each entry gives (1) the date of the writing, (2) its title or description in the present edition, (3) the place or form of its original appearance, (4) the volume of the present edition where it will be found.

The prefixed mark * indicates that the article is an addition in the present Edition to the matter of the previous Collective British Editions.

The age of De Quincey in each year is computed from his birthday,—*i.e.* the 15th of August,—in that year.

Within each year the papers are arranged generally in the order of their appearance ; but not absolutely so in all cases.

		Vol.
1800 (*ætat.* 15)	*Translation from Horace. *Juvenile Library*	XIV
1819 (*ætat.* 34)	*Danish Origin of the Lake-Country Dialect. *Westmorland Gazette*	XIII
1821 (*ætat.* 36)	Confessions of an English Opium-Eater : First and Briefer Edition (now absorbed into the Enlarged Edition of 1856). *London Magazine ; and in separate book-form in 1822.*	III
	John Paul Frederick Richter. *London Magazine*	XI

Vol.

Analects from Richter, viz. (1) The Happy Life of a Parish Priest in Sweden, (2) *Last Will and Testament, or the House of Weeping. *London Magazine* XI

1823 (*ætat.* 38) Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been neglected (Five Articles). *London Magazine* X

Anecdotage: Miss Hawkins's Anecdotes. *London Magazine* V

Herder. *London Magazine* IV

Notes from the Pocket-Book of a late Opium-Eater, viz.—*Anglo-German Dictionaries; *Prefigurations of Remote Events; *Moral Effects of Revolutions; English Dictionaries; Reformadoes; Proverbs; Antagonism; To the Lakers. *London Magazine* X

*Mr. Schnackenberger: or Two Masters for One Dog (from the German). *London Magazine* XII

The Dice (from the German). *London Magazine* XII

Walking Stewart (earlier paper). *London Magazine* III

On the Knocking at the Gate in *Macbeth*. *London Magazine* X

Malthus on Population. *London Magazine* IX

Kant's Idea of a Universal History on a Cosmopolitical Plan (from the German). *London Magazine* IX

On Suicide. *London Magazine* VIII

The King of Hayti (from the German). *London Magazine* XII

*Letter on Malthus in Reply to Hazlitt. *London Magazine* IX

Malthus on the Measure of Value. *London Magazine* IX

The Fatal Marksman (from the German). *Tales and Romances of the Northern Nations* XII

1824 (*ætat.* 39) Historico-Critical Inquiry into the Origin of the Rosicrucians and the Freemasons (a Digest from the German, in Four Articles). *London Magazine* XIII

Analects from Richter continued, viz.—(3) Complaint of the Bird in a Darkened Cage; (4) On the Death of Young Children; (5) The Prophetic Dew-Drops; (6) On Death; (7) Imagination untamed by the Coarser Realities of Life; (8) Satirical Notice of Reviewers; (9) Female Tongues; (10) Forgiveness; (11) Nameless Heroes; (12) The Grandeur of Man in his Littleness; (13) Night; (14) The Stars; (15) Martyrdom; (16) The Quarrels of Friends; (17) Dreaming; (18) Two Divisions of Philosophic Minds; (19) Dignity of Man in Self-Sacrifice; (20) *Fancy; (21) *Innate Feeling and Acquisition; (22) *Use of Opposites; (23) *Deafness; (24) Dream upon the Universe. *London Magazine* XI

Notes from the Pocket-Book of a Late Opium-Eater, continued, viz. — False Distinctions; Madness; English Physiology; Superficial Knowledge; Manuscripts of Melmoth; Scriptural Allusion Explained. *London Magazine* X

Vol.

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*_Introduction_—On the Services of Mr. Ricardo to the Science of Political Economy.
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Preliminary Dialogue, and Dialogues I, II, III, IV, V, VI
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*Education of Boys in Large Numbers (Two Articles)
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*Kant's Abstract of Swedenborgianism. _London Magazine_ XIV
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1825 (_ætat._ 40) *The Love-Charm (from the German of Tieck).
Knight's Quarterly Magazine XII
1826-7 (_ætat._ 41-42) Lessing: with a Translation from his _Laocoon_ (Two Articles). _Blackwood's Magazine_ XI
The Last Days of Immanuel Kant. _Blackwood's Magazine_ IV
On Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts (First Paper).
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1828 (_ætat._ 43) Toilette of the Hebrew Lady (a Digest from the German) _Blackwood's Magazine_ VI
Rhetoric. _Blackwood's Magazine_ X
1829 (_ætat._ 44) *Professor Wilson (First Paper).
Edinburgh Literary Gazette V
1830 (_ætat._ 45) Kant in his Miscellaneous Essays.
Blackwood's Magazine VIII
Richard Bentley (in Two Parts). _Blackwood's Magazine_ IV
*On Novels. _In a Lady's Album_ XIV
1831 (_ætat._ 46) Samuel Parr, or Whiggism in its Relations to Literature (in Four Parts). _Blackwood's Magazine_ V
1832 (_ætat._ 47) *Klosterheim, or The Masque: A Romance.
In separate Volume XII
Charlemagne. _Blackwood's Magazine_ V
The Cæsars (Introduction, Julius Cæsar, and Augustus).
Blackwood's Magazine VI
1833 (_ætat._ 48) The Cæsars continued (Caligula, Nero, and Others). _Blackwood's Magazine_ VI
Revolution of Greece, and Supplement on the Suliotes.
Blackwood's Magazine VII
*Kant on the Age of the Earth. _Tait's Magazine_ XIV
*Recollections of Hannah More. _Tait's Magazine_ XIV
1834 (_ætat._ 49) "Sketches of Men and Manners from the Autobiography of an English Opium-Eater": a series of Seven Articles, including the following portions of what now forms the "Autobiography":—

Vol.

*Chap I. "Parentage and the Paternal Home."
Rudiments or First Drafts of the following Chapters :—"The Affliction of Childhood" (Chap. II); "The Female Infidel" (Chap. V); "I am Introduced to the Warfare of a Public School" (Chap. VI); "I Enter the World" (Chap. VII); "The Nation of London" (Chap. VIII); "Dublin" (Chap. IX); "First Irish Rebellion of 1798" (Chap. X); "French Invasion of Ireland and Second Rebellion of 1798" (Chap. XI); "Travelling in England in Old Days" (Chap. XII); "Premature Manhood" (Chap. XIV). *Tait's Magazine* I

Samuel Taylor Coleridge : Three Articles (now included in Chap. II of "Literary and Lake Reminiscences"). *Tait's Magazine* II

1835 (*ætat.* 50) *Samuel Taylor Coleridge : Concluding Article (now included in Chap. II of "Literary and Lake Reminiscences"). *Tait's Magazine* II

*Autobiographic Sketches continued : "Oxford" (Two Articles). *Tait's Magazine* II

A Tory's Account of Toryism, Whiggism, and Radicalism (Two Articles). *Tait's Magazine* IX

1836 (*ætat.* 51) Autobiographic Sketches continued :
*German Studies and Kant in particular. *Tait's Magazine* II

1837 (*ætat.* 52) *A Manchester Swedenborgian and a Liverpool Literary Coterie (Literary and Lake Reminiscences). *Tait's Magazine* II

*Sir Humphry Davy : Mr. Godwin : Mrs. Grant of Laggan (London Reminiscences). *Tait's Magazine* III

Revolt of the Tartars. *Blackwood's Magazine* VII

Political Parties of Modern England. *In MS. till* 1863 IX

Life of Goethe (this year, or earlier). *Encycl. Britannica* IV

Life of Pope. *Encycl. Britannica* IV

1838 (*ætat.* 53) *The Household Wreck (a Tale). *Blackwood's Magazine* XII

*Recollections of Charles Lamb : Two Articles (London Reminiscences). *Tait's Magazine* III

My Brother Pink (Rudiments of Chap. XIII of Autobiography). *Tait's Magazine* I

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*A Brief Appraisal of the Greek Literature in its Foremost Pretensions (First Article). *Tait's Magazine* X

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Wordsworth and Southey (Literary and Lake Reminiscences). *Tait's Magazine* II

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*The English Language.	*Blackwood's Magazine*	XIV
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On Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts (Second Paper).	*Blackwood's Magazine*	XIII
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1840 (*ætat.* 55) *Westmorland and the Dalesmen: Society of the Lakes (Literary and Lake Reminiscences).	*Tait's Magazine*	II
*Society of the Lakes: Charles Lloyd (Literary and Lake Reminiscences).	*Tait's Magazine*	II
*Society of the Lakes: Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, &c. (Literary and Lake Reminiscences).	*Tait's Magazine*	II
*Society of the Lakes: Professor Wilson, &c.	*Tait's Magazine*	II
*Rambles from the Lakes: Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Hannah More.	*Tait's Magazine*	II
*Walking Stewart: Later Paper (London Reminiscences).	*Tait's Magazine*	III
*Edward Irving (London Reminiscences).	*Tait's Magazine*	III
*Talfourd: The "London Magazine": Mr. Taylor and his Book on "Junius": Clare: Allan Cunningham (London Reminiscences).	*Tait's Magazine*	III
*Gradual Estrangement from Wordsworth (London Reminiscences).	*Tait's Magazine*	III
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1846 (*ætat.* 61) Notes on Gilfillan's Gallery of Literary Portraits: IV. Percy Bysshe Shelley; V. John Keats.	*Tait's Magazine*	XI
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1847 (*ætat.* 62) Notes on Walter Savage Landor (Two Articles).	*Tait's Magazine*	XI
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Presence of Mind.	*Hogg's Weekly Instructor*	XIV
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1851 (*ætat.* 66) Lord Carlisle on Pope (Four Articles).	*Tait's Magazine*	XI
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[In 1853 began the issue of De Quincey's Edinburgh Edition of his Collected Writings; and from that date till his death his chief industry was in the superintendence of the successive volumes of that Collective Edition. In what follows we shall (1) record the general progress of that Edition, noting the more important additions of new matter in the course of De Quincey's editorial operations on volume after volume; (2) complete the list of those independent magazine-articles which our present Edition includes.]

1853 (*ætat.* 68) Revision, recast, and enlargement of the Autobiographic Articles which had appeared in *Tait's Magazine* of 1834 and 1838, *Blackwood's Magazine* of 1845, and *Hogg's Weekly Instructor* of 1851-2,—as far as to the end of Chapter XIV of Vol I of the present Edition.	*Vol. I of Author's Collective Edition*	I

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1854 (*ætat.* 69) The three closing chapters of the Autobiography in Vol. I of the present Edition : viz. "Laxton Northamptonshire," "At Manchester Grammar School," and "The Priory, Chester."

Vol. II of Author's Collective Edition I

Postscript to the paper on the "System of the Heavens," entitled "*On the True Relations of the Bible to merely Human Science.*" *Vol. III of Author's Collective Edition* VIII

The long annex to the Essays on Murder as one of the Fine Arts now entitled "*Postscript : with an Account of the Williams and M'Kean Murders.*" Possibly also the paper "*On War*" (for which no earlier original has been found). *Vol. IV of Author's Collective Edition* XIII & VIII

1856 (*ætat.* 71) *New and Enlarged Edition of the Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, absorbing all the matter of the original Edition of 1822, and quite superseding it ; also the annexed little paper of phantasy entitled *The Daughter of Lebanon.*

Vol. V of Author's Collective Edition III

1857 (*ætat.* 72) Vol. VI of the Collective Edition, with *Postscripts* to some of the articles.

Ælius Lamia (under the title "Suetonius Unravelled").

Titan VI

Supplement on the Essenes appended to article on "Secret Societies." *Vol. VII of Author's Collective Edition*

1858 (*ætat.* 73) Vol. VIII of the Collective Edition, with *Additions* to some of the articles.

The Chinese Question in 1857 (under the title "China").

Titan XIV

Vol. IX of Collective Edition, with *Postscripts* to some of the articles.

1859 (*ætat.* 74) Vol. X of the Collective Edition.

Addition to the article on Milton, entitled *Postscript on Dr. Johnson's Life of Milton.*

Vol. XI of Author's Collective Edition IV

Vol. XII of the Collective Edition.

Vol. XIII of the Collective Edition.

Vol. XIV of the Collective Edition (partly prepared this year, before De Quincey's death, December 8, but not published till 1860).

II. SYLLABUS OF THE CONTENTS OF THE ORIGINAL COLLECTIVE EDITION

The following is taken from Bohn's edition of Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual*, only with the insertion of the dates of the successive volumes :—

VOLUME I (1853).—AUTOBIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES : 1. The Affliction of Childhood — Dream - Echoes of these Infant Experiences — Dream-Echoes Fifty Years later. 2. Introduction to the World of Strife. 3. Infant Literature. 4. The Female Infidel. 5. Introduced to the Warfare of a Public School. 6. Enters the World. 7. The Nation of London. 8. Dublin. 9. First Rebellion. 10. French Invasion of Ireland, and Second Rebellion. 11. Travelling. 12. My Brother. 13. Premature Manhood.

VOLUME II (1854).—AUTOBIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES, WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAKES : 1. Laxton, containing Cymon and Iphigenia, The Orphan Heiress, and Female Students in Theology. 2. The Priory. 3. Early Memorials of Grasmere. 4. Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 5. William Wordsworth. 6. Wordsworth and Southey.

VOLUME III (1854).—MISCELLANIES, CHIEFLY NARRATIVE : 1. Spanish Military Nun. 2. Last Days of Kant. 3. System of the Heavens as revealed by Lord Rosse's Telescope. 4. Joan of Arc. 5. Casuistry of Roman Meals. 6. Modern Superstition.

VOLUME IV (1854).—MISCELLANIES : 1. Revolt of the Tartars ; or, Flight of the Kalmuck Khan and his People from the Russian Territories to the Frontiers of China. 2. On Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts. 3. Dialogues of Three Templars on Political Economy, chiefly in relation to the Principles of Mr. Ricardo. 3. On War. 4. The English Mail Coach : (1) The Glory of Motion ; (2) The Vision of Sudden Death ; (3) Dream Fugue.

VOLUME V (1856).—CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, revised by the Author, and greatly enlarged, to which is appended "The Daughter of Lebanon," forming part of "Suspiria de Profundis."

VOLUME VI (1857).—SKETCHES, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHIC : 1. Percy Bysshe Shelley. 2. Oliver Goldsmith. 3. On Wordsworth's Poetry. 4. Whiggism in its Relations to Literature. 5. John Keats. 6. Homer and the Homeridæ.

VOLUME VII (1857).—STUDIES ON SECRET RECORDS, PERSONAL AND HISTORIC : 1. Judas Iscariot. 2. Richard Bentley. 3. Cicero. 4. Secret Societies. 5. Milton.

VOLUME VIII (1858).—ESSAYS, SCEPTICAL AND ANTI-SCEPTICAL, OR PROBLEMS NEGLECTED OR MISCONCEIVED : 1. Protestantism. 2. Pagan Oracles. 3. Miracles as Subjects of Testimony. 4. Casuistry. 5. Greece under the Romans. 6. Walking Stewart. 7. Schlosser's Literary History of the 18th Century. 8. The Marquess Wellesley.

VOLUME IX (1858).—LEADERS IN LITERATURE, WITH A NOTICE OF TRADITIONAL ERRORS AFFECTING THEM: 1. Alexander Pope. 2. Theory of Greek Tragedy. 3. Language. 4. French and English Manners. 5. Charles Lamb. 6. Philosophy of Herodotus. 7. Plato's Republic. 8. Sortilege and Astrology. 9. Walter Savage Landor.

VOLUME X (1859).—CLASSIC RECORDS, REVIEWED OR DECIPHERED: 1. The Cæsars. 2. The Theban Sphinx. 3. Ælius Lamia. 4. On the Pretended Essenes.

VOLUME XI (1859).—CRITICAL SUGGESTIONS ON STYLE AND RHETORIC, WITH GERMAN TALES: 1. Rhetoric. 2. Life of Milton. 3. Incognito, or Count Fitz-Hum. 4. Revolution of Greece. 5. Style. 6. The Dice.

VOLUME XII (1859).—SPECULATIONS, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHIC, WITH GERMAN TALES: 1. Ceylon. 2. King of Hayti. 3. Coleridge and Opium-Eating. 4. Fatal Marksman. 5. National Temperance Movements. 6. Milton *versus* Southey and Landor. 7. Christianity as an Organ of Political Movement. 8. Toilette of the Hebrew Lady. 9. Falsification of English History. 10. Notes on Gilfillan's Literary Portraits—Godwin, Foster, Hazlitt.

VOLUME XIII (1859).—SPECULATIONS, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHIC: 1. Lord Carlisle on Pope. 2. Anecdotage. 3. Herder. 4. A Glance at the Works of Mackintosh. 5. The Idea of a Universal History on a Cosmo-Political Plan. 6. Charlemagne. 7. Goethe. 8. Lessing.

VOLUME XIV (1860).—LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN WHOSE EDUCATION HAS BEEN NEGLECTED, AND OTHER PAPERS: 1. Letters to a Young Man. 2. Orthographic Mutineers. 3. John Paul Frederick Richter. 4. Conversation. 5. Presence of Mind. 6. On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth. 7. The Antigone of Sophocles. 8. Traditions of the Rabbins. 9. Modern Greece.

A glance at the above will verify the character given of De Quincey's own Collective Edition of his writings (*ante*, Vol. I, p. xxi), when it was described as exhibiting "the most provoking jumble in the contents of the fourteen volumes: mixed kinds of matter in the same volume, and dispersion of the same kinds of matter over volumes wide apart, and yet all with a pretence of grouping, and with factitious sub-titles invented for the separate volumes on the spur of the moment." After the first two volumes, it is clear that he steered himself in his editorship by no principle whatever, chronological or classifying, but by the mere accident of what he had at hand from time to time.—I may note also that the paper published in the last and posthumous volume under the title "Traditions of the Rabbins" (reprinted from *Blackwood*) was not by De Quincey at all. It was by the Rev. Dr. Croly.

III. SYLLABUS OF THE CONTENTS OF THE REISSUED COLLECTIVE EDITION IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES.

[*N.B.—The titles of the Papers added in this Edition are printed in Italics.*]

VOLUME I.—The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater (enlarged edition)—The Daughter of Lebanon.

VOLUME II.—Recollections of the Lakes and the Lake Poets: consisting of Early Memorials of Grasmere, and Papers on Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey.

VOLUME III.—The Spanish Military Nun—The Last Days of Immanuel Kant — System of the Heavens as revealed by Lord Rosse's Telescopes — Joan of Arc — The Casuistry of Roman Meals—Modern Superstition.

VOLUME IV.—On Murder, considered as one of the Fine Arts—Revolt of the Tartars—Dialogues of Three Templars on Political Economy, chiefly in Relation to the Principles of Mr. Ricardo—On War—The English Mail Coach.

VOLUME V.—Percy Bysshe Shelley—Dr. Parr; or, Whiggism in its Relations to Literature — Oliver Goldsmith — On Wordsworth's Poetry—John Keats—Homer and the Homeridae.

VOLUME VI. — Judas Iscariot — Richard Bentley — Cicero — Secret Societies—On Milton.

VOLUME VII.—Walking Stewart (the earlier Paper)—The Marquess Wellesley — Schlosser's Literary History of the Eighteenth Century—Protestantism—The Pagan Oracles—Miracles as Subjects of Testimony—Casuistry—Greece under the Romans.

VOLUME VIII.—Alexander Pope (Article on the Poetry of Pope)—Theory of Greek Tragedy — Language — French and English Manners — Charles Lamb — Philosophy of Herodotus — Plato's Republic — Sortilege and Astrology — Notes on Walter Savage Landor.

VOLUME IX. — The Cæsars — The Theban Sphinx — The Essenes—Aelius Lamia.

VOLUME X.—The Incognito; or, Count Fitz-Hum—Rhetoric—Life of Milton—The Revolution of Greece—Style—The Dice.

VOLUME XI.—Ceylon—The King of Hayti — Coleridge and Opium-Eating — Toilette of the Hebrew Lady — National Temperance Movements — Mllton *versus* Southey and Landor — The Fatal Marksman—On Christianity as an Organ of Political Movement—Notes on Godwin, Foster, and Hazlitt—Falsification of English History.

VOLUME XII. — Lord Carlisle on Pope — Glance at the Works of Mackintosh—Anecdotage—Herder—Idea of a Universal History on a Cosmo-Political Plan — Charlemagne — Goethe's Wilhelm Meister—Lessing (with Translation from his "Laocoon")—*Kant in his Miscellaneous Essays.*

VOLUME XIII.—Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected — Orthographic Mutineers — John Paul Frederick Richter—Conversation—Presence of Mind—On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth—The Antigone of Sophocles—*The Logic of Political Economy*—Modern Greece.

VOLUME XIV. — Autobiographic Sketches (the Autobiography in Fifteen Chapters).

VOLUME XV.—*Biographies of Shakspeare, Pope, Goethe, and Schiller —A Tory's Account of Toryism, Whiggism, and Radicalism— On the Political Parties of Modern England.*

VOLUME XVI. — *Suspiria de Profundis — Memorial Chronology — Professor Wilson* (the later sketch) — *Sir William Hamilton— California—China— Walladmor—The Juggernaut of Social Life* (first paragraphs of "The Household Wreck")—*The Avenger— Historico-Critical Inquiry into the Origin of the Rosicrucians and Freemasons — Kant on National Character — Notes from the Pocket-Book of a late Opium-Eater.*

IV. REGISTER OF UNINCLUDED DE QUINCEY RELICS.

1809 (*ætat.* 24).—NOTES TO WORDSWORTH'S PAMPHLET ON THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA:—De Quincey, whose acquaintance with Wordsworth had begun in that memorable visit of his to the Lakes in November 1807 when he acted as escort to Mrs. Coleridge and her children on their way to take up their abode with Southey at Keswick, had paid a second visit to the Lake district in November 1808, and had then seen more of Wordsworth. The poet was then full of mixed enthusiasm and anxiety over the chequered beginnings of the great Peninsular War against Napoleon, and especially over the "Convention of Cintra," *i.e.* an agreement made in September 1808 between the British and French commanders-in-chief in Portugal for the evacuation of Portugal by the French troops. Two letters of Wordsworth on that subject were sent to London for publication in the *Courier* newspaper, and appeared there, — the first in December 1808, and the second in January 1809,—while De Quincey was still with him at Grasmere, and on fire with the same feelings. Accordingly, when De Quincey returned to London in February 1809 (not to take up his permanent residence at the Lakes till the end of that year), it was on this eager young admirer that Wordsworth devolved the care of seeing through the press in London the large pamphlet,— including the two *Courier* letters, but with great extensions and additions of matter,—which he intended to be a kind of trumpet-blast to his countrymen at that crisis of the war with Napoleon. De Quincey did more than merely see the pamphlet through the press; for, when it appeared in May 1809 under the title *Concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal, as affected by the Convention of Cintra*, the Appendix contained certain explanatory notes supplied by De Quincey on the latest

phases and incidents of the Spanish part of the business. These were introduced by a statement to the effect that the Author of the pamphlet, being desirous that such notes should be included, but being prevented by distance and the inaccessibility of documents from writing them himself, had,—it is De Quincey who writes,—"honoured the friend who corrects the press-errors by making over that task to *him*." It is on record that Wordsworth acknowledged that this service had been "done in a masterly manner," and that Dorothy Wordsworth thanked De Quincey warmly for it on her brother's account, saying he had been "a treasure to them both," and hoping he would soon be again with them at Grasmere.—The Notes to Wordsworth's pamphlet of 1809 are not of a kind to be effective, or even intelligible, apart from the pamphlet itself. Original copies of the pamphlet (which seems to have fallen quite dead on the public, Wordsworth's high expectations from it notwithstanding) are now excessively rare; but readers who may be interested will find a reprint of it, together with De Quincey's notes, in vol. i. pp. 33-194 of Dr. Grosart's three-volume edition in 1876 of Wordsworth's Prose Works. The complete title of the pamphlet as there given is *Concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal to Each Other, and to the Common Enemy, at this Crisis: and specifically as affected by the Convention of Cintra: the whole brought to the test of those Principles, by which alone the Independence and Freedom of Nations can be Preserved or Recovered.*

1818-19 (*ætat.* 33-34).—EDITORIAL ARTICLES IN *THE WESTMORLAND GAZETTE*:—A specimen of these has been given, *ante*, Vol. XIII, pp. 373-383, in the paper entitled "Danish Origin of the Lake-Country Dialect," taken from Mr. Charles Pollitt's memoir of 1890 entitled *De Quincey's Editorship of the Westmorland Gazette: July* 1818 *to November* 1819. Of the specimens there given by Mr. Pollitt of De Quincey's editorial articles, this seemed the only one suitable on literary grounds for reproduction in the present Collective Edition; but readers who may desire further specimens, in the shape of some of De Quincey's notices of current topics and his sparrings with the editor of the rival newspaper at Kendal, will find them in Mr. Pollitt's pamphlet.—In the first edition of Dr. Japp's *Life of De Quincey* in 1877 there had already been given several extracts of biographical interest from De Quincey's contributions to the old columns of the *Westmorland Gazette* during his brief editorship.

1824 (*ætat.* 39):—ARTICLE IN THE *LONDON MAGAZINE* ON THE PSEUDO-WAVERLEY NOVEL *WALLADMOR*, AND PROFESSED COMPLETE TRANSLATION OF THAT HOAX IN TWO VOLUMES FOR MESSRS. TAYLOR & HESSEY:—For the story of these two exertions of De Quincey in 1824, see his subsequent paper on *Walladmor* in *Tait's Magazine* as reprinted *ante*, pp. 132-145 of the present volume. That paper, together with the annotations to it, is all that need survive, or that De Quincey wished to survive, of those two London escapades of his in 1824;

and the reader who may want more must contrive to see vol. x of the old *London Magazine*, and may be left to search for a copy (some copies must be extant, for the present Editor glanced over one somewhere ten years ago) of the two-volume abortion which was palmed off as a translation in full of the German forgery.

1829-30 (*ætat.* 44-45):—POSSIBLE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE *EDINBURGH LITERARY GAZETTE*:—An account of this periodical, whose brief fourteen months of existence coincided with the time of De Quincey's first settlement in Edinburgh for convenience of his then established contributorship to *Blackwood*, has been given, *ante*, Vol. V, p. 259 footnote, in connexion with one paper reproduced from it: viz. the first and best of De Quincey's sketches of Professor Wilson. From a passage in the life of Wilson by his daughter Mrs. Gordon, published in 1862, it might be inferred, however, that De Quincey's contributions to this periodical were frequent, if not constant, so long as it lasted. As De Quincey was at this time domiciled with Wilson (see the dating of his little scrap "On Novels" *ante*, p. 370), the recollections of Wilson's daughter on such a point were not to be neglected. Accordingly, I have examined rather carefully, for the purposes of the present edition, a complete file of the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*, paying special attention to a series of short first articles running through the successive numbers in the form of what might be called "literary leaders." The result has been that, with the exception of the sketch of Wilson, I have found nothing in the old columns that I could recognise as certainly, or even presumably, De Quincey's. The other literary articles, though pleasant and scholarly enough, and going over a good deal of that field of Literary History and Biography in which De Quincey was at home, are of a very mild and subdued character, with hardly anything of that peculiar *ictus* in them which we know anywhere as De Quincey's, and which is perfectly discernible in the Wilson sketch. Moreover, if any of them *were* De Quincey's, they would not be worth reproduction now, having been superseded by later expatiations of his over the same ground.

1842 (*ætat.* 57):—SERIES OF THREE PAPERS ON RICARDO IN *BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE*.—As has been explained, *ante*, Vol. IX, pp. 5-6, and p. 71, there were among De Quincey's contributions to *Blackwood* in this year three papers under the general title of *Ricardo made Easy*, the first in September, the second in October, and the third in December. These, however, it was explained, were at once all but entirely superseded,—nearly the whole of their matter having been absorbed into De Quincey's *Logic of Political Economy* published by Messrs. Blackwood as a separate treatise in 1844. All that remained not so superseded being a portion of the first paper, and this having been reproduced in Vol. IX under the title *Ricardo and Adam Smith*, it is enough here to have made this new mention of the forgotten series.

1850-1859 (*ætat.* 65-74):—SUPERNUMERARY ARTICLES IN *HOGG'S EDINBURGH WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR* AND ITS MONTHLY CONTINUATION CALLED *TITAN*.——De Quincey's long connexion with *Blackwood*, much slackened since 1845, had ceased altogether, for some cause or other, in 1849; and his hardly less important connexion with *Tait's Magazine* had all but come to an end (from causes equally unexplained) about the same time. In these circumstances he had turned to the popular Edinburgh weekly called *Hogg's Instructor* as a convenient receptacle for such small occasional articles as he still cared to write,—a transfer of his industry which was all the more important because it led to the project of the publication by Mr. Hogg, the proprietor of the *Instructor*, of that Collective British Edition of De Quincey's writings which was to run parallel with the American Collective Edition commenced by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields of Boston. About a dozen little papers of De Quincey had appeared in the *Instructor* before the issue of vol. i of this Collective British Edition in 1853; and, through the remaining six years of his life, what little leisure he had from the labour of bringing out the remaining volumes of the Collective Edition was employed in further contributions to the same *Instructor*, or to the half-crown Edinburgh monthly, called *Titan*, into which it was transmuted in the course of 1856. Of the entire series of these *Hogg's Instructor* and *Titan* articles, the production of De Quincey in his last years from 1850 to 1859, the larger proportion was incorporated by him in the volumes of the Collected Edition of his writings then in progress, and have therefore been accounted for in the preceding Chronology. A few, however, remained unincluded, whether because he thought them too slight, or because the Collective Edition was stopped by his death before they could be overtaken. Of these the following is the most complete list I have been able to make from a careful inspection of a now rather rare set of all the volumes of the two Edinburgh periodicals concerned:—(1) In *Hogg's Instructor* for 1850, a short letter to the editor commenting jocularly on a daguerreotype portrait of himself which had just been published in the *Instructor*, and introducing at the same time the first portion of his "Sketches from Childhood." (2) Also in *Hogg's Instructor* for 1850, an article entitled *Logic*, but really a compound of remarks on the defects of Modern Schoolbooks and on the Aristotelian Syllogism. (3) In *Hogg's Instructor* for 1853, a short article entitled *On the Supposed Scriptural Expression for Eternity*, arguing that the Scriptural word *Aionian* does not imply "eternal" in the modern popular sense, and therefore that the ordinary doctrine of eternal punishment falls to the ground. (4) In *Hogg's Instructor* for 1854, a fragment entitled *How to Write English*, intended as the beginning of a series of papers on that subject, but not itself reaching the subject in the least, or doing more than comment on the extraordinary diffusion of the English tongue. (5) In *Titan* for 1856,

a morsel entitled *Shakespeare's Text*, suggesting an emendation or two on the received text: this morsel conjoined in the same article with the scrap entitled "Suetonius Unravelled" which De Quincey afterwards detached for reappearance in his Collective Edition under the changed title of "Ælius Lamia." (6) Also in *Titan* for 1856, a notice of the first two volumes of Froude's History of England, under the title *Storms in English History: A Glance at the Reign of Henry VIII*,—the glance being, first, at the Dissolution of the Religious Houses and the causes of it, and, secondly, at the question of Queen Anne Boleyn's guilt. (7) In *Titan* for 1857, a letter to the Editor entitled *The Lake Dialect*, repeating those views as to the Danish origin of the Lake-Country Dialect which he had formerly expounded, and much more exactly and brightly, in the columns of *The Westmorland Gazette*. (8) Also in *Titan* for 1857,—but with farther extension in a separate pamphlet,—those more ephemeral appendages to his main paper on China, reprinted in the present volume under the title "The Chinese Question in 1857," of which mention has been made *ante*, p. 345, in the introductory note to that paper. (9) Also in *Titan* for 1857, but continued into January 1858, a series of three articles entitled severally "Hurried Notices on Indian Affairs," "Passing Notices on Indian Affairs," and "Suggestions upon the Secret of the Mutiny"—which might bear the collective title of *Notes on the Indian Mutiny*, and the chief interest of which now is that they exhibit, though in the form of ragged current jottings, the feverish personal anxiety with which the septuagenarian De Quincey (whose daughter, Mrs. Baird Smith, was in India, with her husband Major Baird Smith, throughout the Mutiny, and exposed to its dangers) scanned, month after month, the contents of the Indian mails.—— Portions at least of these nine relics of De Quincey in his last years might have been included among the additions made in the present Collective Edition to the contents of its predecessors, but for the cause explained in the Preface. For seven of them, in whole or in part, readers may be referred to Mr. James Hogg's "Uncollected Writings of Thomas De Quincey" published during the progress of the present Edition. Nos. 2 and 3 of our list, however, are wanting even there.

D. M.

EPILOGUE

In the General Preface to this Edition (Vol. I, pp. ix-xxvii) stress was laid on the fact that a peculiarity of De Quincey's literary life, distinguishing him from most of his literary contemporaries, was that "his writings had been, with hardly an exception, in the one form of fugitive contributions to magazines and other periodicals." That statement is verified remarkably by the foregoing bibliographical conspectus. It shows that, with the exception of the little romance called *Klosterheim*, published in a separate volume in 1832,—to which may be added, if the reader chooses, the wretched piece of hack-work done in 1824 in the form of a translation of a German Pseudo-Waverley Novel,—all the writings by which De Quincey is now remembered appeared originally as articles in magazines or other serials, or were but recasts and extensions of such originals for subsequent republication.

But the conspectus enables us to be more precise still. If we omit the first three-and-thirty years of De Quincey's life, during which he had no thought as yet of being in any ordinary sense a man of letters, but was only an eccentric private scholar and thinker, storing his mind and exercising it for his own satisfaction, and if we skip also the next three years, marked by the collapse of his inherited means and his consequent experiment in Tory provincial editorship,—then his real literary life begins in September 1821, when he was heard of, in his thirty-seventh year, as "The English Opium-Eater," and it extends thence to his death in December 1859. It was during the thirty-eight years included between these

two dates that De Quincey gave to the world, and all but solely in magazines or other periodicals, that long series of articles, of such diverse kinds and ranging over such a variety of subjects, which have entitled him to be regarded as one of the classics of English Prose Literature. Of how many articles did the entire series consist? In our General Preface we conjectured the number roughly as "about one hundred and fifty in all." That calculation may be now amended. Longer and shorter taken together, and every "part" of a "continued" paper counted as a separate article, my reading of the conspectus (which can hardly be wrong by more than a digit or two) makes out the total number of De Quincey's ascertained contributions to periodicals during the entire thirty-eight years of his literary industry to have been two hundred and fifteen. Further, and as if to signalise still more strongly the main fact that De Quincey's literary activity from first to last was all but exclusively in the one form of contributorship to periodicals, the conspectus divides for us De Quincey's complete thirty-eight years of such activity into three distinct periods, and waves over each of these periods the flag, as it were, of that particular magazine-connexion which furnished its opportunities and emoluments: —(1) The first four years of the thirty-eight, or from 1821 to 1825, were the period of his *London Magazine Connexion*, during which, going and coming between Grasmere and London, he supplied to that magazine, or incidentally to one other, forty-eight articles of the registered total of two hundred and fifteen. (2) Next comes the longer stretch of twenty-five years, from 1826 to 1850, during which, first only tending from Grasmere to Edinburgh, but soon transferring himself and his family to Edinburgh definitively, he ceased to look to his native England for his means of income, and became reconciled, on that account, to residence for all the rest of his life in or near the Scottish capital. This may be called the period of his *Blackwood and Tait Connexion*,—his excursions beyond the bounds of that main connexion being but few and occasional. It was a very productive period on the whole, including one hundred and forty-four articles out of the total of two hundred and fifteen, and not a few of these among his most substantial and important. (3)

Finally, there is the period of the closing nine years of his Edinburgh life, from 1850 to 1859, during which, having cut himself adrift, or been cut adrift, from *Blackwood* and *Tait*, he found refuge in *Hogg's Edinburgh Weekly Instructor* and its monthly continuation called *Titan*. To this period belong twenty-three articles of the total two hundred and fifteen, and these mostly short and slight. It is to be remembered, however, that an outgrowth of this last of his publishing connexions was the first British Edition of his Collected Writings, brought out under the care of Mr. Hogg, and that De Quincey's main occupation through the greater part of the nine years was in the labour required for this Edition.

What may have been the average annual amount of De Quincey's literary earnings? In trying to answer this question, better to reserve for a moment the last of the three divisions of his literary life, and attend to the thirty years or so comprehended in the two preceding divisions. Those thirty years, from 1821 to 1850, bringing De Quincey from the thirty-seventh year of his age to the sixty-sixth, were the time of his magazine-industry pure and simple, whereas in the last nine years there was a complication of circumstances. The question may therefore be: How much money did he earn by his writings during those thirty years? Having done my best to make a computation, I cannot estimate his total receipts from his literary activity during those thirty years, so far as our conspectus represents it, at more than £3000. Distributed over the thirty years, this would give an average of but £100 a year. Remembering, however, that there may have been items of literary earning not represented in our conspectus (say by articles now and then in newspapers), and also that De Quincey may have been paid for some of his magazine-articles above the ordinary rate, we may perhaps raise the estimate,—though of this I am dubious,—to £150 a year. In more prolific years, as the conspectus will suggest, the sum may have been considerably higher, and in other years it may have sunk to almost *nil*; but £150 a year at the utmost may stand as the computed average. This at first sight may look startling. A great English writer persevering in his craft, and doing his best in it, for an average recompense of £150 a year, or £3 a week!

But, for those who are acquainted with the commerce of literature, there is nothing so startling in the report after all. It is through the avenue of what we have called magazine-industry pure and simple,—*i.e.* by writing for magazines, reviews, and literary journals,—that almost all literary aspirants that are not in possession of independent means do and must make their way into the world of literature in general; and it is a safe assertion that even the most acceptable and successful practitioner of this kind of industry, so long as he does not annex to it an editorship, or an engagement on a newspaper-staff, or something else of the sort, or does not advance into further publicity as the author of more or less popular books, cannot earn by it, in these days, more than about £200 a year regularly. Exceptional cases there may be, or may have been,—such as that of Southey, who had a special retainer for the *Quarterly*, and that of Macaulay, who had a special retainer for the *Edinburgh*; but the rule is as has been stated. Carlyle, so long as he remained in the probationary stage of contributorship to magazines and reviews, did not earn, by his exertions of that kind, more than £200 a year, if so much. Now, the peculiarity in De Quincey's case was that this form of literary employment, which in so many cases has been but probationary,—an avenue to larger things,—detained him, and sufficed him, for nearly the whole of his life. Nor, while remaining in the avenue, had he any faculty for annexing to his special industry in it, as so many others have done, auxiliary engagements and occupations. Hence the phenomenon of thirty years of such rare literary exertion for such small wages. Of course, it is necessary to suppose that there must have been supplements to this income, all the while, or occasionally at least, from independent sources. There are glimpses to that effect in the family correspondence; but the particulars are unknown.

It mattered supremely little to De Quincey himself. Though he had been driven originally into literature by stress of means, and though his literary life through the first division of it, and nearly the whole of the second, was agitated by a succession of troublesome little difficulties about money, he never really cared for money. He would have

been more at home in a world in which money was not an institution. An "intellectual creature" from his birth, as he defined himself, dedicated wholly to "intellectual pursuits and pleasures," and finding these by preference in frequent or habitual solitude, he went through the world accordingly. Perhaps nothing great or fine in literature has ever been produced, or ever can be produced, without the liberty and practice of solitude in considerable amount, either daily or at intervals. But in De Quincey's case the amount of habitual self-seclusion, of disconnexion from all the customs and conventions of ordinary society, of placid persistence in a state of non-relatedness to other human beings, was abnormal to the verge of the incredible. One remembers, indeed, his enthusiastic early attachments to Coleridge and Wordsworth, his later liking for Charles Lamb, and his long friendship with Wilson; but even these seem gradually to have faded; and from the time of the commencement of his own literary life almost his sole tie to the world, apart from his ever-increasing affection for his children, seems to have consisted in the opportunities it afforded him for new observation and speculation, and for the prosecution of the literary industry which fate had made his one business. Though he could be lured into company sometimes, and on such occasions would charm all by the exquisite and ornate politeness of his manner no less than by the copious splendours of his talk, he evaded such distractions as much as possible, sent excuses ten times for once that he appeared, and often left his place of domicile for months together a matter of conjecture. Wherever he might be domiciled, he would live on contentedly by himself, attired in any loose kind of old raiment he had in possession, penning his magazine articles on any corner of his table that had been left free from the general litter of books and papers, and making his irregular meals of tea, coffee, soup, or some morsel of soft animal food, with only his indispensable modicum of opium for additional stimulant or luxury. Such, with the variations of long and furtive walks, still all by himself, either in the late afternoons, or more frequently after it was dark, was the daily routine for many years of this singularly anomalous life. Nowhere in the records of recent literature can one point to

a life more pathetically frugal, or of fewer personal needs; and, while this fact helps to explain the extreme tenuity of the money-earnings by which a career of such memorable literary achievement was sustained, it throws back more honour upon that struggling career itself than has perhaps been accorded to it by ethical critics. One grows angry, it is true, or at least impatient, in the contemplation of such protracted and infant-like helplessness; the opium-eating, which was radically the cause, has been too much blazoned to the world by De Quincey himself to be ever forgotten; but was there not something to admire in the uncomplaining steadiness with which the marvellous little man accepted the small recompense which the world chose to bestow upon him for his exertions, and endeavoured to make it adequate? Not only endeavoured, it would appear, but,—the supplements above hinted at having here, however, to be taken into the account,—actually succeeded! It is the belief, at all events, of those who have had the best means of judging of De Quincey's private affairs, that many of those little money-embarrassments of which we hear in the memoirs of him were either hallucinations of his own over-sensitive fancy or arose from extortionate attempts of unprincipled persons to take advantage of his feebleness, and that even at those times when the embarrassment was most real he was never so much behindhand but that £50 would have set him right. Eventually, it is inferred, no one suffered loss by his default. But, even were the summing-up less satisfactory in that particular than such testimony seems to warrant, would there not be some compensation in the finding from another point of view? Rightly or wrongly, De Quincey dissented from that ideal of a literary life which Sir Walter Scott was so fond of impressing upon young literary aspirants, and which Scott's authority and general observation of the perils and distresses of authorship have made universally current,—to wit, that literature should be only the side-occupation, the occupation of the leisure bye-hours, of a life sufficiently provided for by some other form of business. De Quincey held, on the other hand, that in some cases at least it is necessary, and also advantageous to society, that the whole life of a man should be devoted to the intellectual occupa-

tions for which he is specially fitted, and that, at all events, if any one chooses to act on this principle, and to accept its hazards, he is entitled to respect. He had accepted the principle for himself, or had drifted into a life requiring that principle for its explanation and vindication; and what one observes is that he was faithful to the strictest rule of literary duty which the principle implied. His writings are of various degrees of worth on the whole,—some of them hurried, or otherwise not up to the mark of those produced when his vein was in its finest and fullest phrenzy; but it may be said of him more confidently than of most men of letters that he always did his best up to the possibilities of the moment, and never consciously scamped his workmanship.

The nine final years of De Quincey's literary life were the most peaceful and prosperous of all. If the products of his pen in the shape of new magazine articles through this period were comparatively few, it was because he was absorbed in the editorial labour over the Collective Edition of his writings. What with the substitution then of some definite amount of pecuniary interest in this editorial labour (one knows not how much) for the more precarious previous income from his mere magazine contributions, what with the voluntary transfer to him by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields of some share in the profits of the American Collective Edition, and what with some fallings-in about this time, or a little before, of family inheritances or bequests, his circumstances became easier than they had ever been since the early and as yet unclouded days of his residence at Grasmere. And with this change there were others. First the announcement of the Collective Edition, and then the appearance of volume after volume of it at intervals, recalled attention to De Quincey, and to the extent and miscellaneousness of his contributions to English literature. He had distinctly emerged at last from the "avenue," and had come out into the open. People in Edinburgh who had heard of him before but vaguely were wakened up to the fact that such a notability had been long living amongst them; and admirers from a distance, English and American, when chance brought them to Edinburgh, were eager for a sight of him. Though still morbidly evasive of all such encounters, he could not

avoid response now in some degree, and was consequently more visible and accessible than formerly. This, in fact, was the time of those visits to him and experiences of the courteous hospitalities of him and his daughters in their pleasant family-home at Lasswade, and of those calls upon him by a privileged few of his Edinburgh friends in the more guarded privacy of his lodgings and permanent editorial workshop in Lothian Street, of which there have been so many published reminiscences. Mr. J. R. Findlay's *Personal Recollections of De Quincey* are among the most interesting of these; and, as it was Mr. Findlay's little book that furnished us, in our General Preface in Volume I, with the most exact and authentic sketch we could find of De Quincey and his Edinburgh ways generally in his last years, so we may recur to it for what more is wanted in this Epilogue.

Mr. Findlay's first introduction to De Quincey was at Lasswade in January 1852; but the later notes in his book refer to calls he made on De Quincey in his Lothian Street lodgings from 1854 onwards, or to meetings with De Quincey on the rare occasions when he was persuaded to leave those lodgings for a small dinner-party at the house of Mr. Findlay's uncle, Mr. John Ritchie, in George Square. Under the date 2d May 1855 one of the notes runs thus:—"Called on "De Quincey at Lothian Street. Found him in his room, "with a small glass half filled with liquor of the colour of "pale port, and a phial of undiluted laudanum beside it, on "the table, which was covered as usual with books and "papers. He complained of pain in his left arm, which, as "he described it, seemed like rheumatism. It prevented his "sleeping, and, unfortunately, he said, laudanum had no "effect upon it." Again, under the date 17th November 1856, the note runs:—"Called on De Quincey in Lothian "Street about five. Found him at tea; his room littered "with MSS., books, &c.; small glass of laudanum in one "hand, teacup in other. I called to ask him to dine with "us, to meet Thackeray, on the following Saturday. He "said he would do his best to come, but had work on hand "which he must have finished this week, and also that he "had not been out of the house since May." To Thackeray's great disappointment, Mr. Findlay adds, De Quincey did not

appear at the time fixed, but sent his apology. He was then seventy-one years of age, and the lassitude which had kept him from going out for so many months of that year increased upon him thenceforward so much that for the next year or two he continued the recluse habit and hardly moved out of doors. Still there were no signs of absolute break-up ; and, till his last illness came upon him in October 1859, when he had entered his seventy-fifth year, it seemed as if the vitality might battle with the feebleness for some while longer. It is for Mr. Findlay to tell the rest :—

"During his last illness he sent for me, and I saw him several times. On the last occasion I remained only a few minutes, as he was extremely feeble ; yet in all his weakness his wonted courtesy prompted him, on my rising to leave, to deplore that, from inability to rise, or even to turn fully in bed, he was unable to ring, and that so I was left to show myself out. His youngest and only unmarried daughter, Emily, was with him at this time, and she promised to let me know if I, or any of our family, could be of any service. We did not therefore risk disturbing them by sending or calling often ; and indeed, having had experience of his surprising recoveries from previous illnesses, we were not fully alive to the gravity of this one. Most unfortunately, two notes which Miss De Quincey posted to me failed, through being imperfectly addressed, to reach me in time. On the afternoon of the 8th December 1859 a rumour reached me that De Quincey was dead, and I hastened to Lothian Street, in some hope, however faint, that rumour lied. 'Is what I hear true?' I said to the kind landlady, Mrs. Wilson, who opened the door. Without answering, she ushered me at once into the chamber of death. On the simple uncurtained pallet, whence in that last interview he had smilingly, with all those delicately polite regrets, said good-bye, the tiny frame of this great dreamer lay stretched in his last long dreamless sleep. Attenuated to an extreme degree, the body looked infantile in size, a very slender stem for the shapely and massive head that crowned it. The face was little changed ; its delicate bloom indeed was gone, but the sweet expression lingered, and the finely-chiselled features were unaltered. I was profoundly impressed."

The obituary notices of De Quincey in the newspapers in the week after his death were nothing like so abundant as those which came out on the occasion of the death of his junior contemporary Macaulay in the same month twenty days afterwards. Even in Edinburgh the event was but slightly chronicled. They buried him in a quiet corner in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard, at the west end of Princes

Street, in the same grave in which the body of his wife had been laid two-and-twenty years before; and a simple circular-headed stone tablet, projecting from a piece of old wall, now indicates the spot, and bears the few lines of inscribed epitaph.

Sacred
TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS DE QUINCEY,
WHO WAS BORN AT GREENHAY,
NEAR MANCHESTER,
AUGUST 15TH, 1785,
AND DIED IN EDINBURGH
DECEMBER 8TH, 1859:
AND OF MARGARET, HIS WIFE,
WHO DIED
AUGUST 7TH, 1837.

Strange that this epitaph should contain what was till lately the common error of all De Quincey's biographers as to the place of his birth! He was born *in* Manchester, and *not* at Greenhay,—which was remembered by him only as the place where he passed the dreamy years of his early boyhood. It matters the less because Greenhay, though then some little way out of Manchester, has long been part and parcel of the much-extended city. Otherwise the sepulchral monument, though simple, answers its purpose. There has been talk, indeed, of late, of something finer, to be erected by public subscription; but, though that would be no ungraceful act, it is not at all indispensable. The best monument to De Quincey consists of the writings he has left.

DAVID MASSON.

EDINBURGH: *December* 1890.

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